AUG. 21,
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Liberty

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WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN—Exciting New Novel by Elmer Dav

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CHINA — for the pungent cassia bark.

DIXIE BELLE *Gin*

THE GIN WITH THE INTERNATIONAL FLAVOR

AUGUST 21, 1937

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

Your Ancestors Don't Make or Break You

ANCESTRY is supposed to be very important. Some people frequently refer to their family trees. They are boastfully proud of their forefathers. They are much imbued with self-esteem because of some outstanding individual to whom they are related.

We have an organization composed of members whose forefathers came over on the Mayflower, and they are greatly impressed with the importance of this lineage.

And some of our citizens can trace their ancestors back to very important personages, great political and business leaders, dukes, lords, and even kings.

Perhaps such an ancestry arouses a feeling of superiority that may feed one's egoism and be an added incentive to ambitious adventurers. It is certainly inclined to add to self-confidence.

Mussolini is wrathful when he finds a Roman citizen engaged in an unsavory occupation—"You, a descendant of Julius Caesar! You should be ashamed of yourself!" And thus he arouses personal pride and the citizen turns to more commendable activities.

Personal pride is a valuable characteristic. It gives one a feeling of self-respect, and the superiority complex, a frequent accompaniment, is helpful in guiding one into worth-while channels.

To be sure, we inherit certain physical characteristics. Children usually resemble their parents. Their physical strength and general appearance can usually be traced to their immediate ancestors.

But inheritance outside of the vitality and vigor that one may acquire means but little. Ambition, enthusiasm, spirit, a liveliness, animation, and the particular characteristics which give one an individual personality come largely from environment.

When we trace our ancestry back a few centuries—when we speak of some great personage included in our family tree—we rarely give a thought to innumerable other ancestors.

Every individual has two immediate ancestors . . . a mother and a father. The second generation has four ancestors. The third generation, eight ancestors. The fourth generation, sixteen ancestors. The number of ancestors is doubled with each generation.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Take the Mayflower descendants for example, and let us say that the average child is born from parents approximately thirty years of age; and, measuring with that age as a basis, figure every generation as thirty years.

Ten generations of thirty years would approximately bring us back to the landing of the Mayflower adventurers, and doubling their ancestors with each generation would give each of the present Mayflower descendants 1,024 ancestors, and the degree of their inheritance from their Mayflower forefathers would therefore be one part of 1,024.

If we were to trace our heritage back carefully enough, we would undoubtedly find some things to which we could not point with aristocratic pride.

Take some of our outstanding leaders, and nearly all of them came from lowly beginnings.

The Astor fortune is said to have been founded by a fish peddler. The great wealth of the Vanderbilts and Goulds came from business genius that sprang from a common inheritance. Wanamaker began his business career as an errand boy.

Ford, one of our greatest business leaders, was an ordinary mechanic. Heinz, the father of 57 varieties, sold horseradish from door to door.

Edison was an ordinary telegraph operator.

Turn to history and we learn that the father of the great Shakespeare was a butcher.

Schubert was the son of a plebeian farmer—his mother a house servant.

The list could be extended indefinitely.

You are what you are, because of no inheritance except that of the physical capital with which you were endowed.

The struggle to attain that which you want out of life, and the determination and enthusiasm which you put into your efforts are the determining factors in your career.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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BEGINNING

WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN

By

ELMER DAVIS

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—DEATH . . . AND A CLUE

THE very day the body was found, Carol McKay had been reflecting mutinously that nothing ever happened in Branchville. She said so at breakfast.

"Nonsense!" her Aunt Ada commented. "People get born here, and die, and in the meantime make fools of themselves. What else happens in New York or Paris?" Then—her steel-gray eyes softening behind her rimless nose glasses—"I suppose," she said, "a small town is duller for a girl not long out of college than for a woman of my age who's had time to get used to it. But you're certainly paying no compliment to Jud Miller. He's hanging around you all the time, and still you say nothing ever happens."

"I wasn't talking about—about things like that," said Carol, her cheeks flaming. "But if you were a reporter instead of a schoolteacher, and had to try to find news every day when there isn't any—"

"No doubt that's dull," Miss Mallory agreed. "Most things are. But it's a job; and you ought to be grateful to Branchville for giving you a job. We have our faults, but at least we take care of our own."

"Oh, I know that. If you hadn't given me a home when the folks died—"

"I don't know why I shouldn't give a home to my own flesh and blood," Miss Ada snapped. "I expect sometimes you find me hard to live with; sometimes I find you hard to live with, too. And before you do anything rash, ask yourself if it would be any more fun to live with a man twenty years older than you are and have to listen all your life to his excuses for never having got any farther than the County Prosecutor's office."

Which, like most of Aunt Ada's observations, was uncomfortable but true, and Carol couldn't forget it. When she came into the office of the Evening Argus, toward noon, with the news items she had collected along Main Street, she was smoldering with a dissatisfaction that Mr. Hanselman, the editor, could easily interpret. He had seen that look on a good many ambitious young people in his lifetime; though it was seldom as effective as in Carol's dark eyes above cheeks painted pink by the cold.

"If only a real story would break!" she fumed. "If Frank Fenley had really started a fight with Mr. Mitchell at the dance Saturday night, instead of just talking about it—"

"Lucky he stopped with talk," said the editor dryly. "Roy Mitchell could whip him with one hand. Anyway, we couldn't have printed that—not without telling what Frank was mad about, and that wouldn't do. Nobody really believes Roy's cutting up with Irma Fenley—not even her husband, when he's sober. Besides, that wouldn't have been news for Monday evening's paper. It was all over town by Sunday noon."

Carol nodded. . . . It would be rather horrible anyway, she reflected, to have to probe into the private affairs of other people; especially older people whom you had been taught as a child to think of as above misbehavior. . . . Especially Irma Fenley, who was Jud Miller's sister. . . .

"But I've got a good assignment for you this afternoon," he said. "The whole town'll be listenin' to King Edward's farewell broadcast at four o'clock. We'll hold the paper for that, and you can write a story about how people take it. Before that you might drop around to the prosecutor's office and see if Jud Miller can give us a story, with term of court startin' next week. Coverin' the courthouse is usually my job," he apologized, "but my rheumatism has been botherin' me some today."

She turned away, her color higher than ever. If only she had something else to do besides these trivialities; or at least a chance to show that she could do something else! . . . On the desk beside her typewriter was that morning's Times, from the city—Mr. Hanselman was its Branchville correspondent, though he never had anything to send but three-line obituaries. She'd tried the Times last summer, but they had no vacancy for a girl without experience; and what experience could she get in Branchville?

And the Times' big front-page story was signed, as usual, "By Lester Foltz." . . . But she didn't know why she should be thinking of Les Foltz, who probably hadn't thought of her for three years; she had work to do. She rolled a sheet of paper into the typewriter, began to tap the keys:

ADD PERSONALS—Frank Fenley spent the day in the city.

PRESENTLY she turned in her copy, collected her weekly eight-dollar check, and decided to cash it at the bank before she went home to dinner. On her way she nodded to wizened old Mr. Corbett, the local capitalist, walking briskly along in the chill wind—going home from his office at the chair factory to lunch on crackers and milk.

But this time he turned off his daily beat into the Argus office.

"Well, Ed," he said to Mr. Hanselman, "how you feeling?"

"Kinda rheumatic. We're not as young as we used to be, Will."

"No, we're not." Mr. Corbett eased himself into a chair. "I realize it when I see that McKay girl; seems no time since she was born. By George, she gets better-looking every day. And more restless-looking. . . . Look, Ed—I had a phone call from Washington this morning. Our congressman is going to get his appointment to the federal bench at last, and it's about Branch County's turn to have a congressman."

"Our turn," said the editor sourly; "but who've we got could get the nomination? Got to be somebody that's well known outside the county."

"Yes. . . . Only one man measures up, Ed—Roy Mitchell."

Thrills! . . . An exciting new novel of a town rocked by mystery and a girl's heart stirred by romance

"What? But you need him at the bank, don't you?" Mr. Corbett was chairman of the bank's board of directors, and the heaviest stockholder. "Have you talked to Roy about it?"

"Well, yes, I have. Just now. He doesn't seem to want to leave Branchville. . . . And, Ed, I can think of only one reason."

There was a moment of somber silence; then Hanselman said huskily:

"Irma Fenley? Will, I can't believe—"

"I hate to myself, but I can see how a woman would get tired of Frank Fenley. And Roy's been at a loose end since his wife died. Dang it, I'm fond of Roy Mitchell; I'd like to keep him out of trouble."

. . . .

As Carol's heels clacked on the tiled floor of the Branchville State Bank, Roy Mitchell looked up from his desk behind the railing—a stocky man, baldish but still young-looking, his eyes bright with a hard assured competence. His glance went past her, his eyes narrowed. She couldn't help looking back as she went up to the wicket. But it was only Mitchell's brother-in-law, Virgil Bass—angry about something, as might be expected.

Endorsing her check, she heard Bass' voice rising:

"No, I won't step into your private office! The whole town can hear what I've got to say, Roy Mitchell! Mary and I want a final accounting of her father's estate, and you come through with that accounting quick. Or else!"

He stamped out. Mitchell shrugged and turned back to his desk. Carol, homeward bound, supposed that even Branchville was exciting if you were Roy Mitchell—a man to whom things happened, who made things happen and dominated them. . . .

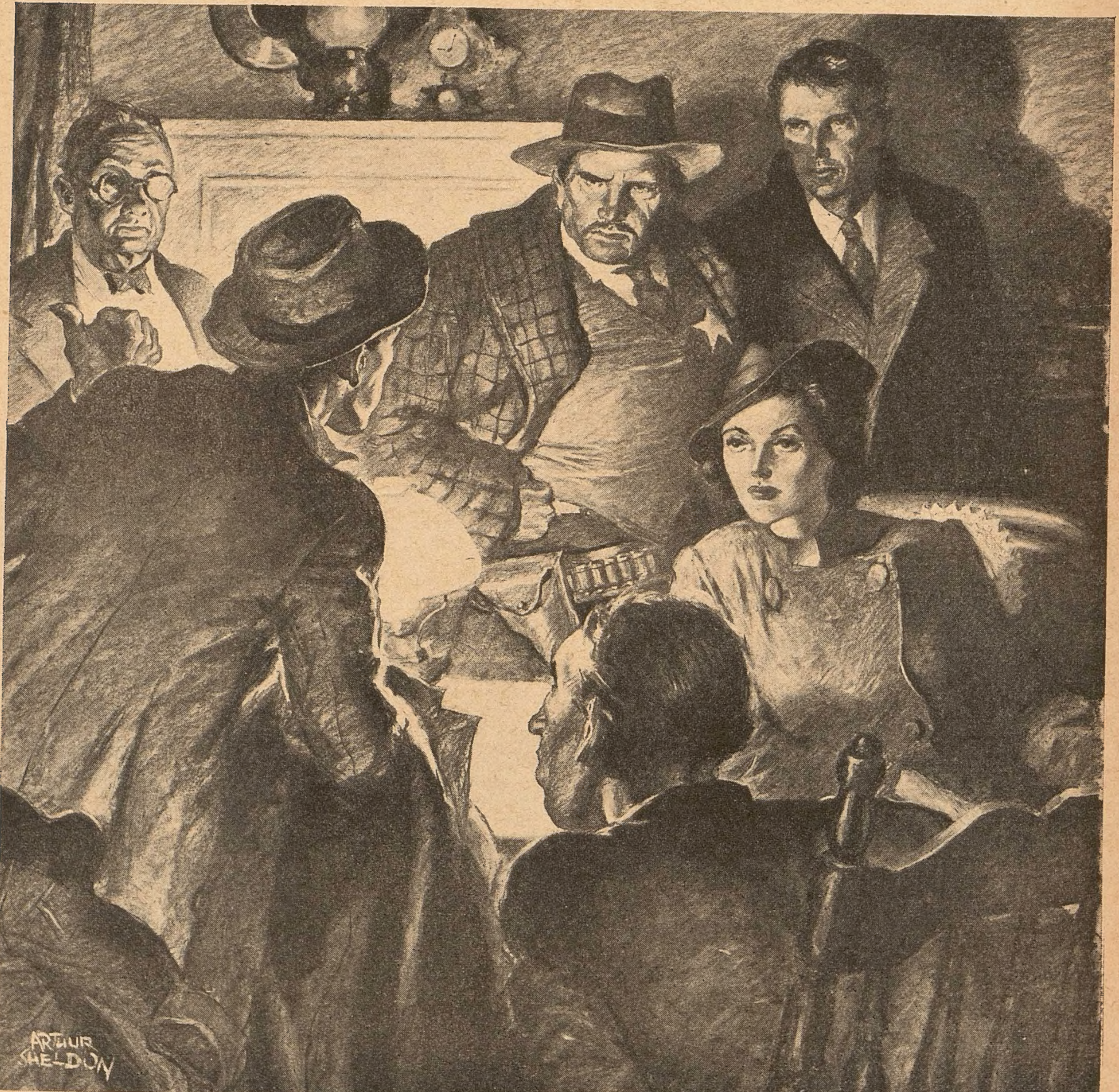
She found her aunt, who had to be back at school at one fifteen, already at table.

"You're late, Carol. I had to go ahead. . . . What's the news?"

"No news worth mentioning. There never is."

"Well, I'll give you some news, for what it's worth. Miss Ada Mallory, the well known and justly unpopular teacher of mathematics in the Branchville High School, will speak at the District Teachers' Institute at Redfield tomorrow. They called up this morning and asked me to fill in for somebody who got sick, so I'm driving over

"A little ways this side of the state highway we see a car parked."



after school today. I'll be back Sunday; I guess you can make out without me that long. Only I hope you won't waste all your time on Jud Miller. Footless creature—no ambition. Bright enough, but he never did have any get-up-and-go."

"Just because you flunked him in geometry twenty-five years ago—" Carol blazed. "Aunt Ada, you won't realize that anybody who went to school to you has grown up."

"Most of them haven't," said Miss Ada calmly. "And never will."

"Well—thanks for the news, anyway," Carol said. "Know anything else?"

"Only that a panhandler asked me for money on my way home this noon. First time that's happened in two or three years. Young fellow—Southern hillbilly, by his looks and accent. Said he'd been trying to find work here and couldn't. But they all say that," Miss Ada sniffed.

"So what did you do? Tell the city marshal?"

"Probably I should have, but—I gave him a quarter. He looked hungry, and if he'd really tried to find work here— We take care of our own, but we can't do much for transients. . . . Well, I must get along. I'll come home after school to pack a suitcase. Now that I've got a radio in the car, I can listen to King Edward's broadcast on the way."

NODDING to the clerks in the outer office, Carol knocked at the door that bore the legend COUNTY PROSECUTOR—A. JUDSON MILLER, and opened it at his "Come in." He started up in amazed delight.

"Surprised to see me?" She smiled. "Well, Jud—" He took her hands, drew her toward him. She jerked away. Just because she'd let him kiss her the other night, he needn't think— "Behave yourself!" she said sharply. "I'm here as a reporter!"

"Nothing's doing!" Hands in his pockets, he stared out at the courthouse square—at the rows of parked cars, the pedestrians hurrying along in the cold. "We've about run out of crime since the state police scared hitchhikers off the roads. What chance has a man got to make a reputation on this job? And right now, when I need it—"

He swung about, faced her.

"Carol, I never had much ambition till lately; but I've got it now—and you know why." She was impressed, almost frightened, by his blazing intensity. This was a new Jud. "I meant to enter the Congressional primaries next year," he said. "But our congressman is resigning; they'll fill his place next month. I'll try for it anyway— That is, unless— Some of them want Roy Mitchell to run. But if he doesn't, I'll go after that nomination. If only I had some big case to try—something that would get into the city papers and make me a name outside the county—"

"Too bad you haven't. But you'll try for the nomination anyway, won't you? For your own sake?"

"Only for mine, Carol?" She caught her breath. "Let me drive you to some place along the road where we can dance tonight," he pleaded ardently.

"All right," she assented. "But I'm working late this afternoon."

"Then, to save time, I'll pick you up at the Argus office. When? After half past five? All right. . . . Hard-working reporter, aren't you?" he said, smiling. "It's a pity reporters can't be kissed."

. . . . . .

The bank closed at three o'clock, but it was after three thirty when Roy Mitchell locked his desk and lit one of his heavy Turkish cigarettes. In the glow of the lighter his face stood out, hard, assured, dominant. He put on his hat and coat—then looked in his wallet, replaced it, and wrote out and endorsed a check. Behind the counter, where Harry Kirby the cashier and his tellers were balancing up for the day, Mitchell tossed the check on Kirby's desk and took five ten-dollar bills off the stack—clean new bills, never folded.

"Came near starting off for the city without any money," he said. "Everything O. K., Harry? Good. I'll be back tomorrow. Unless—unless you hear from me."

Two minutes later the telephone on his desk rang; Kirby answered it.

"Long-distance call," said the operator. And then a man's voice: "Mitchell? This is King, of King & Rohe." . . . Brokers in the city.

"Mr. Mitchell's gone, Mr. King. Kirby speaking. If it's bank business . . . Personal, eh? Well, he's on his way to the city; you'll probably see him."

"Probably," said the thin remote voice. "Thanks, anyhow, Mr. Kirby."

But five minutes later Mr. Corbett, at the chair factory, got a long-distance call from Mr. King with a hint of apology in his tone:

"By the way, Mr. Corbett, about Roy Mitchell. You introduced him to us some years ago, so perhaps you'll excuse me for asking you to use your influence with him. Get him to clear up this situation."

"What situation do you mean?"

"Well, I wouldn't mention it, of course, to anybody who isn't as close to him as you are; but we're carrying him for quite a lot, and some of his margins— I know it's all right, but he doesn't get around to it—"

"Oh, yes," said Corbett rather thickly. "It's all right, but I'll see that he clears it up."

He hung up and stared blankly at the wall. Margins! A bank president! Mitchell owed money to the bank, but his loan was well within the legal limit and covered by sound collateral; also, Mr. Corbett knew what he had done with it—knew, he had thought, all Mitchell's investments. So where could he have got the money to speculate on margin? His father's estate—

. . . . . .

At the old Fenley place—the remodeled farmhouse seven miles out of Branchville on the state highway that led to the city, Irma Fenley stood at a window, looking out at the overcast skies, the occasional flurries of snow—a blonde woman whose stony desperation wiped the prettiness out of her face. She turned back at last, turned on the lights and the radio. As she pulled down the shades she heard a car turn into the yard, but she didn't look out at it. . . . Then a knock at the door. She opened it and stood staring, her face white.

"Roy!" she gasped. He walked in, shut the door behind him. "You're crazy to come here now! I thought you were Frank. He's gone to the city, but he may be back any minute—"

"He won't come back yet." He took off his coat with trembling hands. His hard assurance was gone, his eyes were reckless, tormented. "And we've got to get this settled, Irma. I can't stand it any longer."

"But we can't talk now! The children—they'll be coming back from school on the bus that leaves town at four o'clock. And somebody will be sure to see your car in the yard. If Frank hears about that—"

"No danger; I figured it all out. Right now the whole county—Frank, the school-bus driver, everybody—is indoors getting ready to listen to King Edward's broadcast. We've got fifteen or twenty minutes clear, at least—and if anybody sees my car, you can say I stopped in here to listen to it on my way to the city. . . . Well, Irma?"

AN hour later than usual the presses of the Evening Argus were rolling; and Carol and Mr. Hanselman, bending side by side over a flat-topped desk, were reading the first copy, still damp. Reading the front-page story under a headline that ran clear across the sheet:

ENTIRE COUNTY HEARS EDWARD'S FAREWELL

And then the line to which Carol's eyes kept coming back—"By Carol McKay." The first story she had ever signed—as good a story as anybody could have written. Even Les Foltz. . . . Though she didn't know why she should be thinking about Les Foltz when the front door was opening and Jud Miller was coming in to take her out for supper and dancing. She nodded to him and turned back to the paper. He stood by, impatient.

Hanselman swallowed a grin. Jud or any other man would have a hard time getting her attention when she was reading her own story in the smell of printer's ink. Once that got into your blood—

The telephone on his roll-top desk rang shrilly. He answered it.

"He's right here, as it happens. . . . Jud! Doc Vilas on the wire."

Carol heard Jud's voice, speaking to the coroner:

"Hello. . . . *What?*" That was a shriek that brought her up, staring. "Where, doc? . . . How— Yes, I'll go right out."

He turned, his face contorted with horror.

"Roy Mitchell's dead. Shot. Farmer driving past found him in his car by the side of the road—the old woods road that turns off the state highway a couple of miles beyond—I mean about nine miles from town. Took him into Ab Turner's—the nearest house—phoned for a doctor from Four Corners— Nobody called the county officials till the doctor came. It must be suicide!"

He vanished into the phone booth, called Irma, his sister, then dashed out of the office.

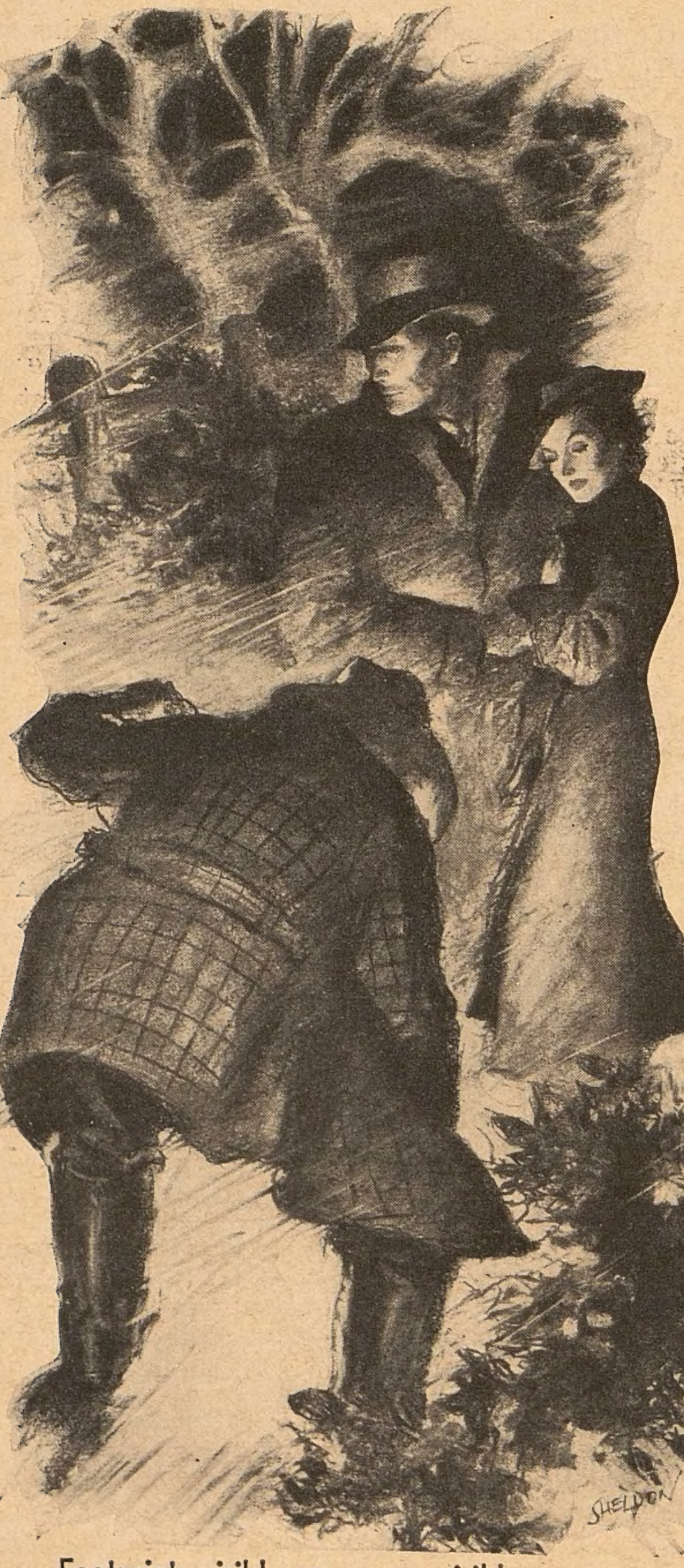
"Suicide?" said Carol slowly.

Hanselman looked tired and old.

. . . . . .

Not ten minutes behind Jud Miller, the headlights of Carol's hired car flashed down the state highway. Here, at last, she was covering a real story—a big story—for the Times. . . . She knew how Jud must feel, but he might have taken her along. He'd said it must be suicide, but she couldn't see why— If it were murder, it might be the big case he'd been hoping for; but if it turned out to be Frank Fenley— Or even Virgie Bass. Poor Mary Bass—if people suspected her husband of killing her brother! . . . A road turned off to the right—the road to Redfield. Too bad Aunt Ada was missing all the excitement.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SHELDON



Footprints visible once were visible no more.

Four miles beyond the Redfield road, the Fenley place glowed with lights upstairs and down. Two miles more, and Carol's car turned into the old woods road. There wasn't much traffic on it since the state highway had been cut through. Queer that Roy Mitchell—but sometimes people took it just to miss the traffic. . . . As she came up to Ab Turner's she saw three or four cars parked across the road, Mitchell's blue sedan in the yard.

The parlor, lit by a kerosene lamp, was empty; but as she entered it a group of men came in from an inner room—Jud, Sheriff Everett Wilks, the coroner, Ab Turner, a doctor from Four Corners. When she saw Jud's face she felt a rush of pity—but he looked at her with angry amazement.

"My God, Carol, what are you doing here? I can't keep that date!"

She gasped in humiliation. Did he think she was chasing him? He'd forgotten that she was a reporter. . . . But her sharp reminder was left unspoken; for she realized that they'd all forgotten it. A reporter would be excluded from this conference; but a girl whom everybody knew, who hadn't had sense enough to know that Jud Miller couldn't keep his date—

"Shot through the heart," the coroner was saying, "or close to it, with a gun held right up against him. Clothes scorched. Bullet went right on through—we'll probably find it in the back of the seat. It looks like— But I can't call it suicide yet. . . . Must have died instantly, or pretty near it. He was dead when you got here?"

THE country doctor nodded. "But he hadn't been dead long," he added. "Rigor mortis hadn't set in yet. That was about twenty past five."

"Couldn't have been dead very long," said the sheriff. "He left town around a quarter to four, and this fellow Meekins found him at a quarter to five. . . . What the devil became of Meekins, anyway?"

He returned just then—a farmer, his clothes stained and damp.

"Been tryin' to get this blood off," he explained. "Got it all over me drivin' Mitchell's car up here. The county owes me a overcoat."

"Jumpin' Jerusalem, that's nothing!" said the sheriff. "We about ruined Ab Turner's best bed. All that'll be taken care of. Now tell us about it."

"Well, my wife and I were drivin' home from Four Corners. Lots of traffic—everybody comin' away from wherever they'd stopped to hear the broadcast; so we took the woods road. And just a little ways this side of the state highway we see a car parked, with the lights off." He grinned. "I thought it was pretty cold for a pettin' party, but some people— But as we passed I see it was just one man, slumped down behind the wheel. So I stopped and got out and took a look—and then my wife took our car home, and I brought him back to the nearest house and phoned for a doctor. But he looked dead when I found him, near as I could see. I didn't—"

The telephone rang—one long, four short. Ab Turner answered it.

"Hello. . . . Oh, yes, Miz Bass. Do you want to talk to Jud Miller?" He thrust the phone into the prosecutor's hands. "Durned if I want to tell Roy's sister about it," he muttered.

"I didn't touch any of the stuff in the car," Meekins was saying as Miller put up the telephone.

"Stuff in the car!" the sheriff exclaimed. "My gosh, we ain't looked in the car yet!"

As he spoke, they were all on their way out. . . . On the car floor in front lay a pistol, an open wallet.

"Looks like Roy's gun," said the sheriff. Then, thrusting his hand into the pocket beside the driver's seat—"Yep, that's it. Pocket's empty. He carried his gun right where he could reach it; he was left-handed. Been fired once. . . . Meekins, where was the gun when you found him?"

"Right where it is now, as if it had dropped out of his hand when he shot himself."

Doc Vilas said, "But why should Roy shoot himself? Or, if he was going to do it, why did he have to come way out here—"

A couple of miles beyond Irma Fenley's, they all thought in unison.

"The wallet!" Jud snarled. Snatching it up, he looked inside.

"It was on the seat beside him," said Meekins. "I knocked it on the floor when I moved him over so as I could drive."

"Papers and cards," Jud announced, "but no money. Roy wouldn't start off to the city without money. This is murder—murder and robbery! For robbery!"

"But I can't see who—" the sheriff began. "And his watch was on him. Nobody in this county— And we've had mighty few transients since it was made a crime to thumb a ride."

"Murder and robbery," said Doc Vilas slowly. "Unless—unless somebody faked a robbery to throw us off the track. We're all sworn officials of Branch County," he said to Jud apologetically. "It's our duty to think of everything. After that rumpus Saturday night we ought to know where Frank Fenley was at a quarter to five."

"He was at home," said Jud. "I—I happened to be telephoning to Irma. Just—just before I heard this."

"How long had he been home?" the sheriff persisted.

"He'd just got home. . . . But he always comes back from the city by the state highway. He wouldn't take the woods road!"

"Meekins took it, to miss the traffic. We ought to ask Frank—"

"Then ask Virge Bass, too," Jud growled, "if you can find him! His wife told me he went hunting this afternoon and isn't home yet!"

"Yes, we better. But if he had a shotgun," said the sheriff, "why would he grab Roy's pistol? If he could, Roy could handle him—"

"Give me that flash!" Jud demanded. "Let's take another look—"

Carol shivered at sight of the sodden seat, the floor black with dry blood. In the corner—Jud dived for it, brought it out triumphantly—Mitchell's little black notebook. None of them tried to look over Jud's shoulder as he riffled its pages in the glow of the flashlight. If it had any notations of dates with his sister, let him be the one to find them.

"Nothing—" he began in relief. And then— "Hey! Look at this!"

OVER his shoulder they all looked at a scribbled note: "Ev Wilks—Hitchhiker."

"A hitchhiker shot him!" Jud clarified. "He managed to write that much before he died!"

"Thought you said he died instantly, doc," the sheriff objected.

"A heart wound—hemorrhage— He could have lived a little while. It would take a darn good man to write even that much, the shape he was in."

"Hitchhiker!" the sheriff mused. "We haven't had—"

"There was one in town today," Carol said. "Aunt Ada gave him a quarter. Not that that means—"

Jud's voice drowned hers:

"We've got Roy Mitchell's word that it was a hitchhiker—his last statement, set down as he was dying! We all know he's not the kind of man who'd kill himself. He was robbed and murdered! You found him just this side the fork of the road, Meekins? He must have dropped this fellow at the turn, got shot when he let him out, tried to drive a little farther, then realized he was dying— And his murderer has had an hour and a half to get away! Sheriff, call up the state police!"

He was blazing, intense, as Carol had seen him that afternoon

"State police?" said the sheriff. "Think I want them to get the credit? Nobody else would pick him up; he's still in the county and the county will get him!"

He ran into the house, the coroner following him. Jud Miller, left alone in the dark with Carol, groaned in relief.

"I—I'm so glad, Jud," she said softly.

"Carol!" She knew he hadn't realized that she was there. "Sorry I was so short with you awhile ago, but you know how I was feeling. But now that we know who it was, or at least who it wasn't— Wait till I call up Irma, and I'll take you back to town."

"Can't do it, Jud. I've got to clean up this story for the paper. Not just the Argus—for the Times, too."

"Of course!" he said excitedly. "This will be a big story for the city papers! If we catch the man who did it, I'll convict him. I'll be known, then, all over the state. And now that—now that poor Roy is gone—Carol, you and I are on our way to Washington!"

"Not yet, Jud. Right now I'm working. What's Meekins' first name?"

Perhaps she was too curt with him. He was a little hysterical, and no wonder. But she didn't like this elation; and she couldn't forget that in a crisis he could look at her as if he had never seen her before.

BY the time she had all the details from Meekins and Dr. Vilas, the sheriff was starting off to look at the place where Mitchell's car had been found, and she had to be in on that inspection. But it told them little. The wind had blown the sprinkling of snow off the hard black roadway; whatever footprints might have been visible once were visible no more.

So the sheriff drove back to town, and after him Carol. But there were things to find out at the courthouse—details of procedure and so on. It was half past eight before she finally came back to the Argus office to report to Mr. Hanselman.

"That's fine," he said, when he had heard it all. "You don't seem to have missed a thing. But better let me write the story. We've got to hurry to catch the Times' first edition, and I can do it quicker."

"I suppose so," she admitted, gallantly trying to hide her disappointment.

In ten minutes he got up from the typewriter, struggled into his overcoat.

"Now you stick around, Carol, in case anything breaks while I'm putting this on the wire. They may catch the fellow that did it any minute. After I come back, you can go out and get something to eat. . . . The Times is sending down a staff man, but I think we got this story pretty well cleaned up," he said proudly, "till they make an arrest. There's my carbon copy, if you want to read it."

But she couldn't take the proper professional interest in his story. She was tired, hungry, limp with nervous reaction. She lit a cigarette—women didn't smoke much in Branchville, but a reporter who had just covered a big story for a city paper could do as she pleased—and was pacing restlessly about the office when a young man burst in at the door.

"Where's Mr. Hanselman? I'm Lester Foltz of the Times."

. . . . .

His face was thinner than she remembered, and harder-looking; but she rather liked that. The ace reporter of the Times was visibly more of a man than the smooth, complacent campus celebrity who had always got everything he wanted—and even things he didn't want. His eyes, regarding her, were puzzled; and she was glad she had on the wine-red dress that only a girl with a faultless figure could wear. She realized with a thrill that the coolly assured woman he was looking at was hard to identify with the freshman coed, coltish and self-conscious, he had known three years ago.

Is the star reporter of the Times going to take all the glory from Carol? Will he scorn her efforts as a mere newspaper "cub," or will she set the pace for him? Many surprises are in store for you in this fast-moving story and they begin to pop in the next issue of Liberty.

I MEET EDWARD AND WALLIE

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

I WAS seated in the massive dark-oak library of the Château Cande, the pre-honeymoon home of the world's most famous sweethearts, listening to the most interesting story I had ever heard.

"Will you ever return to England?" I had asked.

How could any one answer that? With his own flesh and blood upon the throne, he'd certainly not return to haunt or bother the new King. If he did go back, he'd go in a manner so that he might be helpful to him. He might even go in a manner that might make it "constitutional."

He had abdicated, it seems, because he could not "constitutionally" remain upon the throne. That explained much. So did his attitude toward the woman he loved—

But first I should tell you how I, as Liberty's ambassador, came to find myself inside the beleaguered Château Cande. I drove up to the gates with the trailer Star Dust, and gave a visiting card to the lieutenant in charge. A few moments later a big touring car drove up behind me, and out jumped a lot of newspapermen and women. They were a bit facetious about the trailer.

"Well, Vanderbilt," said one of them, "it now becomes our job to see that you're thrown out if you manage to get in, and to keep you out if you don't."

I smiled. But an hour dragged by. At twelve thirty Herman Rogers, Wallis Warfield's loyal friend, came out of the gates to make his daily statement to the waiting group. I sat in the car. Seeing me, he came over and said in a low voice:

"Gosh, Vanderbilt, why didn't you let me know you were here? I've been waiting for you since eleven thirty."

I protested that I'd been waiting too.

"No one told me," he assured me.

Other carloads of ladies and gentlemen of the press—about fifty reporters in all—had arrived by now.

"Vanderbilt's talking through his hat!" shouted one man. "Besides, Mr. Rogers, Liberty has been very unfair in its stories of the Duke and Mrs. Simpson."

Of course that wasn't so. Every Liberty reader knows better. Rogers must have known better, too, and presumably the Duke and Wallie, because I had been able to arrange by telephone for this invitation to Cande.

Rogers said nothing, but drew the newspaper group aside and gave them the usual stereotyped statement. Then he came back to me and whispered:

"Can you get back here at three o'clock, and shake them?"

I nodded and drove off to a chorus of jeers. But that afternoon I had my revenge. When I drove up this time, the old white-headed gatekeeper promptly threw open the gates and all the soldiers bobbed up at attention. As the gates closed behind me I heard a frantic shrieking of automobile sirens and saw a cloud of dust rolling down the road. It was the fleet of newspaper cars. They had been trailing me.

Then the Duke and the woman he loved appeared on a balcony, looking down at my car and smiling genially.

The Duke was wearing a light-grayish-blue shirt, closed at the neck but without collar or tie, and, as I later observed, long plus-fours golfing trousers of heathery-blue tweedlike material, blue golf stockings, and brown shoes. His hair was all tousled on top of his head. Wallie wore a dark-reddish wine-colored sweater and a dark-grayish-blue dress. She didn't wear a hat.

Rogers greeted me cordially. "You know, of course, you are not allowed by law or etiquette, or whatever you call it, to quote His Majesty directly," he began.

I nodded, and he went on: "You don't quote the President. Can you?"

"Seldom: but when he's no longer President we can."

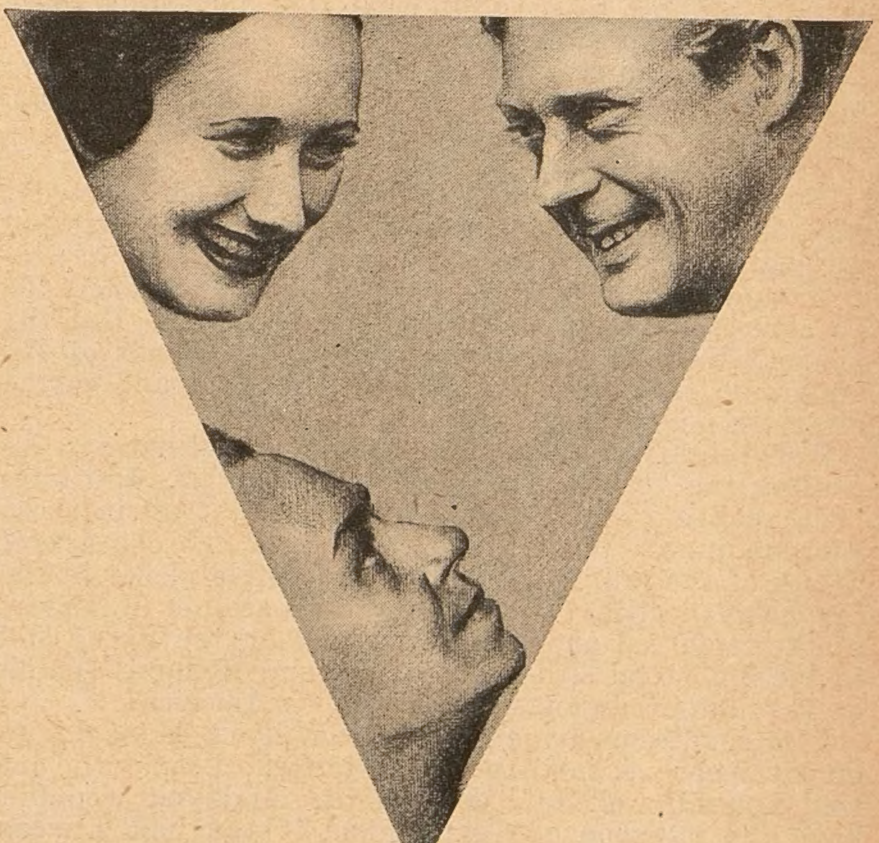
Rogers did not smile. "In this case it's different. You see, he's still His Royal Highness—"

I heard voices in the hallway outside. Then the Duke came in. A moment later Wallie appeared.

There was no need of introductions. I had almost been brought up with the British royal family. Mrs. Warfield, too, I had met several times both in Europe and America.

Needless to say, I was able to give assurances that I would not quote directly anything that they might say to me. I have not done so; I am not doing so now. I want it distinctly understood that the Duke or the Duchess did not tell me these things. Nor did anybody else in the room. But, nevertheless, these are my impressions.

Exclusive! A Liberty representative's intimate, first-hand impressions of the famous newlyweds' hopes and plans



There is nothing to prevent my telling you what I think is the viewpoint of the Duke of Windsor on many important questions.

To begin with his marriage. Of course he had wanted to marry the woman he adores, but he had wanted to marry her not alone for his own sake or hers but for his country's. He meant his marriage to the gifted American woman, for whose intelligence he has the greatest respect, to be his greatest gift to his people. He honestly believed that she would be an inspiration to them as she had been to him.

American girls were educated in a different manner from Europeans. They were wonderful. And one American girl was more wonderful than the rest.

With her at his side, he had felt he could do something. She had the vision and the confidence which American women have. She had the courage to tackle a big job. As Edward VIII he needed some one to spur him on. He didn't want to live over and over again this business of being merely a social figurehead.

But how could he do anything worth while unless he had the help of some one who believed implicitly in him and in his desire to be helpful to the world?

AMERICA had broken away from England once, and there were some people, who still had a good bit to say in England, who had never forgotten that. These people might respect and entertain Americans who thought as they did, but they'd have nothing to do with Americans who were just Americans. You didn't have to go far to find that out!

England would always be England. There would always be a church, always an archbishop, always an ambitious and dominating premier. There would always be a "little handful of lustful men"—the quotes are mine, not the Duke's—who would be able to do things with England as they wanted. God willing, his brother would be King for a long, long time. But what could a King do to help his people? His father had tried, at first with some success; but during his latter years ill health had tied his hands. Consequently a powerful group was built up at court. These men saw life only through their own colored glasses. They refused to take into consideration what was really happening in England. They refused to believe that man has a right to choose by whom and how he is to be governed.

Yes, England was England. But the world was a bigger place than England nowadays. If some one didn't do something right away, war would be forced upon the people of all nations again. All of us who had been through the World War knew that another one would annihilate civilization and that Europe would be completely wiped out by it. Look at Spain. You didn't have to be a prophet to see that what was happening there might soon happen everywhere.

Noblemen and rich men would have to go to the front; but first of all, poor men, the masses, would have to go. And they would be slaughtered as fast as they went.

There was a chance for real service here.

No one in this day and age had really tried to prevent war. Dictators, presidents, and kings had no solution for unemployment save to put the out-of-works in uniform and give those who stayed at home a pittance. To be sure, some rulers had tried to do things. But the moment they became too formidable as friends of the underdog, they were knocked on the head and carted off to the nearest ash heap.

Fully eighty per cent of the people of all nations, including the United States, lived in squalor. Did anybody realize what it meant to be brought up in those surroundings? What it did to morale? To character? Think of the millions who live in terrible places in the big English cities! Think of the thousands in Wales; of the underfed and underhoused along the Rhine and in the industrial cities of Belgium and Holland! Think of the slum-bred gangsters of my own America!

The conditions under which men lived had a lot to do with peace on earth, good will to men. People who are well housed, well fed, don't fight. And you wouldn't have the bugaboo of Communism if you had citizens who were better cared for, better nourished and nursed in childhood; if the capitalists saw eye to eye on caring for those who worked for them.

This wasn't just sentimentalism. Keep people happy and contented—rebuild their city slums, renovate their hamlet homes, refurnish their dingy shacks—and no power on earth could send them out to kill each other.

I don't say that the Duke told me these things. I don't pretend to quote him. Under the circumstances, quoting just isn't done. But, as I have said, I am telling what I believe I know about his convictions on these important questions.

I can give you still another impression that is inescapable. The woman he was marrying had helped him to galvanize these theories he had always held into a guiding philosophy of life. She herself had been imbued with that philosophy when she had "done" the China posts with her first husband, the naval officer, and had seen with her own eyes the squalor in which the swarming Asiatic races exist.

Edward, as a practical man, is biding his time. He undoubtedly knows, as I now know from my brief trailer trip through England, that his popularity with the masses may have diminished somewhat. His enemies have made, and are still making, a pretty thorough job of besmirching his name. But Edward is no fool. He does not deceive himself either with false pride or with false modesty. He cannot help knowing that to England and her masses he signifies so much that nothing that these propagandists might do could remove from his personality that intangible "something" that distinguishes him.

Not that the masses don't like George and his Queen and the two darling little Princesses. Not that at all. But that he, as Prince of Wales, as Empire savior, as soldier during the Great War, and as a common man, had that something and still has it.

But, he undoubtedly tells himself, if he returned to England today, he would take glamour and popularity away from brother George, whom he respects and loves. Wait a while. Let the people forget. Then let them wake some morning to the realization that the man they once called King is among them again.

So he'll do nothing at all for six months or maybe a year. He and his wife have both been through a severe strain since last November. They want to be together all they can, to get to know each other better, to settle down. After a while they're coming to America. But they're not going to buy a place or settle down, here or anywhere, for a while. They both feel that he is needed more in England than abroad.

And let's not forget that Edward was not far wrong in his estimate of the woman he loves. Wallie is the epitome of worldly wisdom. Down deep within her, she must long to "get back at them." Naturally, she burns at the thought that she "isn't good enough" for British royalty; at the thought of the unfairness of the British Tories.

YET, American to the tips of her shiny pink nails, she sees things in the typical American way. If you can't break down the opposition through kindness and common sense, then go the long way around the meadow and break them down legally. And the obvious legal way to get back at the coterie of politicians and clerics who humiliated and slandered her is for her husband to go back home, stand for Parliament, and take his place at the head of the real government.

He need attack no one—least of all his brother King George. All he needs to do is to get a good campaign manager, set himself his goal, and go after it.

If the decision were put to the vote in England even today, Edward would, in my humble belief, poll far better than eighty per cent of that popular vote.

When will he strike?

That remains for history to write—and it will soon be written.

They have faced the world together, these two. And when the world is ready to face *them* again, they will start on a journey that will take them not to Buckingham Palace but to 10 Downing Street!

THE END

WE *Can* PREVENT CRIME:

The American Program

READING TIME
19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

For liberals with common sense—The nation's law-and-order chief presents a radical, far-reaching plan of battle

BY ATTORNEY GENERAL

HOMER S. CUMMINGS

UP in Connecticut, where I live, is the lovely Colonial town of Litchfield, behind whose historic elms nobly stands one of America's oldest law schools. To that venerable institution, in the first years of the last century, came the youthful John C. Calhoun from South Carolina—on horseback, over the Old Post Road—to learn that law which enabled him to hold his own with Daniel Webster and the other legal giants of his time.

Now, on those rare occasions when I can get away from my desk in the Department of Justice at Washington, I find myself riding in a modern automobile over the same old highway into the verdant valleys of the same old state, and I think of that South Carolina lad plodding along in the sun on the broad back of the sorrel mare from his father's farm.

Then I ask myself:

" Have we, as citizens, as human beings, advanced as far as we should have since John C. Calhoun's day—as far, for example, as the science of transportation has advanced? "

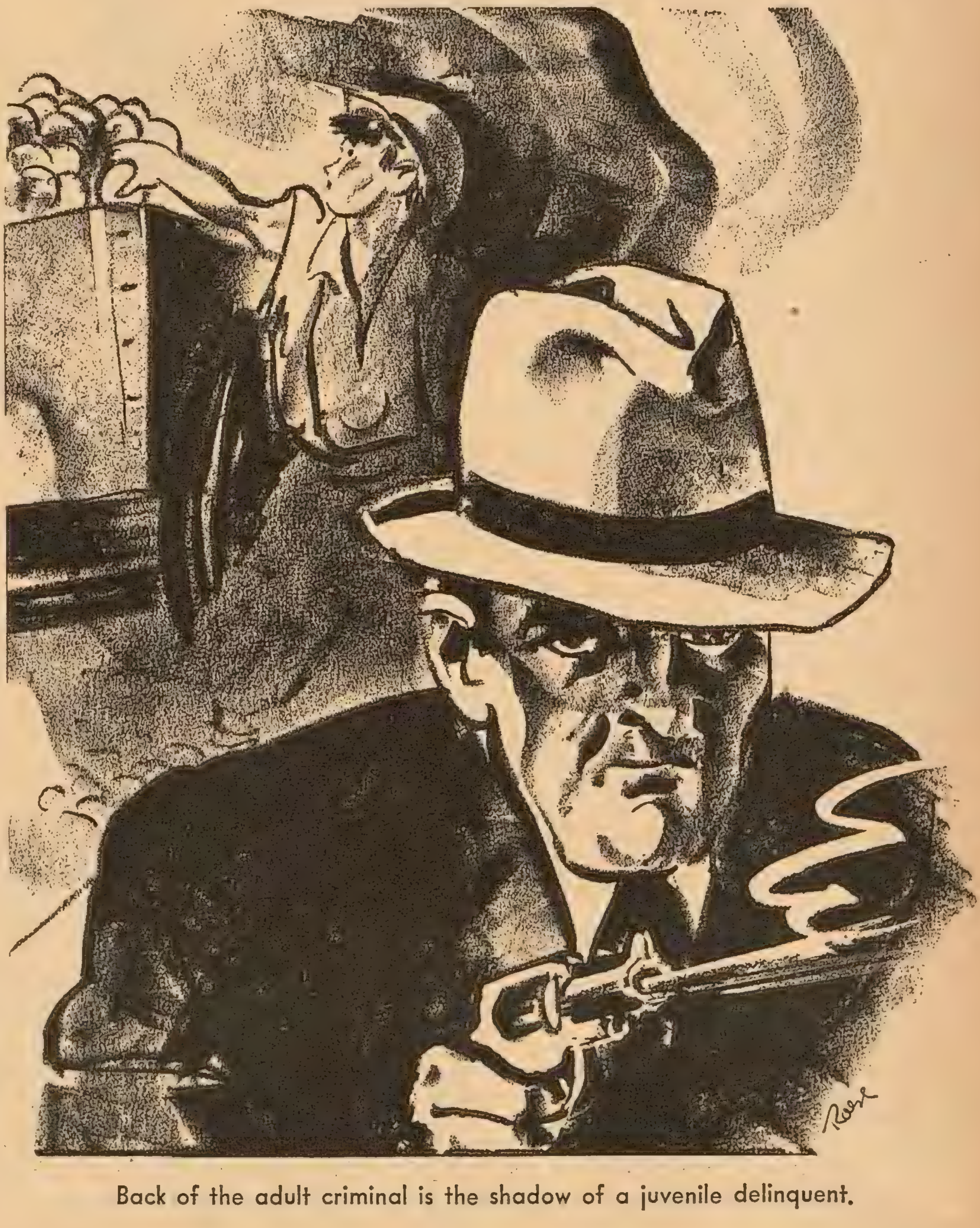
I would like to find a cheerful, optimistic answer to that question; but when I think that it has taken us all these years and all these generations to discover that the best way to prevent crime is to prevent criminals, I cannot honestly do so.

The science of crime prevention, in spite of all the strides we have made, is still in the horseback phase of its development.

Young Jack Calhoun was twenty-two when he took the Old Post Road to Litchfield town. That, as it happens, is not far from the age at which the largest number of arrests for crime are now made—and yet, only recently have we realized that if we hope to protect ourselves against a plague of active murderers, we must catch our potential murderer before he murders.

" Crime waves are made of criminals," observes one writer, " and criminals are made of boys."

For thousands of years the Chinese have employed physicians to keep them well rather than to cure them after they are ill. Only recently has Occidental medicine caught up with the ancient dictum that " An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Most organizations charged with suppressing crime still act as



Back of the adult criminal is the shadow of a juvenile delinquent.

if they had never heard the adage. They go right on "trying to empty the bucket without turning off the water."

Any person surveying the crime problem necessarily does so from a different vantage point from any other person. My vantage point is the Department of Justice in Washington—the national government's law office. In that law office only a portion of our work has to do with crime. In that office are handled all matters dealing with the acquisition of land by the federal government for such purposes as post offices, national parks, and slum-clearance projects. In it all antitrust litigation is centered. All tax litigation is conducted in one of the divisions by a special staff of 100 attorneys. In another division all claims against the federal government are defended. In still another division 3,000 war-risk suits are handled annually; while the Customs Division last year represented the United States in 74,961 customs cases. And this is but a partial list of the functions performed by the Department. In other words, if crime were completely eradicated we would still have to conduct a tremendous civil-law practice.

But as to crime. We have three units in the Department dealing primarily with crime. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is the investigative unit. The Criminal Division, together with 500 United States attorneys and assistants, is charged with the prosecution of federal violators. The Bureau of Prisons has under its jurisdiction nineteen federal penal institutions, ranging from prison camps to Alcatraz, in which the convicted criminals are confined. With these three units we "catch, convict, and confine" federal violators. We have, I think, done that job well. As to the methods employed, I shall have more to say later.

I have long been convinced that the "catch, convict, confine" process is not enough; that there is a missing link somewhere in our program. That link is crime prevention.

HOMER S. CUMMINGS

who became Attorney General of the United States in 1933, was born in Chicago and graduated from Yale. Since 1900 he has played an active part in Democratic party politics.

Obviously the most effective type of prevention is that which heads off the development of criminal careers by the prevention of juvenile demoralization.

For years we have proceeded on the theory that when a certain content of information has been jammed into the young, they will be able to make their own effective transition from school or college into the responsibilities of adult life. Unfortunately this is not true. In a simpler civilization, when all that was involved was going from the classroom where multiplication tables were learned, to the small shop, factory, or office where the multiplication tables were applied, the transition was far less difficult. Under twentieth-century conditions it is impossible for any child, upon the basis of his own experience, even to conceive of the tremendous ramifications of adult life.

Faced by the baffling circumstances into which he is suddenly thrust, and confronted—as the present generation of young people is confronted—by a shortage of opportunity for legitimate effort, the youngster of eighteen or nineteen drifts all too readily into crime.

This is not a theory.

A careful check of more than one quarter of a million recent arrests reveals not only the menacing fact that there were more arrests at the age of nineteen than at any other age, but that a startlingly large percentage of our most serious crimes were committed by minors.

No one will deny that this is a most confusing period for youth, and that its difficulty is immeasurably increased by enforced idleness. It is as true now as it was in the seventeenth century, when Isaac Watts said it, that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." And, right now, there are more hands. Estimates vary as to the number of idle young people in this country. There may be 4,000,000; there may be 5,000,000. Anyhow, there are too many, and the existence of this vast army of youthful idlers, most of them at the "courtship age," certainly complicates the problem of crime prevention.

The foundations of the difficulty, however, go deeper still. Statistics reveal that one child out of every hundred between the ages of seven and seventeen comes before the courts in the course of the year—and this in spite of the fact that only a small percentage of problem children requiring special treatment actually get into the court records. In one city, for example, out of 2,799 "truants" and 921 other "juvenile offenders," only 134 children were referred to the juvenile court.

The inescapable fact, therefore, is that there is a large and threatening volume of potential crime in process of generation below the ages chiefly affected by the current crisis of unemployment.

The fact that many of the specific offenses perpetrated by these youthful culprits are of a minor character does not lessen the seriousness of the general problem they present.

> Small habits well pursued betimes
> May reach the dignity of crimes.

Thus spake the poet, Hannah More, in the last years of the eighteenth century. Thus speak the records of the Department of Justice today. Few indeed are the criminals who did not begin as children in some petty way to carve out a career of crime. Our records show that back of almost every adult criminal is the shadowy outline of a juvenile delinquent.

Clearly, then, if we are to hack at the roots of the crime problem, we must begin not with the established criminal after he is arrested and confined, not with the idle youth of eighteen or nineteen after he has drifted into crime, but with the boy and girl and the conditions which develop them into useful or useless citizens.

This conclusion, although inevitable, is fraught with difficulties.

Moreover, ordinary rules of legal procedure just do not apply to child criminals.

Experience has taught us that the offenses of juvenile criminals demand not so much punishment as diagnosis and treatment. The juvenile court is, to some extent, a response to the enlightened feeling that these youthful culprits, who are marching toward the gates of prison, are in the beginning merely "unthinking, idle, wild, and young," and that, if we reach them early enough, we can divert their straying footsteps into the path that leads to useful citizenship and a happy life.

A WHOLE book could be written—in fact, several have been written—on the social and economic causes of the situation which I have been describing.

The consensus of opinion of all these experts, no matter from what angle they approach the condition, is that juvenile delinquency is a community problem rather than an individual one. The most convincing thing about this conclusion is that it is based, in most cases, on broad surveys, often over a period of years, of actual conditions in crime-producing areas.

The first fact that strikes the new student of the problem is that there are decided variations, both in the number of juvenile offenders and in the number of adult criminals, between different sections of the same community, and that those sections which show the highest rate of children's offenses also show the highest rate of adults' crimes.

The second very illuminating fact is that there is an inescapable relationship between the differences in the rates of child and grown-up delinquency on the one hand and the differences in sectional backgrounds on the other.

The crime rates near the business and industrial areas are high; those in the suburban residential districts correspondingly low.

Of course the residential communities have their crime problems. So, for that matter, do the small towns. It is well, too, to remember that we also have rural slums. There is small doubt, therefore, but that juvenile delinquents who later become adult criminals are the result chiefly of neighborhood conditions whether they be in the city, the small town, or the country. The problem is essentially a community one.

THE situation is aggravated, but by no means primarily caused, by the fact that European immigrants, often from sparsely settled agricultural regions, find themselves quite unequal to bringing up their families in metropolitan conditions which they themselves do not understand. Southern Negroes, ill at ease in strange Northern surroundings, present a similar difficulty. In fact our own Indians furnish a vivid illustration of cultural conflict.

The children of such families, and also those of many of their American-bred neighbors who live in these deteriorated areas, tend to congregate in gangs in a natural effort to work out a life of their own. There is nothing inherently evil in this tendency. Not all who gang are gangsters. A gang, well led or well directed—as the Boys' Clubs and Boy Scouts have proved—is often a fine influence in a boy's life. Ill led—as shown in the stage play Dead End—the gang takes the inevitable road to crime.

These delinquency areas, as the sociologists call them, take on a tradition which can only be compared with the tradition of a great old school. . . . The place is stuffed with history and example, handed down by boy to boy, until the house wreckers come. These areas have a disintegrating effect upon character. A child living in them too easily becomes demoralized, beaten, hopeless.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

We cannot begin to prevent crime in the United States until we clean house in the legal profession. No one is more keenly aware of this than Attorney General Cummings. He has stood behind the forces for reform at the annual conventions of the American Bar Association. Yet that Association has done very little to help clean up the national mess. To paraphrase one great district attorney: What would we think of doctors who spread germs on purpose, started epidemics, to make business for themselves? And what would we think of medical societies that stood by, complaisant, in the face of such monstrous evil?

Well, that's about the way some of the lawyers have been behaving. Perhaps Mr. Cummings' article will get us started on the way to getting rid of our lawyer criminals, and from there go on to a campaign of real crime prevention.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T. Tune in at home or on your car radio.

The loss or unemployment or undependability of the father of a family, or any other mischance which induces real poverty, is, of course, another cause of juvenile crime.

"With every chance of moral recovery in his favor," once wrote a French observer of the slums of Paris, "the child who is underfed and destitute of the most meager comfort is incapable, through his physical depression, of struggling successfully against temptation. Feed him, give him a decent home, and you will win him over from the quicksands of vice to the bedrock of good citizenship."

But it is idle to speculate here on causes, except as such speculation may assist us to remove those causes, or, if they are not removable, understand them and take appropriate steps to counteract them.

One obvious reason why the present situation is especially critical is the changed position of the church in community life. A hundred years ago—even fifty years ago—most children attended Sunday school regularly—although perhaps under protest!—and were there taught principles of moral and spiritual conduct which were more or less common to all denominations or sects. Their elders—perhaps because of the absence of golf courses, automobiles, and commercialized forms of amusement—attended church service, at least on Sunday, and many of them regularly on prayer-meeting and other nights. Nowadays many children never see the inside of the Sunday-school room. Many of their parents never attend the church or participate in its work in any manner. To a large extent, therefore, the church has lost the influential place it once held as an instrument of crime prevention.

Meanwhile the school, which is present-day society's only point of collective contact with children of all sorts, has steadily advanced in its strictly pedagogic activities. It teaches more, and it teaches more expertly, than it did in our day and our parents' day. But we are still far behind in our efforts to relate the curriculum to the very concrete problems of everyday life. The school must furnish an education in "living" to all children, and it must furnish individualization of treatment to each. What curriculum does the unadjusted, handicapped youngster get that the average child doesn't get? These are some of our objectives and some of our problems.

As for relating the child's activities at school with those in the home, we have all been blandly obtuse as to our duties and opportunities. It would seem to be self-evident, as one worker with youngsters puts it, that "by its failure to tie up the boy's school life with his home and recreational life, society makes about the same progress that one would if in trying to push a wagon up a hill, one gave a short shove and then sat down to rest, allowing the wagon to coast back to its starting place."

Another important factor is the failure of parents to understand the child and parental ignorance of methods of child training and character development.

This would seem to be a mild statement of a very serious situation.

Many parents have apparently not only lost their ability to understand and control their children, but fail utterly to understand and appraise the difficulties which their children must meet. This is especially, and perhaps excusably, true of foreign-born parents with American-born children. Our foreign-born citizens, although not immune to criminal tendencies, contribute no more than their numerical share to the volume of American crime. Their children, however, are apparently the victims of a loosening of the old control and a too quick assimilation of the new freedom.

Whatever the cause may be, the failure of both foreign-born and native-born parents to exert a proper influence over their offspring is perhaps the chief motivating factor in the production of juvenile crime. Moreover, there seems to be little hope of an immediate change in this situation, since workers with children report that close to 75 per cent of the problem children they treat have parents who are problems themselves.

Fortunately, there is more encouragement to be had from a study of the delinquent children themselves than from any of the factors which might normally have been expected to keep them from delinquency.

SUPERFICIAL observers of the child problem talk as if the present-day child were different mentally, morally, and physically from his parents at the same age; as if there had occurred some new species of generation in childhood itself. I do not believe that. Boys will be boys—always; and girls, girls. It is society that produces problem children, not the children themselves.

The child's chief desire is to have fun. It is society's job to see that he gets it, at the right time and of the right sort. If the child rebels because he doesn't get it, it is society's fault, not his.

This is the only simple part of the whole complicated problem. Children's wishes are so simple that it is comparatively easy to satisfy them. Most first thefts are to obtain the luxury of a picture show or a ball game or a bag of candy. Of course it is not so easy when the parents of the children are poor; but that is where the welfare worker and the government relief agency come in.

Sometimes these normal wishes reach abnormal proportions through some undiscovered lack in physical make-up.

A judge in Indianapolis observed the case of an otherwise well behaved fourteen-year-old boy who repeatedly stole small sums to spend on candy. He recognized and apparently repented his error, but could not resist the temptation to do whatever was necessary to satisfy this one craving. Laboratory experiments established a definite lack of sugar in this boy's physical composition. Once this lack was remedied, the boy straightened out, got a job at thirteen dollars a week, and is paying back what he stole at the rate of five dollars a week.

Whatever the cause of a child's misbehavior, it is obvious, as one penologist has well expressed it, that "when we learn to look forward with the child instead of backward with the adult criminal, we will have made great strides in the prevention of crime."

AT the turn of the century the effort to "look forward with the child" took definite form with the establishment of the first juvenile courts in Chicago and Denver. These tribunals were not originated with the primary object of preventing delinquency. They were established, as one leader in this movement has pointed out, "because socially minded people became convinced that throwing children into jails with hardened adult criminals, sex perverts, and prostitutes was poor social work. They came out of jail worse than when they entered."

Nevertheless, the plan, whereby a sympathetic judge heard the child's case informally, consulted with the child's parents, neighborhood welfare workers, and officers of the law, then tried to work out some practical method of improving the child's environment or removing him from it, seemed to have so many possibilities for good, that crime preventionists had high hopes of it.

When Boston, Milwaukee, and other progressive cities followed, and the movement took on a nation-wide character, these hopes were strengthened; and when first one juvenile court and then another added the services of a clinic for the psychiatric study of youngsters who failed to respond to the ordinary ministrations of the court, many optimists felt that at last the crime-prevention compass had been boxed.

For thirty years thereafter these optimists sat back and rested on the cushion of juvenile-court omnipotence. Then, suddenly, came a bombshell that blew up the whole structure of crime-prevention optimism.

While the optimist slept the scientist had worked. Harvard University had set in motion a survey "to gain understanding of the individuals who commit crimes, what they are, whence they spring, and the forces that move them."

As a first step in this inquiry, a study was made of a thousand cases of delinquents sent by the Boston Juvenile Court for examination to its clinical adjunct, the Judge Baker Foundation. This study was entrusted to Professor Sheldon Glueck of the Harvard Law School in collaboration with Dr. Eleanor T. Glueck.

Now, the Gluecks were friendly to the idea of a juvenile court. Their relations with Judge Frederick P. Cabot, renowned judge of the Boston court, were close and coöperative. The latter, as a matter of fact, was one of the financial sponsors of the survey. Care was taken to select typical, not extreme, cases, and only those cases which had been on the record books for five years, so that there might be an absolutely fair test of how many of the youthful offenders were what the criminologists call "recidivists" and you and I would call "backsliders."

The Boston Juvenile Court, as an embodiment of the principle on which the juvenile court was founded and as a force for good in the general life of the community, emerged from this inquiry with flying colors, but as an instrument of crime prevention—well, let's use the language of the report:

> What was the conduct of our boys in the five-year post-treatment period? *Eighty-eight per cent of them continued their delinquencies during this period.* Those apprehended were arrested on the average of 3.6 times each. Nor were the arrests of our youths essentially for petty offenses; two thirds of the entire group of 905 boys whose post-treatment conduct was determinable committed serious offenses, largely felonies.
>
> The major conclusion is inescapable, then, that *the treatment carried out by clinic, court, and associated community facilities had very little effect in preventing recidivism* [backsliding].

Yes, that was the immediate major conclusion. The ultimate major conclusion, which shook the whole world of crime prevention to its foundations, was that we still had not gone down far enough in our digging for the roots of crime.

We should have known that without waiting for a professor to tell us. In fact, at the Department of Justice we knew that 70 per cent of the boys who get into training schools and reformatories have previously rebelled against conventional educational methods, become truants, and drifted about from one marginal occupation to another. Clearly this means that we do not recognize such cases at an early enough age and bring to bear upon enough of them character-building influences, the technique of the psychiatrist and the social worker.

In short, to wait until a child has committed an offense of sufficient magnitude to justify his appearance in a juvenile court is to wait too long.

All of which is no reflection on the juvenile court as a proper tribunal for the trial of cases involving youthful offenders against the law. It simply means that the primary function of the court is, as its founders intended, to keep children from being thrown into jails with hardened adult criminals. In other words, it provides an excellent method of dealing with delinquency *after* its occurrence.

WHAT we must do, however, if we wish to prevent delinquency, and thus prevent crime, is to go out and find the probable—even the possible—delinquent child before he becomes delinquent, and do whatever is necessary to keep him from getting that way.

This is obviously a much larger order than the detection and prosecution of crime or the confinement and parole of criminals, because it must enlist the services of the home, the school, the church, the character-building organization, the court, the police, the entire community.

It will require calm, dispassionate, thoughtful effort and much the same sort of patience and sacrifice which characterized the fight on yellow fever and malaria. In the end, however, it will be equally successful.

How does the work of the Department of Justice fit into the problem of crime control? Watch for Attorney General Cummings' illuminating and timely article in an early issue of Liberty.

GOOD BOOKS *by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **AND SO VICTORIA** by Vaughan Wilkins. The Macmillan Company.

This is one of the most interesting studies of one of the most interesting eras. The world and his wife will soon be reading it.

★ ★ ½ **THE GOLDEN FLEECE OF CALIFORNIA** by Edgar Lee Masters. Farrar & Rinehart.

A poetic tale of a girl and five men in search of gold, illustrated with original wood engravings by Randolph Wardell Johnston.

★ ★ **THE INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY:** Norfolk to Key West. Compiled by Federal Writers' Project of the W. P. A. Government Printing Office.

Another in the American Guide series, describing the scenery and history along the route, planned to give travelers an understanding and appreciation of the country.

★ **THE STRIKERS** by Goetze Jeter. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

An unconvincing attempt to portray a strike-bound city.

More Power!

TYRONE III CARRIES ON

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

TYRONE POWER is a very excited young man. And with justification. He is not an event—he's a crisis. Born in 1914, he came in with the Great War. He adolesced with the Great Panic. He struggled to manhood through the Great Depression. He is riding high on the Great Recovery. He is in love with the Great Sonja Henie. And the Great American Public is in love with him.

For Tyrone is the new boy in Hollywood, the movie man of the moment, the overnight runner-up to Gable and Taylor, the heir apparent to the cinema throne.

Ty Cobb was a good hitter in his day, but he never made the hit Ty Power has made on the diamond of the stars.

Last spring, an untried rookie. An unfeatured part in Girls' Dormitory. A seven-year contract. Ladies in Love. The lead in Lloyds of London, Love Is News, Café Metropole. And now they have to call out the police to keep the crowds back when he goes down to the Chinese Theater to plant his footprints in Sid Grauman's cements of celebrity.

The week before Jean Harlow died, her studio had agreed to loan her to a rival company so it could get in exchange Tyrone Power for a single picture. Less than a year in Hollywood—and Harlow for Power!

And is he thrilled?

I'll say he is. He can't wait to get the fan magazines after they are on the stands. He has a standing order for all of them—*all* of them!—the minute they arrive. He's only twenty-three.

Mother Power, with whom he lives, is pretty keen on the fan magazines, too. She spends her life clipping and pasting, clipping and pasting. She hasn't found a bad notice yet.

"What scares me," Tyrone told a visitor the other day, "is what's going to happen next. Two years ago I couldn't get a look-in anywhere, pictures or radio. Then, suddenly, all this ballyhoo! It doesn't make sense."

Ty Power isn't really scared. He may be a bit bewildered—who wouldn't be? But he knows the answer, really. He knows most of the answers. For all his boyish excitement, he is a very knowing young man.

He isn't beautiful in the sense that the Taylor is beautiful; but he is romantically, boyishly good-looking. He is over six feet and spare. Bedside weight, 155. Sartorially, he runs to tweeds and plaids; they look well on his rangy frame. A pipe, of course. A signet ring; only other jewelry, a lapel watch.

His hair, which is plentiful, is brown. So are his eyes. He's so genuine he's wide open.

He has been around; not so much as Gable has, but more than most of Hollywood. He has worked with his hands; not lumberjacking, but soda jerking, and that's work too. He has even ushered in cathedrals of the motion picture.

Tyrone is dynamic—hectically so. But he isn't grim. Loretta Young, who has worked with him in several pictures, says he can "rib" better than any one else in Hollywood.

The boy isn't unduly impressed with Hollywood or with the people in it. He has known so many great actors—his father's friends—that Hollywood clotheshorses playing the part leave him unawed. Not that he feels superior; only different. He doesn't pretend to be intellectual, but he hasn't lost his mind.

Tyrone is often referred to as a chip of the old block. I wouldn't say so. Tyrone Power the father was a great tragedian, a facile interpreter of many a complex Shakespearean role. He was an unforgettable Drainman in The Servant in the House. He was an accomplished actor, with a commanding presence and impeccable diction. But he was distinctly on the heavy side.

The boy's great-grandfather, Tyrone Power I, was more the block of which Tyrone III is the atavistic chip. This first Tyrone could play a strong part and play it well, as his great-grandson did in Lloyds; but his métier was comedy of the whimsical sort. In 1841, when he went down on board the ship President while returning from a highly successful tour of America, he was one of the most celebrated comedians on the English stage.

But it is doubtful if the fame of his ancestors helped our Tyrone Power much. The instances are few and far between where a boy or girl who has inherited a famous theatrical name has scaled the Hollywood heights. But whether the possession of a great name was an asset or a liability to this particular boy, the blood that circulates through his veins was certainly on the asset side. Tyrone III has all of Tyrone II's charm of manner, his magnetic personality, his grace of bearing, his well placed voice, his incorruptible diction.

His is a case where blood does tell.

I can't say that Tyrone seems overwhelmed by "the weight of a century of accumulated tradition," but he

Fame overnight! Here's the story of Hollywood's newest sensation is conscious, and decently proud, of his inheritance. He says that it "makes you work pretty hard not to let your ancestors down." His chief worry is that his own fame may be out of proportion to his abilities.

"It makes me uncomfortable," he told an old family friend, "to think that in another year I'll be better known than my father was in his whole life. It doesn't seem fair to dad, when he was so much more deserving of all this than I am." He's that kind, young Tyrone.

Mrs. Power was living in Cincinnati when her boy was born. Mr. Power, being an actor, lived where the drama called. Later, with a New York run assured, he brought his family to the bigger city. There, young Tyrone survived with difficulty a hectic second summer. A child specialist told his parents that he had too much brain and too little brawn; advised sunlight.

At two he was crooning: "California, here I come!"

The war was on. Mrs. Power—herself an actress professionally known as Patia Reaume—organized troupes to amuse the recruits at the naval base in San Diego. Tyrone in a sun suit toddled Coronado's silver sands, and grew strong and straight and brown and tall. At seven he played his first role, Pablo, in the San Gabriel Mission play of which his mother was leading lady.

WHEN his mother got a call to go back to Cincinnati to teach dramatics, Tyrone went to school, first at St. Xavier's and then at Purcell High School. Five mornings a week, he went to classes. Six afternoons a week, he concocted peach and banana sundaes behind a marble slab. Six evenings a week, he tramped the movie-palace aisles. But Sundays, with his week's earnings and his mother's car and a trio of double daters from Purcell, he tooled out to Ault Park and danced his fool feet off.

His mother, an understanding soul then as now, sent out a few trial balloons about college. "It sounded great," Ty now says; "but after thinking it over, I decided a stock company would be better training for a theatrical career."

There had never been any question about what the boy was going to be: the Powers were actors. So, when Fritz Leiber, in whose Shakespearean company Tyrone Power the elder was playing along with other stars like William Faversham and Helen Menken, offered him a berth, he was off to the histrionic wars.

Back in California, he found himself playing a small part with his father in a stage production of The Miracle Man. Before the run ended, the elder Power died in his son's arms. This was 1931. The usual heartbreaking Hollywood experience followed. His looks, his name, his training got him nowhere.

"I couldn't even get extra work," he says.

Carl Laemmle was experimenting out at Universal City with a stock company for training young actors and actresses. Richard Cromwell was in it. So was Tyrone. Laemmle allowed each student a small allowance, just enough to give him something to buckle his belt around. Tyrone played atmosphere in a few things.

His chief occupation was getting out of boarding-houses before the week's bill came due.

His mother was playing with the Community Players in Santa Barbara. She thought he might get a little work there. So he went to Santa Barbara. There he earned enough money to take him to New York. Between trains at Chicago he called up some old family friends. They told him of a job at the Century Exposition, playing juveniles in a theatrical concession. He stayed. While there, he did his first radio stint, an appearance with Don Ameche.

Eugénie Leontovich, Gregory Ratoff's wife, was looking for a juvenile to play in her road production of Romance. Tyrone got the job, and ate regularly for six months; then he tackled New York. Broadway would have none of him.

One night he went around back at the theater where Katharine Cornell was playing Flowers of the Forest, and asked for a pass to see the show. What they gave him was a job understudying Burgess Meredith. Burgess was so durable that Tyrone never got a chance to play the part at a regular performance; but Miss Cornell liked his work so much at rehearsals that she cast him, first in Romeo and Juliet, and then, later on, in Saint Joan.

Hollywood scouts "discovered" him the moment he appeared with the great Cornell. The story of the next few weeks we already know.

At least we know the celluloid story. The sentimental story is something else—and there has been a sentimental story such as seldom happens between boy and girl even in unbelievable Hollywood.

It didn't happen right away. There were, in fact, several preliminary flurries which seemed to indicate that Ty was going the usual Hollywood course. Nice boys in the cinema capital are very much in demand. The girls like to get them before they get too stuck on themselves.

It was soon discovered that he and Alice Faye and June Lang were all born on the same day. That was a good start. Then, of course, there was Loretta.

The blonde Faye went over big with Tyrone. Not only could she dance, but she knew her Hollywood. It was she who first showed the Power boy those hotsy-totsy night spots to which, in his previous cinema incarnation, he couldn't afford to go. There was nothing sentimental about this boy-and-girl friendship.

The affair with Loretta was more serious. On the screen they were the ideal team; on the dance floor they were equally so. And Loretta, on the rebound from a sad ending to her love story with Director Eddie Sutherland, found the boy from Broadway just the tonic she needed. They danced and danced. They still do—when Sonja is out of town.

And Sonja? She has been called "the blonde orchid of the ice." High tales have been told of her royal acclaim in Europe, of her royal takings at the American box office, of her spectacular Hollywood home, of her furs and her jewels, her all-white car with the red-leather upholstery. All this is true, and more. But to Tyrone Power, Sonja was just the cutest, merriest, cuddliest little girl he had ever met.

That this appreciation of her charms as a woman, instead of the usual respect for her achievements as a performer, pleased the champion of champions, there can be no doubt; and she has played up to it wonderfully.

Sonja can dance, too, probably more expertly than any one else Tyrone has ever danced with, for she has studied it along with her skating for a good sixteen years. She is as graceful a figure at the Cocoanut Grove as at the Madison Square Garden. Also, she is part Irish, as Tyrone is; and that's a bond.

BUT the great tie between them, aside from very genuine affection, is the fact that they are going through the same experiences at the same time. Tyrone achieved stardom in Lloyds of London just as Sonja crashed to box-office success in One in a Million. Concurrently they became Hollywood sensations; faced the same Hollywood problems and perils. So much they had to talk about. And they're not talked out yet!

Will they marry? Who can tell? They deny that they will, of course. That's an old Hollywood custom. Ty draws himself up to his full six feet two and speaks his piece as if he had learned it by rote:

"I have definitely decided not to be married for at least two years."

"I don't intend to marry anybody," echoes little Sonja; "at least, for a long time."

In spite of all that has happened to him these last months—success, fame, financial security, the grand passion—the boy is surprisingly unchanged.

He still bowls and swims and plays tennis and goes in big for amateur photography. Secretly he has added another avocation to his already well filled day. You have guessed it—it's ice skating! Ty skates about as well as Bob Young did in the Met Him in Paris picture, and sits down just about as often and as hard. He could have played that part without half trying.

In fact, the impression is growing in Hollywood, after seeing Ty in that strong role in Lloyds and those light and frothy ones in Love Is News and Café Metropole, that he can play about any part Hollywood is likely to offer him, and play it supremely well. It's in the blood, you know. After all, he's Tyrone Power III!

THE END

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Founder of the Physical Culture Movement, will be honored by the Great Lakes Exposition upon the occasion of his sixty-ninth birthday, August 16, 1937.

$2,000.00 IN PRIZES

WOMEN'S WORLD PROFESSIONAL SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP

In honor of Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Physical Culture Movement, the Great Lakes Exposition at Cleveland, Ohio, has designated Monday, August 16, as National Physical Culture Youth Day. As a feature of this observance, marking the entrance of the noted health exponent into his seventieth year, and celebrating the more than half century he has devoted to upbuilding the health of the nation, many of the world's greatest women professional swimmers will compete for the women's world professional swimming championship.

Mr. Macfadden in person will fire the starting gun and make the presentations of the $1,000 grand prize, the $500 second prize, and the other substantial runner-up prizes which, together, aggregate a total of $2,000 in prize money to be awarded in this outstanding and eminently appropriate event.

The race will present a group of the foremost women professional swimmers in the world. All the suspense, all the thrills, all the color of this sensational competition will be yours to witness in the beautiful setting of this great Exposition.

Be sure to arrange your visit to the Exposition to include this featured event of August 16.

GREAT LAKES EXPOSITION

Executive Headquarters: Terminal Tower, Cleveland, Ohio

POOR BLOODY OBSERVERS

Beginning a swift epic of forgotten war-birds - - A vivid saga of exploits that have never before been revealed

BY ARCH WHITEHOUSE

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ONE—AN INTRODUCTION TO HELL

SHORTLY after the famous "blood bath" of the Somme in 1916, I made my way down the line from the comparative safety of a British cavalry outfit that had dug in behind Arras, to join a Royal Flying Corps squadron as an aerial gunner. I was simply wangling my way out of the mud and the incessant labor. I never considered myself stuff heroes are made of, and my old pals in the cavalry were probably as astonished as I had been when, months later, they learned that I had been decorated "for bravery in the field" and was considered something of a Boche-hunter.

You see, within two hours after I had checked in at the R. F. C. orderly room, I had shot down an enemy plane.

The observers and aerial gunners of the Great War are the forgotten men of battle. No one has ever heard of an ace observer. No one has ever heard of any observer or gunner. Only the wartime pilots made names. So, as one who has flown both as an observer and as a pilot, I feel that I have waited long enough to attempt the true story of the P. B. O.

. . . . .

That first day, a Saturday morning, I learned that an observer had been killed and that I would have to take his place, although I had never been up in an airplane but once, an hour before. I was presented to my pilot, a Lieutenant Brooks. He snapped questions at me contemptuously.

"All right. Get in, boy," he ordered. "What the hell is the Flying Corps coming to?"

I clambered up into the shapeless nose of the pusher ship. There were five other ships in the flight, and I was the only N. C. O. gunner aboard. We took off, one machine at a time, and headed for the line.

Assuming a thin sheen of bravado as we climbed, I got to my knees in the low-walled nacelle and glanced about. The pilot sat behind me, his back to the engine. It was like sitting in the end of a black bathtub that has been shoved out of a seventy-second-story window of a skyscraper, only the skyscraper was swaying horribly.

Then something was flapping and shimmering on our tail! Had we already been shot at? Lieutenant Brooks spotted my face. "What's wrong?" he bawled at me.

I pointed, fully expecting to see our tail flutter away. He twisted back and yelled: "That's a streamer, you fool! We're the subleader. See . . . Captain Clement in front there has two. He's the leader!"

I dropped back into my funk hole, completely chastened. Wing tip to wing tip we rode. I sucked in my breath forty times and waited for that machine marked "Q" to slither into us. The observer was sitting up on the edge of his nacelle waving at me. Sitting on the edge of the low cockpit 8,000 feet in the air! I looked around. They were *all* sitting on the edges of their nacelles.

LIEUTENANT BROOKS was jerking his head back sharply. I managed to obey his order and get up too. Below, trenches zigzagged. Black slugs swung from cables and marked some one's balloon line—whose, I had no idea.

Then shells crashed out and vomited black blobs. The plane danced madly, and mysterious three-cornered rips appeared in the wings just outside. I pointed one out to Mr. Brooks, but he was not much interested.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Everything exploded in a crazy splash of colors. The formation broke up and they all started chasing the leader's machine. We raced in the circle and the world below swung around in the opposite direction.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The black blobs became blacker—and bigger. Mr. Brooks was swearing about something. He pointed upward. At last I got it. He was pointing to some other ships. Black ones with striped bellies. I nodded and acknowledged his kindness in pointing them out. They were very interesting. Different from ours . . . tractor planes with red spots on their noses.

Whitish pencil lines streaked across the front of our nose. Red spots? They were *firing* at us! *Tracers!*

I saw our other gunners pouring fire into them, and I tried to get across to my own front gun. Then my fingers tried to find the trigger guard, but I had forgotten to pull the leather finger flap of my glove back. I fought with that gun, screamed at it, gave it a short hooking punch. I argued with it and yanked the drum off and threw it away. On went another. I jerked off the big flying gloves, found the trigger, and sprayed the sky all around me, with no idea as to where the Huns were.

Mr. Brooks was hammering on the cockpit. I stopped firing, because he was calling me a fool. I looked around and we were churning along again in formation as though nothing had happened.

. . . . .

Who was I? I tried to figure that out myself then. A cavalry washout, 3,000 miles from home. A strange specimen of British ancestry charged with American-schoolboy love of adventure. My home nestled away in the Orange Mountains of New Jersey. I had been a choirboy in a Newark church and . . . looked it. A bookworm of sorts involving a mixture of King Arthur, Buffalo Bill, and Frank Merriwell. I was a sucker for a war by the time I was seventeen.

I had seen myself dashing about over France with six of the enemy spitted on a lance. But stables, night guards, and kit inspections had soon taken all that out of me. I had flopped at everything . . . except for developing a special talent for machine guns and how to use them.

I saw a fight in the air; the red-white-and-blue cocardes of a battleplane; and then, one day in Amiens . . . an R. F. C. uniform! That did it for me . . . that uniform; and if the truth be told, it was the R. F. C. uniform that lured those thousands of Americans across the Canadian border. There will never be another R. F. C. uniform and there will never be another outfit like the R. F. C. It was as much American as it was British. It was as much Canadian as it was Australian. And if you want to know why the Allies won the war in the air, take just one look at that R. F. C. uniform.

So here I was. But I was a failure again. I knew I was afraid—scared to death. So did Mr. Brooks.

We circled back, and as we turned I could look north and see the sea. Mr. Brooks would never take me again. He'd report me for cowardice. I wondered if there would be a court-martial . . . a firing squad. . . .

"That damned Boche!" I growled under my breath. "All his fault . . . barging in like that. I'd like to get a bead on him now." I glanced about and saw that the other observers were relaxed and snuggling down. One or two were jotting down notes in their little black books.

I turned around. Mr. Brooks stared at me, amazed. He was pointing at my hand . . . the blood trickling off the bare knuckles. He thought I was wounded, but I remembered punching the gun. I was branded with the P. B. O.'s true insignia . . . bloody knuckles.

Then I saw black crosses up there! I caught them through the center-section struts. I'd show them. I rammed the rear gun up on the pipe mounting and clambered up on the locker. Mr. Brooks snatched at me, but I fooled him and climbed higher so that my feet were *astride the edges of the nacelle.*

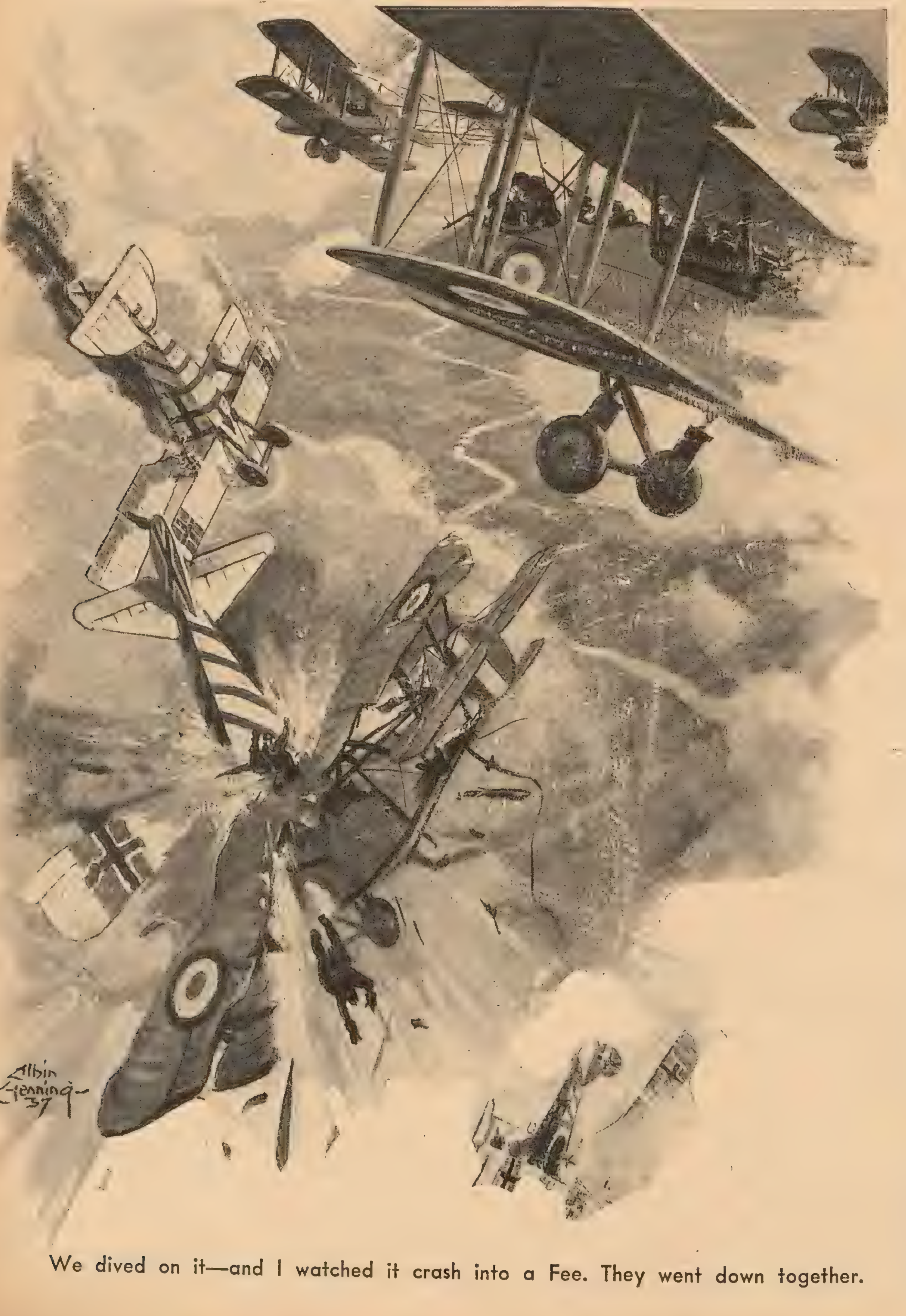
Black crosses up there, Mr. Brooks. Don't you see them? Doesn't any one see them? Why the devil don't the others fire? . . . Leaving it all to me?

I gave the black crosses everything my gun had while I hung on to the slim pipe mounting with my free hand.

A short burst . . . then a long one. Too long.

I saw a blaze. There was a low grunting explosion and then something went *whrong-f-f-f-f-f-f!* past our wing tips. I watched it go down. Mr. Brooks was tugging at my short leather coat. I stayed up there and saw it slip out of sight somewhere below. I saw struts flickering in the afternoon sunlight; a long greasy trail of smoke. Mr. Brooks was wagging his head from side to side with that God-help-me look of his.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



We dived on it—and I watched it crash into a Fee. They went down together.

Then I *knew.* I'd made a mistake. I'd shot one of our own ships down!

Somehow I got back into the nacelle and lowered the gun. Every one around us was waving at me. Waving? Or were they threatening me? I sat down on the floor of the cockpit . . . and bawled.

WE flew on, still in formation, but I never got up again. We landed after what seemed to me hours of agony. I tried to get up, but mechanics had to help me. I found Captain Clement holding me while they searched for bullet wounds—and then I heard:

"Shot a Boche down . . . first time up!"

I tried to explain, but they only laughed at me. Captain Clement headed me out of the crush.

"I'll go back, sir," I said. "The cavalry."

"Shut up! I'll help you make out your report," he barked. "How did you see him? No one else saw him."

"The . . . the Boche? It *was* a Boche? Not one of ours?"

For a minute he stopped and stared at me. Then he laughed—a grand laugh. I don't remember what he said then, but it was swell!

"But I was scared stiff!" I said.

He put one arm around my shoulder and said quietly: "Scared? Good! You stay that way, kid. Never get brave. There's a war on."

Perhaps that's why I'm here to write this. I never got brave. The brave ones never came back.

. . . . . .

All in two hours.

To this day I remember starting those 120 minutes. They began with a song, sung by a mess sergeant. It came out of a window as I wandered into the hut block of No. 22 Squadron at Chippily on the Somme. The title was: You're Only a P. B. O. Then a new tune caught my ear—a wailing cry of banshee wings, the frantic roar of a propeller, and the ominous crack of something that made me cringe.

The *whir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-re-e-e-e-e-e!* continued and a silver plane hurtled down. I watched it, fascinated—then dropped my cavalry kit and darted between two hangars. I came out in front of them just as the machine hit . . . and bounced a bit.

It made me close my eyes . . . and then fight to open them again! I saw the red-white-and-blue-striped tail quiver a second or two, and then topple over. The next thing I remember, I was tugging at something in fur—a beautiful fur coat. . . . Every time I look at a girl in a raccoon coat I remember that Nieuport and the convulsive mass of snorting flesh crated there.

I tugged, bawled, and hauled . . . and wondered where the engine was. They found it two days later, eight feet down. Meanwhile some one yanked me away. I heard them say it was the C. O. of No. 24 . . . flying Nieuports. Pilots worried about the wings on the Nieuport scout. He'd show them, the windy blighters! He'd show them you could throw that kind of bus around!

He did. But the wings came off.

I watched them take up the corner of the fur coat and drag it out. Blood ran out of the bottom . . .

YOU the new aerial gunner, Whitehouse?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"Your new number will be 78563, Second Class Ack Emma now—not Trooper, lad. Remember that. 'Ere's your flying kit . . . over 'ere."

"Flying kit? . . . Me—flying?"

"Of course! It's wot you transferred for, ain't it?"

"But I thought there'd be training in England—"

"You're a gunner, ain't you?"

"But I've never been up. Don't they get sick—ill?"

"Now, look 'ere, my lad. See that nice little Nissen 'ut over there? That's yours—all to yer very self. You'll be nice an' 'andy there, like. Right on the field, eh, matey? An' when you've done yer fifty hours over the line, and pass all yer tests on the ground, you gets yer wing! . . . An' flyin' pay, my boy! Think of that! Four bob a day extra for just flying abart up there!"

Four bob! A dollar! This was the life! After all, I *had* joined the Flying Corps—as an aerial gunner.

The Nissen hut was brand new. It was much better than tossing a coin with a horse to see who slept in the stable. There was a rumble outside and the *chug-chug-chug-chug* of an idling prop. A battleplane. The pilot was getting out and striding over to my hut.

"You Whitehouse, the new gunner?"

"I am; yes, sir . . . but . . ."

"Get your kit on. Got an engine test. It will be a chance for you to get your air legs in."

Gosh, but he was tall and handsome! Fair and curly-headed, with a big green scarf around his throat.

"I've never been up, you know, sir."

"Fine! Nothing like starting now. You're from the States?"

"Yes . . . New Jersey . . . near Newark. . . . My father and mother came from England, you see," I tried to explain.

"I'm Clement . . . Captain Clement . . . Vancouver, so you'll feel at home in C Flight. I'll show you the balloon line first, and then we can have a smack at the ground target. I'll dive on it for you. . . . Sit down until we get upstairs. Then you can scotch up on the locker, or sit on the edge of the nacelle."

He actually expected me to stand up in that three-ply canoe when we were in the air!

"Of course," he added, "if you have to shoot at a Fritz who is trying to get on your tail, you will have to shove this rear gun up, get up on the edge of the nacelle, and fire over the top plane."

He actually said that—and meant it! I was to get up, push the rear gun up on its telescopic pipe post, climb up on the edge of the nacelle so that my insteps were ledged on the metal sides, and drive off Germans who might be trying to shoot us down from the rear.

I remember taking off. I remember flying up to the line. I remember looking down at our balloons. I knew I would never get back, because we went over then and had a look at the German balloons. They started shooting at us. I could hear the explosions and see the black smoke. Captain Clement flew through one of the blotches and, boy, how it stunk!

There was a loud pounding and banging somewhere behind me. I knew we'd been hit, and I sat back and waited to dive into the ground—as the Nieuport had done. But it was only my pilot pounding to attract my attention. "Get up there," he yelled. I really tried it and managed to get to my knees. He reached out and yanked me up higher, and for the first time I realized how it feels to be standing on the edge of *nothing*.

I swallowed, gulped, and gasped. He was laughing at me. Then he was yelling at me again:

". . . on the target when we get back . . . a white plane marked out on the ground. . . . Stand up and fire over the front of it. . . ."

I nodded, slid back gingerly and dropped on the floor again. Once I got up on my knees, gripped the edge of the nacelle, and tried to look down. I was all right looking forward, but looking *down* . . . eh-g-gh!

The next thing I knew we were playing daffy-guys, with the wing tips going up and down. Captain Clement was pointing down over the side. What at?

"There it is. Get ready!" he yelled.

The plane's nose went down and I almost went out. I shut my eyes and tried to scream. Then I heard a gun firing. Tracers were going over my head; we had been attacked from the rear. I turned around to get that Boche—and saw my pilot standing up on his own seat, holding on to the gun in front of him, firing while we were diving! *His* bullets were going over my head with about six inches to spare and battering a chalk square on the ground to dust.

I went down into the bottom of my footbath and awaited a splintering finish. Instead, we pulled out! Up we went (and I used to be ill on trolley cars!), until I could see nothing but blue sky.

"Why didn't you fire?" demanded Captain Clement. "Try it this time. There's your target—down there!"

IT was, from what I could make out, a pair of old wings and another long narrow panel laid out to represent a plane. I took over the gun and set myself.

Down we went again. I *did* press the trigger and I *did* aim the gun—but how in the name of all that's holy I put forty-seven rounds into that panel below, I'll never know. . . . But we went down and counted them.

"Good Lord!" gasped Captain Clement. "Keep that up, young fellow, and you can fly with me any day!"

I took my guns into the armorer's shed and checked the drum. I had only fired thirty-two rounds! But I never told that part of the story to the captain. The target keeper had evidently forgotten to paste up the holes scored by a previous P. B. O.

. . . . .

I returned to my Nissen hut to find that I had company—another aerial gunner. His name was Mac. He had been there about a month, and had already chalked up about thirty hours over the line. "Ye'll never get hame," he growled. "Ye'll get fufty hoors in by next Sunday . . . but ye'll never get hame, lad."

"Fifty hours . . . and my wing?"

"Aye, lad. But ye'll hit joost as haard, wing or no wing. The officers do a' the gaein' hame here. The gunners do a' the killin' and a' the dyin'!"

All the killing and dying. This was war. Where was the romance I had pictured? The lovely ladies?

I stared out of the window and saw the machines being dragged out. Even then I did not realize what was up—until a little cockney corporal came in.

"You Whitehouse? Yer wanted. C Flight's on patrol."

"Will I have a chance to get something to eat?" I asked. "I've had no lunch."

"Dinna do ut, lad," Mac advised. "Dinna eat noo. Ye'll get on much better if ye hae a flat stomach—ut's much easier when they operate . . ."

"Ain't 'e the crusty blighter?" the corporal grinned. "But 'e's got the right idea. Don't eat anythink now, chum. I'll go and arsk cookie to save ye somethink."

All in two hours!

I pondered on the two men who had gone down before my guns. They were Germans, but somehow I didn't hate them, and I remembered Vic Seaman, Charlie Rothnaegel, Mr. Snyder, a schoolteacher, and, oh, a lot more who were Germans back home in Jersey. They had all been kind to me or had played with me. *They* were Germans, or sons of Germans. Some of them could speak German!

THERE were other aerial gunners to come to No. 22 Squadron. While I was on that first hair-raising patrol, three more reported from infantry regiments, and another came in from a trip into St. Omer. Corporal Mac was in A Flight and was the veteran of the lot. Then there was George Brown, a young Derbyshire man who was to die within a few weeks; and Harry Ottey, a clean, pink-cheeked lad out of the King's Royal Rifles.

ARCH WHITEHOUSE

left his native New Jersey in his teens to seek adventure in the Great War, and served in France four years, including his R. F. C. service as "P. B. O." and pilot. Now back in New Jersey, living in Chatham, writing air-adventure stories. Has been a newspaperman and a salesman.

I met our mob that Saturday night for the first time. We sat together at a greasy table. Later we went looking for diversion. There was a bar of sorts in the village, and we clumped in. We were all decked out in our R. F. C. tunics that blazed with new sleeve insignia. We looked like raw recruits, and that caused trouble right away. Some Jocks and war-weary infantrymen glared at us. We looked too damn clean, and they said so.

"Shut up, gravel crusher," I retorted. "We've seen more service than your regiment will ever see."

"Oh, I suppose you're gonner tell us that you *fly!* Where's yer wings?"

"We have to do fifty hours over the line first. I was over this afternoon . . . and got a Boche!" I said.

They all laughed at that. Mac started to pull me toward the door, but an insult came that caused him to let drive from his hip. I landed a curling right on a Jock's chin and opened my knuckles again. His face was spattered with *my* blood. George Brown was wrestling with a Seaforth Highlander, and in a few minutes the place was in an uproar. For five minutes it raged and then suddenly died down. In six we were fighting to stand treat to one another. I had a black eye. Mac was unscathed. Ottey was sucking his knuckles and Brownie was pouring beer all over a Fusilier.

But I realized that to uphold my newly won prestige I would have to get a wing up as soon as possible.

The Fusilier was whispering in Tommy French to the slatternly girl who was serving. She nodded, grinned.

"Come orn, mates," the Fusilier cooed.

We all laughed uproariously and went out. The girl led the way across a barnyard and over a stile. We could see small square lights in the distance. We were making up a drunken rear guard, arm in arm, singing.

A door opened and we trooped in through a monstrous kitchen. An old man sat in a corner, mumbling through his ratty whiskers. We thumped through a passageway, and came into a large room painted a garish pink, with cracked mirrors around the walls.

There was a fusillade of giggles and in surged a half-naked wave of distorted femininity. They shouted, laughed, and called to us in filthy English. I stared, amazed, outraged. They were nothing like the mademoiselle postcards we had bought in St. Omer.

"Lord, Mac!" I gasped. "It's horrible!"

"You come wiz me?" a little full-breasted vixen bellowed into my ear. "Me ver' nize . . . to you . . ."

Something twisted the lower part of my stomach, and I darted for the door, beer and tea spuming through my open fingers. I heard them laugh. Mac and Brownie joined me outside while I completed the deluge.

"Ugh! I never want to see a naked woman again, Mac!"

"Ye're on the early-mornin' show, remember. We'll go back, eh?"

"That's it. Four more hours, eh, Mac? Only need forty-two then . . . for my wing."

* * * * *

I was awake bright and early the next day, Sunday. They were pulling the planes out. Only C Flight was down for the show, and Brownie and I were on the board to go. Somehow today all my fears had gone.

Captain Clement came around. He looked at my black eye and laughed. "You all right?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. . . . I—I caught it on a tap—yesterday."

"Don't lie. . . . Fighting's good for you—keeps you out of mischief. You're flying with me this morning."

I felt pretty bucked up at flying with the captain.

"Just an ordinary offensive patrol, Whitehouse. We're going over and work behind the Jerry lines down to St. Quentin. On the way back we'll do our Sunday show—the Jerry balloons. You'll have a grand time."

We took off, climbed to about 6,000 over the drome, and then headed for the line. Bang! The first Archie of the day. Captain Clement grinned at me. Bang! Bang! Bang! He pointed down at a square of green, and I could see small white specks crawling across. "Jerry! Coming up to say good morning! Get your gun warmed!"

I fired a burst ahead and watched the tracers flip across the sky. Then the other observers warmed their guns too. We were ready for Jerry. Clement suddenly flipped the wing tips. He pointed forward and down. I looked and saw several planes milling around over the Canal du Nord. We went down after them, and in a moment he was firing the gun over my head into three black-crossed ships that were annoying two British artillery planes.

The Germans turned on us and spat from long range. Then we were on top of them, and every observer and gunner was pouring a wicked fire into them. I saw one roll over on its back, belch flame, and throw a wing away. Another went down in a steep spiral, vomiting smoke and whitish steam.

The artillery planes resumed their routine over their target. We cut deep into the Jerry lines and headed north toward Ypres. Then the Archie barrage increased in venom. There was a tremendous crash, and I saw one of our planes disintegrate in mid-air!

Captain Clement saw it too and winced. The wreckage hurtled down—smack on top of the ship nearest to us!

And they said that Archie never scored!

I covered my eyes—until I felt the thumping of the captain's fist on the cowling. He was pointing ahead—at a broad-winged white German plane.

I screamed at it and ripped the gun into action.

I FIRED a long burst and saw it twist its tail. Blubbering like a kid, I sent several short bursts at it. It twisted and jerked and I heard the captain yell. It went down, slowly at first. We dived on it with fierce hatred. I gave it the rest of the drum and saw it start a tight spin. Flame licked out along the fuselage and ate the tail away in one gulp. The white wing was flipping over and over, and I watched it flutter across the sky—and crash into a Fee. They went down together.

I had downed another! But—

"Who was that—who went down?" the captain yelled.

I looked up and then realized, probably for the first time, that we had lost two machines. "One had an R on it," I reported. "The other had an M."

He barked the names of the lost pilots at me. They meant nothing, as I had never known them, but one of the observers was an aerial gunner. He had been out with us the night before. He was a London lad, and had shown me photographs of his sisters. And I had promised him that if I could wangle a leave with him, I'd spend some of the time in London—admiring his sisters.

We were flying now in a four-point diamond formation, with Mr. Brooks and Brownie on the rear point. Captain Clement churned away north and I caught a foggy outline of the coast and the battered splash of Dixmude.

"All right! Change drums!" he yelled at me.

I replaced the partly used drums of our two guns, and the other observers noticed my move. They instinctively did the same. I was heading the patrol. They were relying on me . . . and two days before, I had been nothing but a fifth-rate trooper in a cavalry outfit!

CAPTAIN CLEMENT snapped all the happy reflections out of me by whipping over into a sharp dive. A scarlet something sizzled past my face. I almost went out; we had no safety belts in Fees! He spotted me just in time and flipped the ship and turned me back. He had fired a red Very light to signal his attack on the balloons.

We went down, wings and wires screaming. Something shapeless, black, and bulbous came up at us. The gun behind me crackled and tracers splashed past my head. I opened fire too and we went down until I could see the detail of the balloon rigging. We shot across it, still in perfect formation. The gunners in the two outer ships were pouring in a terrible fire at the balloon and Mr. Brooks was coming in fast behind them.

On we raced toward the next balloon. From below we got a terrific pasting. We could see the guns flash and hear the slugs whistle past us. The wings drummed with the battering, and small tufts of fabric flipped up and were caught in the slip stream. Then flaming onions. The most God-awful projectile ever devised by man! They seemed to be four greenish fireballs chained together. They came up slowly, end over end, spitting and spluttering—a sparkling chain of doom. I watched, and drew back in terror.

Then Captain Clement's gun raged behind me again, its tracers stitching a line along the top of another balloon. I could see the indented pressure strip they made. But nothing happened to the balloon!

I opened fire on it and we shot over it. Bang! It went up in a belch of smoke and flame! I knew the captain had done that.

Two machines behind us slammed through the black-and-scarlet curtain. For an instant they disappeared and I screamed. Captain Clement sat back laughing.

On and on we plunged, at balloon after balloon. Some were pulled down while we were firing at them, others were down in their beds when we got there. At last Captain Clement fired a white light and we turned and hedgehopped home. Two machines lost. Three Germans shot down and at least two balloons up in smoke.

. . . . . .

Twenty-four hours had passed since I had joined No. 22 Squadron. Weird luck had been with me right from the start, and I wondered how long it would hold. Even the officers—the observers, at least—were generous in their salute returning. One or two actually said, "Good morning, Whitehouse."

But Mac warned me: "Don't let them get around ye, lad. It's an old game o' theirs. They say 'Good morning' tae ye noo, and late this afternoon they'll be aroond trying tae get ye tae take their show for them."

There was a noonday patrol—A Flight, with Mac flying with the skipper. I went out to see him off. He was quiet and serious and I tried to cheer him up. "Dinna worry aboot me, lad," he grimaced. "Only the guid ones go. You and I'll be here a long time."

I watched them skim away into the smoky haze beyond Albert. After lunch, Ottey and I checked the time and sauntered out to await their return. We should have known better. Major Learmont was there and Captain Clement. We, too, were soon hooked for an afternoon show.

"They're short a few men, Whitehouse. You go with Captain Bush. He's over there."

It was Ottey's first show, and he was enthusiastic. I knew he would be all right. I promised to keep track of him when I found out which ship he was in.

Captain Bush had transferred out of some infantry regiment. He had a clean thin aristocratic face. He offered me a cigarette, then raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"How can you fly if you don't smoke?"

I had no answer for that.

"Now look here," he said, "you needn't worry about me. I'm a good pilot, don't you fear. . . . But—"

"But what, sir?" I asked.

"I never know where I am, so if we get lost or slip out of the formation, you bring me home. Understand?"

"This is my third trip, sir," I answered.

"You're lucky. It's my first."

I learned that we were supposed to do a photography-protection show and were to meet the camera machines over Roisel. We took off, raced for the rendezvous, and were soon lined up for action and heading for three machines that appeared to be waiting for us. I tried to find Ottey, but all the observers looked alike and I had to give it up.

We picked up the machines—sturdy old B.Es. Then they crossed the line and we sat behind and about 1,000 feet above them. I later learned that they were photographing new redoubts being built along the Siegfried Line.

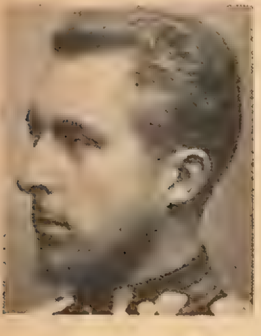
NONE of us spotted above for danger; there was too much going on down below. I decided to take out my black notebook and jot a few items down. I scrawled away with half-frozen fingers and soon filled up a page. Then I looked up—and received the shock of my life.

There wasn't a British plane in sight up there!

Four black-and-white planes had taken their places, and they all flaunted black crosses!

An amazing bit of personal World War history will be revealed by Mr. Whitehouse next week. He and his pilot were shot down by a German in a red plane. Who was this victorious enemy? Escaping with their lives, they themselves didn't know. Ten years later Mr. Whitehouse was to learn—from the pages of Liberty!

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Able and popular, he led an army against the invader. Surviving war's hardships, he lost his life scaling heights. Nearly sixty when mourned by his people, this week's early photo shows him at a younger age. Who?

2—Moonlight comes from where?

3—John L. Sullivan won the heavyweight crown from whom?

4—How would a good speller write "anihilat," "biooz," "elektrolisis"?

5—What Englishman wrote Dr. Faustus?

6—Pat is seventeen years older than Mike; if their ages combined are eighty-one years, how old is Mike?

7—Who said "Imitation is the sincerest flattery"?

8—Which is the restless sex while asleep?

9—What "dog" is a rodent?

10—What are the capitals of Nevada, New Mexico, Montana?

11—Which islands off Newfoundland form a French colony?

12—According to the Bible, who was called an ass as a compliment?

13—Who were Cadillac and Pontiac?

14—What are the present terms for the former First Class and Second Class of transatlantic travel?

15—What prince married a divorced commoner July 6?

16—Who is the oldest official of the Boy Scouts of America?

17—Is a kudu a vegetable, an African curse, or an animal?

18—Are rock gardens healthful?

19—Why is a lumber camp usually set up beside a stream?

20—Who produced Twice-Told Tales a hundred years ago?

(*Answers will be found on page 54*)

"Seems like they're all calling for a DRY whiskey!"

Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.

DAY BY DAY, where men of good judgment gather, the calls for Paul Jones grow more frequent.

That's because such men have always preferred *dry* champagne, *dry* sherry, *dry* cocktails—and in Paul Jones they are discovering a truly *dry* whiskey—rich and mellow, yet *keen*-tasting... thoroughly free from sweetness.

This quality of *dryness* is one of the chief reasons why Paul Jones has been famed as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" ever since 1865. *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

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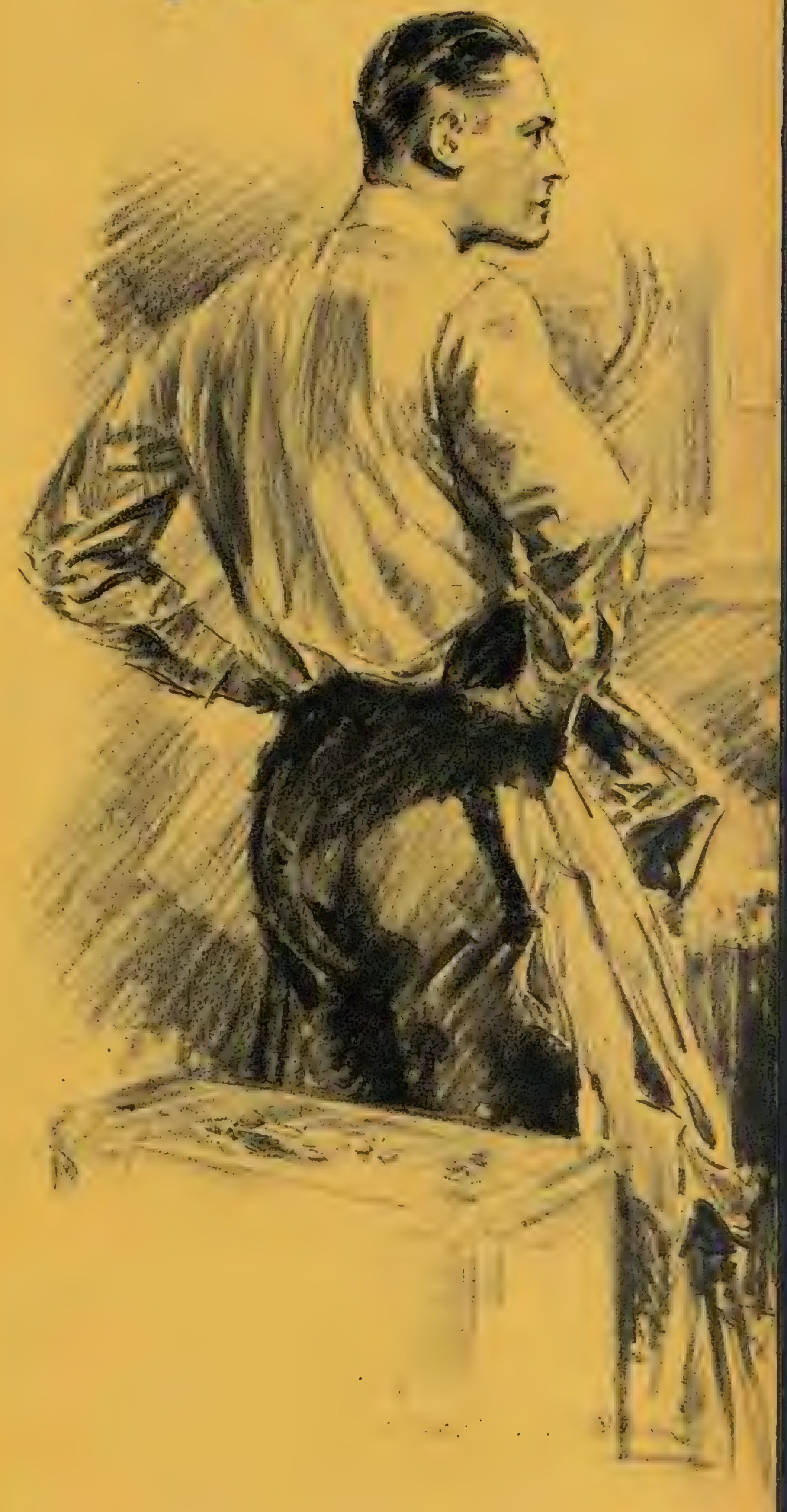
A Purely PLATONIC



" You could have worn a flannel nightgown with lon

The sprightly, surprising story of a girl wh

THE stateroom door slammed shut. The impromptu farewell party was over at last.

Letty and Jim stood for a long moment saying nothing, staring at one another.

" Well! " said Jim, and sighed.

" Well! " said Letty, and sighed. " Now would you mind leaving, so I can get some sleep? "

An extraordinary question from a bride to her groom the first moment they are left alone together on their honeymoon!

The groom spoke in the matter-of-fact voice associated with business men and not with bridegrooms: " Is there anything we need to discuss before I make my exit? "

" There's no change in our plans that I know of. I'll see you in the morning, Jim."

" Very well." He bowed formally. " What is the number of my stateroom? "

A thread of impatience wove its way into the soft fabric of Letty's voice: " You have to get a cabin from the purser, Jim. You know father only arranged for one. How could the poor darling know we wanted two? "

Jim's voice now was hard around the edges: " He couldn't know, of course, unless he saw the private marriage contract you drew up. I take it you kept the quaint details of that masterpiece from him."

Letty looked at this man, this almost stranger, standing tall and aloof in front of her.

A sudden fear assailed her. Suppose he wouldn't keep his end of the bargain. Suppose he was fed up even before it started. Of course it was a crazy scheme, but he'd known that from the start. He'd laughed at the absurdity of it then. She remembered his words: " Breaking rules is more fun than keeping them. Thanks for this unparalleled opportunity."

Perhaps, now that the idea had become a reality, he thought her a fool.

The surface facts *were* silly. She was required by her mother to take a chaperon (a chaperon at twenty-five!) on her trip around the world. Aunt Maria was first choice for the job; but Aunt Maria got appendicitis a week before sailing. After that mother refused to consider any one else Letty suggested, glad of a decent excuse to keep her home.

Came the cocktail party. Unrecognized, the situation was an axiomatic equation: Attractive but poor young man+desperate girl=fantastic agreement. Poor young man gets five thousand dollars from attractive desperate girl to enter into platonic marriage with said girl for a period of five months, after which time the contract will be terminated by divorce.

That's all Jim thought there was to it.

BUT there had been twenty-five years of mother telling Letty what to do, what to wear, what to say. Twenty-five years of being reminded daily how mother had ruined her health and beauty by the heroic and unselfish act of bringing Letty into the world. Twenty-five years of sacrifice for Letty. Certainly the very least any daughter could do was to repay service for service.

The trip around the world had been a symbol—a symbol of freedom. Father and the two uncles had worked for weeks to persuade mother that Letty wasn't well and needed the sea air. Nothing but sea air would do, because, you see, mother couldn't stand the water. At last she ungraciously and tearfully consented, adding that, considering her own poor health, she would probably be dead and buried before her ungrateful daughter returned. Letty would, of course, be accompanied by Aunt Maria.

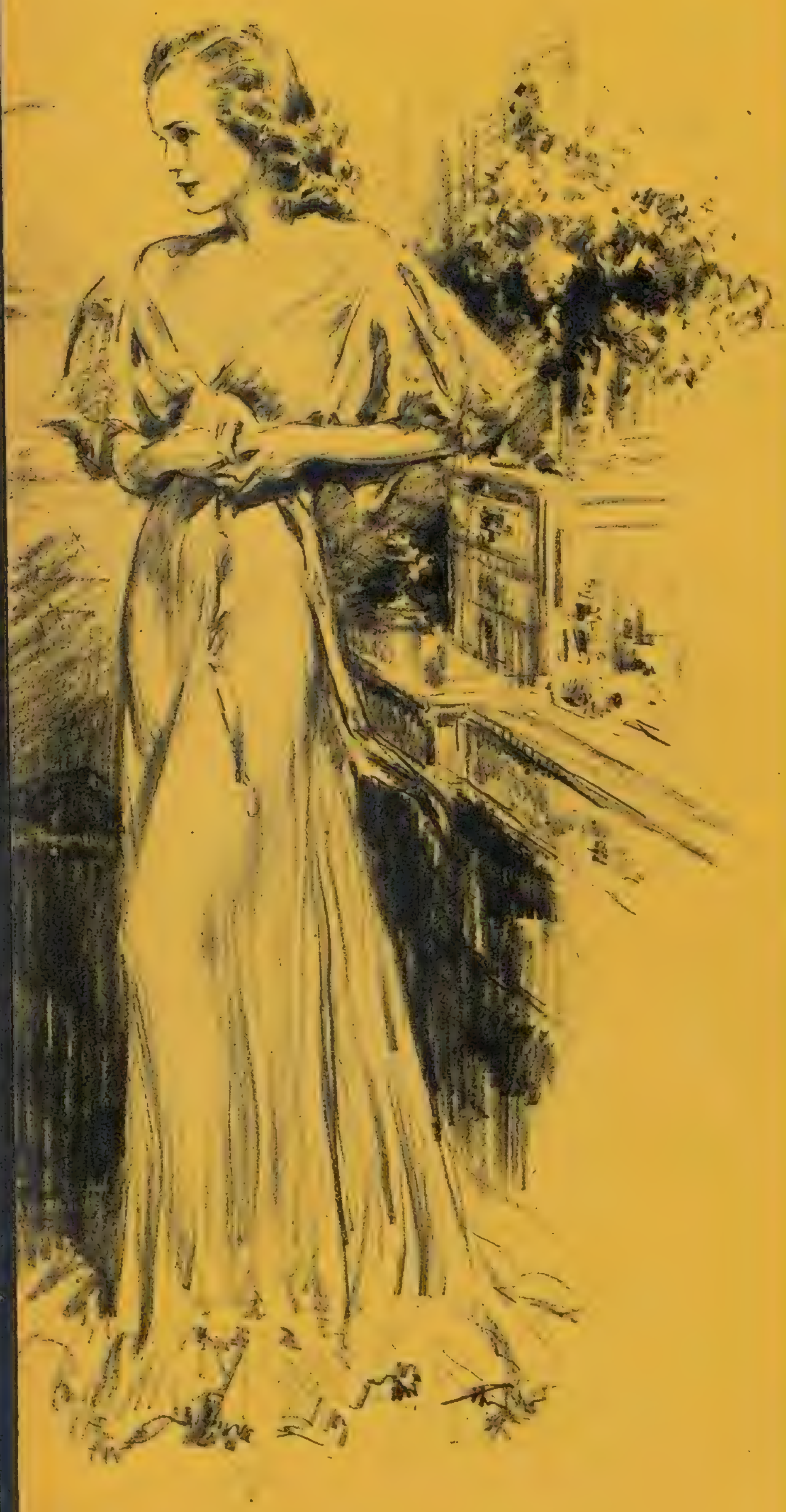
Then Aunt Maria got a pain.

The rest was chaos. Out of it came Letty and Jim with a marriage license in one hand and a private contract in the other. Mother could hardly say that a legal husband was not a fit chaperon. She might say (in fact, she *had* said it over the long-distance telephone) that the man, whoever he was, had obviously married her for her money, and now that Letty had made her bed on the floor she could certainly lie in it.

But mother's jurisdiction had abruptly ended. Every-

Honeymoon

BY NANCY KELSEY



eves. I think you're taking an unfair advantage."

ught a husband . . with unexpected results

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

body knows that a wife's first duty is to her husband.

So it was that Letty Kimball got married. She wished Jim understood she hadn't done it just for a lark.

"I'm sorry you feel like this at the eleventh hour, Jim," she said to him. "I thought you went into this with your eyes open."

"You mean I went into it with my pockets empty."

"Well, what does it matter, Jim?" objected Letty. "You needed money, and I needed you. That makes us even. I couldn't have had this trip without you."

"Oh, yes, you could. There are probably forty thousand passable young men who would jump at the chance of playing platonic chaperon to one Letty Kimball, young, beautiful, and headstrong, even if he had to marry her. They'd do it just for the trip. Or for the hell of it. I did it for the trip, the hell of it, and five thousand dollars."

Letty turned on her brightest smile. "Stop being adolescent. I think it was swell that you'd do anything to get money to study in Germany—even this, when you hate it so."

"I don't like to be in debt to women—especially little blonde ones with more money than they know what to do with."

Letty's smile was a shade less dazzling. "Please get out from under the idea that you're in my debt. We signed a private agreement, you know, as well as a marriage license. If you'd remember the terms of that, you wouldn't feel so low."

AND the terms of the marriage agreement I am supposed to forget entirely?"

"Of course. Completely. You know that."

He spoke with great deliberation: "I think this matter needs a little closer study. Naturally, I wouldn't get the two agreements mixed up for the world. Will you correct me, Mrs. Waring?"

"Mrs. . . . Oh!" And then, "Go ahead."

"Well," he drawled with elaborate seriousness, "the 'love, honor, and obey' is strictly out. The 'in sickness and in health' clause is a bad joke. The 'for richer, for poorer' idea is none of my business, or at least won't be after I collect my five thousand. So much for what I am to forget. Now. We are merely friends. Oh, I beg your pardon. I believe the word you used was 'acquaintances.' I am only a speaking acquaintance. We are husband and wife in name only. All obligations now cease. So what?" And finally Jim smiled.

"So," said Letty, smiling back, "go on out and get another stateroom from the purser. You should have got it long ere this."

"You mean your father should have. He pulled the strings. Apparently he's old-fashioned enough to think that matrimony is a game that two can play. He comes from the decadent era when people had double beds."

For the first time, Letty realized she shouldn't have let father believe it was a love match. But he was so incurably romantic it seemed a shame not to let him imagine his runaway daughter somewhere in the South Seas enveloped in clouds of bliss.

She shoved Jim toward the door, calling after him as he disappeared down the corridor, "Don't forget to tell the purser there's been a slight mistake. We're brother and sister, not Mr. and Mrs."

She shut the door.

Almost immediately it opened. Jim's head appeared around its edge. "Forgive me, darling. I forgot to kiss my child wife good-by." The door slammed just as Letty hit it with her left slipper.

She laughed. He really was fun, just a little upset because he hated to accept a favor that really wasn't a favor at all. Pretending to be brother and sister would be rather nice. No strings. Just a pleasant diversion.

Letty began to lift cobwebby things from a suitcase. Came another knock. "Come in," called Letty, bracing herself for anything.

It was only the stewardess. Beaming on Letty, she handed her an envelope. "The captain sent you this, ma'am."

Letty read the note. "Why, how nice!" she fumbled.

"The captain has asked my—er—my brother and me to sit at his table."

The stewardess looked sly. "Now, miss, you needn't try to fool no one. One of your friends told me how you got married so sudden and all. If you was tryin' to keep it a secret, it's got out. The whole ship is *that* pleased, 'cause there ain't no other brides aboard this trip. And I'm sure I hope you'll be very happy and have lots of children."

"Why, thank you," Letty said feebly. "That is, I mean . . ."

The stewardess was delighted. "Never mind, miss, or *madam*. All brides is like that. Kind of shy. I'd be sorry if they wasn't. I can always tell a bride when I see one," she added with pride. "It's a special look they got."

Letty took some money from her purse. "Now, if you'll just tell the captain I'll answer his note as soon as my—as soon as Mr. Waring comes back."

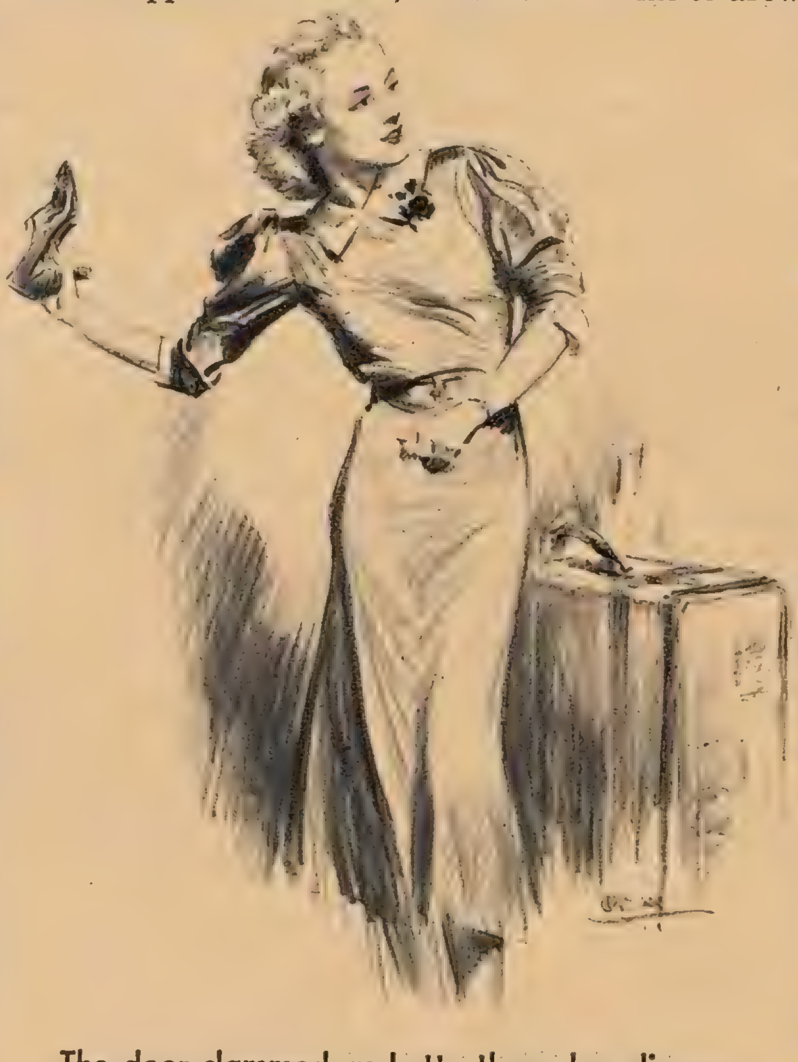
"Yes, ma'am. And if there's a thing you want, I'll be only too glad to get it for you or your young man."

"Thank you," murmured Letty. Would the creature never go?

Reluctantly the stewardess opened the door, turning to add with meaning as she went out, "I hope you won't get seasick. It would be too bad on a honeymoon and all, I always say."

Letty couldn't make up her mind whether to laugh or cry. A sweet situation to crawl into for five months!

At that black moment Jim appeared. "Wife," he said cheerfully, "bad news."



The door slammed as Letty threw her slipper.

"Don't think I don't know the bad news," said Letty, laughing in spite of herself. "And don't call me wife! It's a grotesque word and I hate it."

"So do I. And I wish you'd stop calling me pet names, too. It ought to be written into the agreement."

"Oh, Jim, please stop trying to be funny and tell me what's to be done. No, never mind—I already know."

Jim looked faintly surprised. "All right; since you know, suppose you tell me."

"Why, I think it's pretty obvious. What do we care what the stupid people on this stupid ship think?"

"Excuse me," said Jim, "but I somehow got the impression that you wanted separate staterooms."

"Who's talking about staterooms? Did I give you any reason to believe that I didn't want separate ones? Stop changing the subject. We were talking about the captain."

Jim looked blank. "Were we? What about him?"

"He's invited us to dinner."

"Well, what of it? The blamed agreement didn't say we couldn't eat, did it?"

Snapped nerves weren't far off. "He's invited us to dinner *because we are bride and groom!* Furthermore, the whole ship knows it!"

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Jim. "Why didn't you say so? And, my dear lady, though it grieves me to utter these words, there is more bad weather ahead."

"Do you think I don't know that? And do you think I care? I don't see why we should put on an act for this boat for five months, do you? Why should we give a hang what any one thinks or says? You can go to your cabin, just as we planned, and let them think what they please."

Jim contemplated her quietly for a moment. "I," he said, "have no cabin."

"Didn't you see the purser?"

"I did. The ship is full to the gunnels."

"I don't believe it."

"All right; go ask the purser yourself. This is a small boat, and he tells me we were lucky to get anything at all on such short notice. I take it your father used his influence—which, unfortunately, I do not have."

DID you offer him money?"

"I did. Of course I didn't have any of my own, but I thought I was justified in offering him yours. He couldn't take it because he simply had nothing to give me."

She looked at him wonderingly. "You're not very upset about it, are you?"

"No. Why should I be? It might be nice to be just one big happy family in this cozy little cottage with a sea view. At least we're married, and that makes it decent. And furthermore, we have twin beds."

"It's sweet of you, Jim, to take it this way; but you know as well as I do that it just won't do."

"Then," said Jim sweetly, "the only alternative seems for me to drown myself. Or will you? I can't recall what your agreement said about a situation like this. Shall we flip a coin? Yours, of course."

"Oh, Jim, stop making bad jokes and think of something."

After deep concentration and a little champagne, Jim hit upon the idea of telling the captain the whole story. He would arrange makeshift quarters as soon as he understood the real situation.

"He won't understand," said Letty in deep gloom. "He just *loves* brides and grooms."

"Now," said Jim, "who's making bad jokes?"

"It's not a joke," wailed Letty; "it's the solemn truth. The stewardess told me. He'll either think we're lying or that it's a lovers' quarrel, and he'll be no part of either."

"Then I'll swear we're not married at all."

"The passports show absolutely we are."

They gave up. There was nothing to do but be grim and bear it. Suggesting wearily that they go to bed and figure out something in the morning, Letty gathered up her bag and started for the bath to undress. She stopped at the door.

"I know you think all this elaborate modesty is pretty silly," she said with dignity, "but don't you see that I had no intention that this sham marriage should have any aspect of real marriage about it? That's why all the hide-and-seek. Please don't think . . ."

"I don't think anything at all," interrupted Jim. "I've given up thinking. It only starts trouble."

When Letty finally reappeared wearing something that looked like blue smoke, her bright hair hanging free about her shoulders, Jim stared at her with disgust. "You didn't have to come out looking like that, did you?"

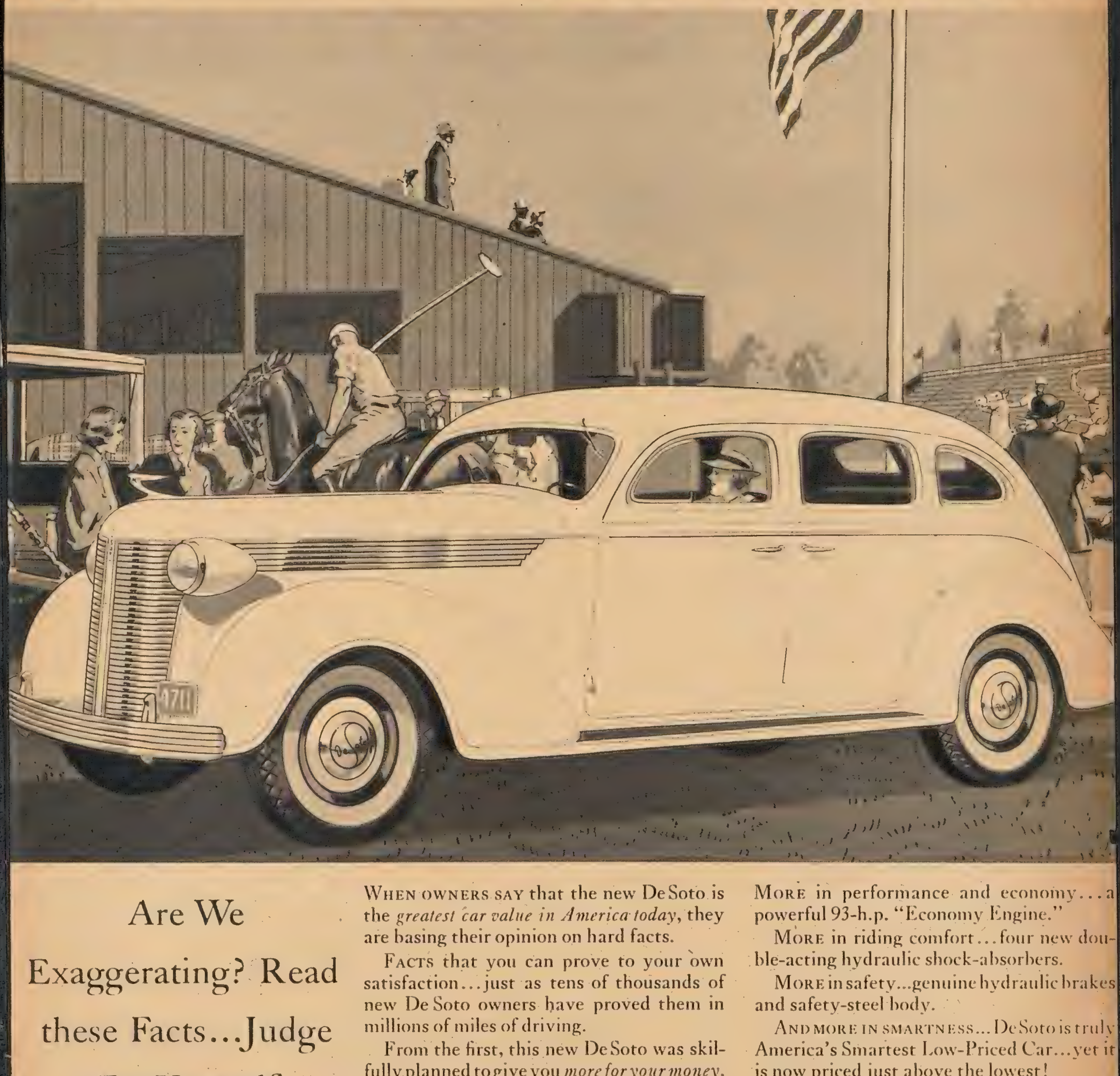
"Like what?"

"Like—well, like a bride. You could have had your hair in curl papers and your false teeth out. You could have worn an outing-flannel nightgown with long sleeves. As it is, I think you're taking an unfair advantage." And he stalked into the bath.

After a moment his voice came through the panel: "Back soon, Ducky-Wucky.

(Continued on page 28)

GREATEST CAR VALUE IN AMERICA TODAY



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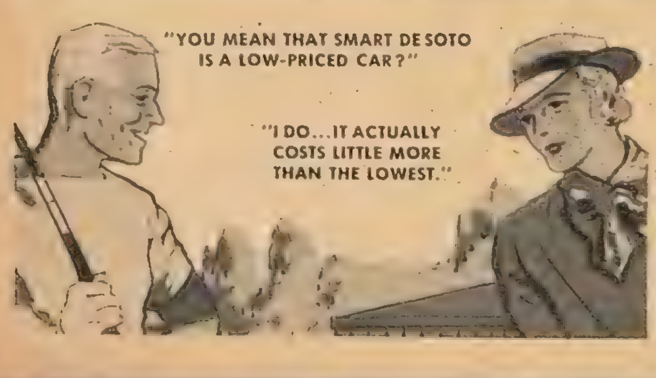
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MANY EXTRA-VALUE FEATURES! 1. New 93-h.p. "Economy Engine." 2. New "Float" Body Mountings, "Airplane-type" Shock-absorbers. 3. Safety-Steel Body, one-piece steel top. 4. Genuine Hydraulic Brakes. Ask for Official Commercial Credit Company Finance Plan.

MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour, Columbia network, Thurs., 9 to 10 p. m., E.D.S.T.

DE SOTO

America's Smartest Low-Priced Car!

(Continued from page 26)

Don't be so impatient."

"No fair coming out looking like a groom," she called.

"Not a chance. No bribe, no groom."

The stewardess arrived with a wireless from mother. Letty tore open the envelope viciously. A few well chosen bombs from mother, she thought, and the situation would be perfect.

Three times she read the yellow slip before it made sense. Even then she couldn't be sure. She looked quizzically in Jim's direction, and, as if he sensed this, his head popped through the door.

"I thought I told you to sew buttons on my nightshirt. Really, I ought to divorce you for incompetency." And the head was gone.

Letty had an inspiration. She pressed the bell for the stewardess, and immediately began to tear into narrow strips a linen handkerchief. After one or two false starts, she clumsily managed to get a thick lock of hair rolled up and tied with one of the limp strings.

"Very alluring," she told her reflection. "Irresistible!"

Finally, with the help of a horrified and bewildered stewardess, six rotound tufts framed Letty's face like a ludicrous halo.

"Are there any interesting people aboard this trip?" questioned Letty idly, tearing up another handkerchief for the next round.

"I couldn't rightly say yet, miss, though it's always very select. All I know is, there's less passengers than usual."

"There are *what?*"

The woman looked frightened. "Oh, miss, I shouldn't have said that—I never should!"

"Why shouldn't you have said it?"

"Well, the purser said—he said— Oh, dear, now I've done it!"

After that it was easy. A kindly tone, a bill from her purse, a few well chosen words, and the whole story belonged to Letty.

It seemed that Mr. James Waring, upon learning that there were twelve empty staterooms aboard, had given the purser a check for one hundred dollars if he would agree not to pass the information on to Mrs. James Waring.

Letty eased the stewardess out and restlessly waited till the bathroom door should open.

"Darling," said Jim, seeing her hair, "you look ravishing. Is that an extra-protective measure?"

"Certainly not. You asked for it. I thought you'd find it provocative."

"I do," he said abruptly, and climbed unceremoniously into bed.

Letty knew it was time to strike, but there was something about the man that made her want to stop and count ten before she tore into him. Still, he had it coming.

"I think," she said quietly without preamble, "you have a good bit of explaining to do. Suppose you begin."

Jim closed his eyes, carefully getting arranged for the night. "All right, all right. Maybe I'm a little tight. But you needn't worry. Always a gentleman."

Avoid the issue, would he? With deadly calm, Letty spoke: "The stewardess tells me that there are twelve empty staterooms on this ship. Have you any voluntary explanation to make of this strange development?"

He yawned. "Why should I explain? It's quite obvious that the woman is a liar with a misplaced sense of humor."

"I know who's the liar around here," stormed Letty, "and so do you! May I inquire how a self-styled pauper could write a check for a hundred dollars?"

"You're making me very uncomfortable," said Jim, not looking it in the least. "I suppose I might as well confess that I planned to worm the money out of you before the purser could get to a bank."

Letty was on the opening in a flash. "Then you admit bribing him?"

"Certainly not. If you must know, I gave him the money for telling me the name of a swell-looking brunette who's riding this boat."

"Oh! So you don't like blondes?"

"No; frankly, I don't. Too risky. They fade. Look bad when they get up in the morning. Remind me not to look at you tomorrow morning."

Without a word, Letty eloquently handed Jim her mother's wireless. Frowning, he read it aloud:

FIND YOUR HUSBANDS RATING IN DUN AND BRADSTREET EXCELLENT ALSO FAMILY IRREPROACHABLE STOP WHY DIDNT YOU SAY SO MOTHER

"Very interesting," said Jim stolidly; "but what's she talking about?"

"Please," said Letty fiercely, "are you still going to try to bluff it through? You know, and I know now, that you're not poor and you never had any idea of studying in Germany. What I don't know, and want to know immediately, is why you're here in the capacity of a hired chaperon husband."

"My dear," Jim said innocently, "this is all wrong. I admit the evidence looks a little damaging, but I ask you as a friend . . ."

"As a what?"

"I beg your pardon. As an acquaintance. I ask you as an acquaintance why I should think up such a story if it weren't true? I could never think it up. I'm good, but not that good. Your people have simply looked up the wrong Waring."

"Why," persisted Letty, "did you say there were no staterooms?"

"Well, I thought it was nice here. I like the view."

"I see. Was the view out this particular porthole worth a hundred dollars to a poor man?"

"Oh, absolutely. Cheap, I calls it."

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(*in addition* to the regular purchase prices) to the authors of the best short short stories published in its pages from June 1 to December 31, 1937.

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Similar awards to the authors of seven recent short shorts were announced in Liberty for April 17. These are new bonuses, for the period from June 1 to December 31. As before, stories will be bought and paid for on acceptance as usual; on publication in any issue of Liberty within the time designated each author will become automatically eligible for a bonus. Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest.

All writers are eligible. Amateurs and inexperienced authors are cordially invited to enter the lists, but so-called "professionals" are not barred. $1,000 for a thousand words is "tops" in prices—and when you add Liberty's regular purchase price it becomes a sizable sum. Seldom has a higher rate been paid to any author.

Manuscripts should be addressed to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. They will be bought on their merits.

Manuscripts cannot be returned unless a self-addressed and stamped envelope is attached.

THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

She surveyed him scornfully. "I'm sick of this, Jim. It's not funny any more."

"O. K. I give up. Why not? I've bungled everything thoroughly. It'll be a relief to get it off my chest. Listen."

"I'm listening."

"I'd been visiting the Burkes. I kept hearing about Letty Kimball. I liked what I heard. Then a cocktail party rolled around one afternoon, and I met the gal. She was all they said and more. Furthermore, I like blondes. This girl I'm telling you about had hair as yellow as a lemon lollipop. Or do I bore you?"

"Oh, not at all. Did this appetizing confectionery show any interest in the Burkes' house guest?"

"Well, I don't like to assume too much, but if sitting with me for three hours on a Victorian couch in a stuffy solarium would indicate anything, I think I might venture to say that the lady and I more or less clicked."

"How nice," murmured Letty. "So rare nowadays."

"Solariums?"

"No. People who click at first sight."

"That's exactly what occurred to me. So I decided to do something about it. But the best laid plans gather no moss. This one involved theaters and dinners, flowers and flea circuses, talk, rides in the country, the Rainbow Room, and a few million things that two people who clicked could do together. But she was going on a world cruise, and she was looking for a chaperon. So I quick made a new plan."

NANCY KELSEY

works and acts in the Hedgerow Theater in Rose Valley, Pa. Was, she says, Mississippi-born, out of a writing family; and college-bred at Hollins, Va. While she has sold plays and poetry, this is her first story professionally published.

"Was it as nice as the other one?"

"Theoretically. But it didn't work. I had been wrong in my original premise. I hadn't clicked with her. The plan worked for a while, but it finally curled up and died."

"A sad case, Mr. Waring. But perhaps you made a misstep. Tell me what happened."

"I first took a chance that she hadn't heard anything very definite about me. Then I painted the very touching picture of myself as an ambitious lad who was the victim of circumstance. Why not, I suggested, make a business arrangement that would help us both in our hour of need? She fell for the idea immediately. I had no plans after we got on the boat. The stateroom fiasco was an inspiration of the moment. I suppose I imagined I could make you love me. And if I didn't, there was always that divorce at the end."

"There still is," said Letty, but her voice sounded a little uncertain.

"I see," said Jim—"I see. Well, I'll be ambling off to one of my twelve staterooms. You see, I wasn't as big a liar as you thought. All the rooms *are* taken. I bought them myself. One for each day in the week, and six for Sunday. Good night."

He was at the door before Letty spoke.

"I thought you liked it here," she said.

"I did," he said slowly without turning around. "I did until you put on those curl things."

Without a word, Letty began to unwind the knots.

"I'm afraid I don't know the next move," he said solemnly. "Did you anticipate this in our infallible document, signed and sealed?"

Taking it gingerly off the dresser, he read aloud:

"We, the undersigned, do solemnly promise that the marriage entered into by us is to be regarded at all times only as a business arrangement between two acquaintances. No claims of any kind may be made by either party on the other . . ."

Letty crossed the room to Jim's side. Taking the paper out of his hand, she tore it slowly into small eloquent pieces.

THE END

"I'D RATHER BE YOUR WIFE THAN YOUR WIDOW—

PLEASE PUT THIS BLOW-OUT PROTECTION ON OUR CAR"

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Many of these blow-outs that you hear and read about are due to the heat generated *inside* of all tires by today's higher driving speeds. To provide you, and *everyone* who rides with you, with real blow-out protection, every new Goodrich Silvertown Tire is built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This Goodrich invention is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat.* By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply gives you *real* protection against these high-speed blow-outs.

No tire gives you *Golden Ply* blow-out protection unless it's a Goodrich Silvertown. And don't forget this life-saving tire costs *much less* than other super-quality tires.

Thousands of motorists have found that Silvertowns *below* mean safety *above.* For your own peace of mind, for the protection of your family and friends, stop at any Goodrich Silvertown Store or Goodrich Dealer for a set of these life-saving tires. *It's better to be safe than sorry!*

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.
PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Silvertown

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

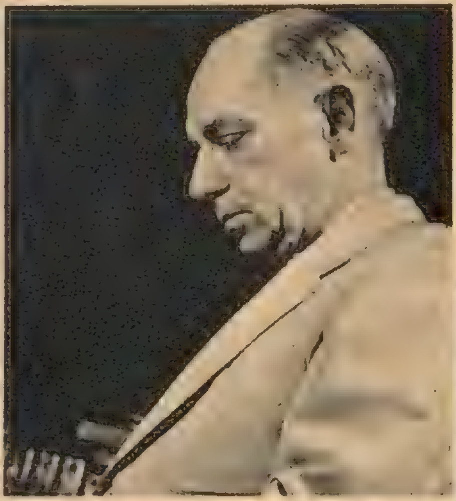
The Only Tire With Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

lin, former Mayor of White Plains, divides his time between his New York law practice and White Plains, where he heads the Civic and Business Federation, which includes most of the business, civic and social organizations of White Plains. Says Mr. McLaughlin, "Four out of every ten members of the Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary and Exchange Clubs read Liberty. It must be a very good magazine indeed to have such standing among people of this caliber."

rthur H. Titus (right) is
resident of the great
County Trust, probably the
ost important financial
nstitution in Westchester.
banker for 40 years, he
ooks the part. In reading
iberty, he likes its "com-
non-sense approach to
ublic affairs."

Harold Mercer (left) Sales Manager for Packard in White Plains, member of the County Board of Supervisors, and Republican nominee for County Clerk, has been a Liberty reader for years. "I have about as much spare time as a cop in Sunday traffic," says Mr. Mercer, "but I always find time to read Liberty."

he Reynolds Pharmacy
s an institution in White
lains. Harry A. Rey-
olds (right), caught here
t the prescription desk, is
ne of the best-known
ruggists in the East. "We
on't handle magazines,"
r. Reynolds remarked,
but from my own reading
f Liberty, I feel that drug
roduct advertising in your
agazine brings good cus-
omers into my store."

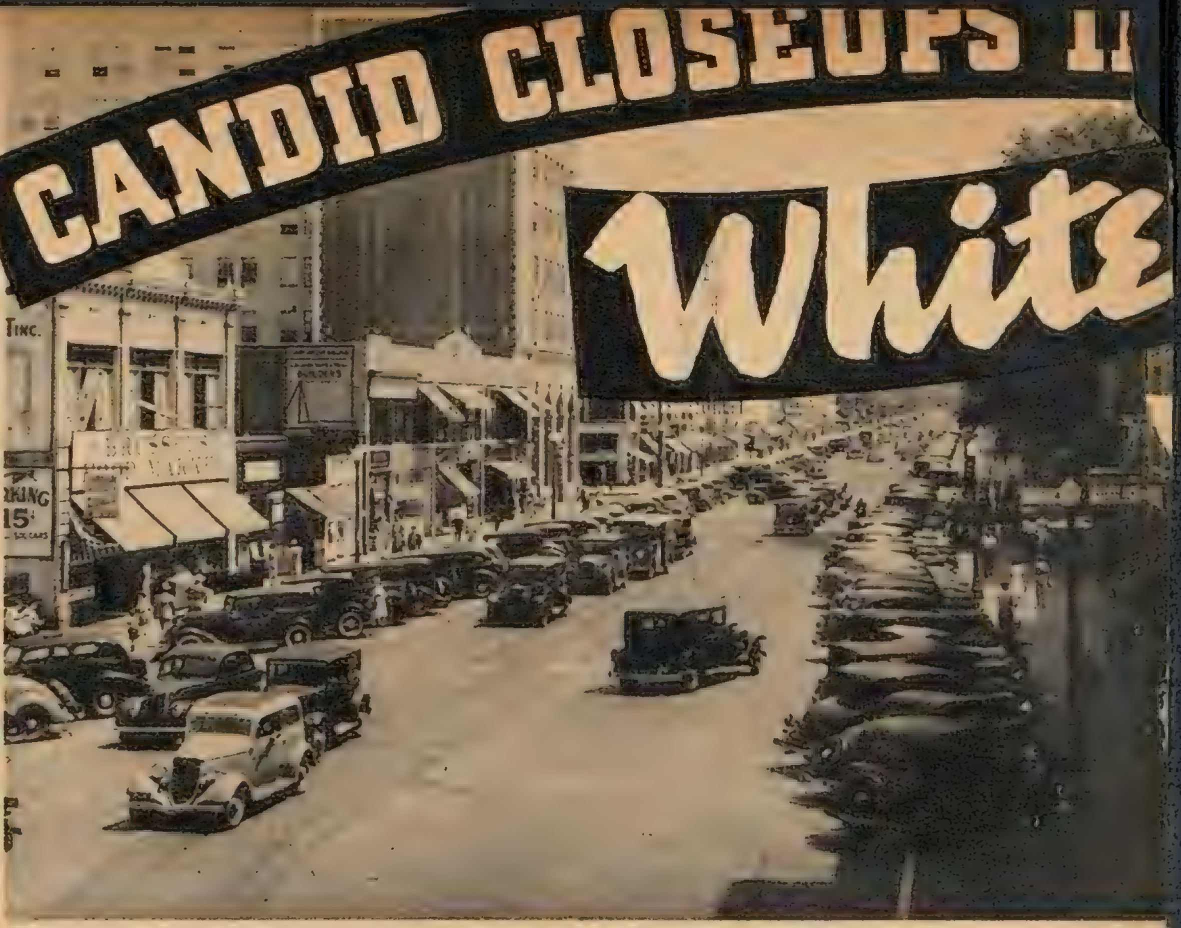


Meet Glenn L. Werly (left), President of the 52 Mayflower Stations which handle Socony-Vacuum gas and oil in Westchester. "Even if my son didn't sell Liberty," says Mr. Werly, "I'd be a regular reader . . . I might add I'm glad Socony-Vacuum advertises with you."

ight, is Murray Lent,
resident of Knox, Lent &
tevens—one of the biggest
nsurance firms. President,
lso, of the Rotary Club of
hite Plains. Mr. Lent, a
iberty reader himself,
ays, "A telephone check
f our members shows that
n even 40% read Liberty
egularly. This seems to
ne a substantial share of a
ather important group in
he business and civic life
f White Plains."

CANDID CLOSEUPS I

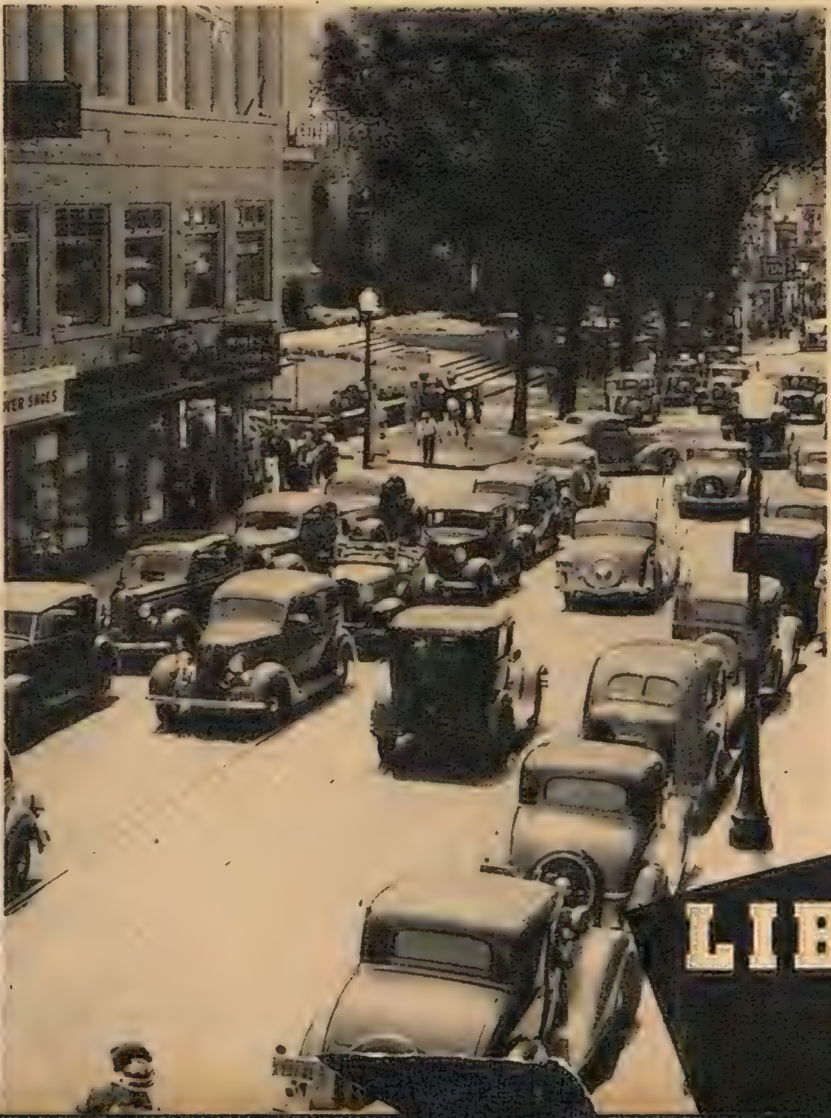
White



Mamaroneck Avenue is the "new" shopping street. Here are such local enterprises as Brussel's Market and Reynold's Pharmacy. Here such New York stores as Altman's, Peck & Peck, Stumpp & Walter, and Milgrim's have branches.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

Old Main Street, "Railroad Avenue," when the New York Central pushed northward, still bisects the modern city, every front foot crowded with busy shops. The trees on the left-hand side mark the front of the old Court House, where justice for the County is still dispensed.



Frank H. Nye is an i
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of the big High Scho
and President of t
YMCA. "Liberty's m
useful service," belie
Mr. Nye, "is its po
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ability to simplify a
personalize very co
plex subjects." He rea
Liberty regularly, as
37% of the families
the High School Pare
Teacher Association

LIBERTY

HEART O

Plains

WHITE PLAINS
SPEED LIMIT
20 MILES
PER HOUR
WELCOME TO
WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.
DRIVE CAREFU

LIBERTY takes you to White Plains, N. Y., county seat and trading center of wealthy Westchester. A city of beautiful homes, rich in historic tradition—first capital of New York State, and famous Revolutionary battleground. Today, White Plains ranks high among America's residential communities. Beyond the "old town" section, which dates back to Colonial times, lie broad streets and parked highways, fine homes and apartments. One of the richest cities of its size, White Plains boasts a per-capita retail purchase nearly three times the U. S. average.

WHITE PLAINS

Many of White Plains' thousands commute to work in New York. Here is part of the crowd which boards the 15-car "8:18," one of the many long trains which pull out every weekday morning.

Photographer Leavitt drove around for an hour trying to find a residential street in which trees and shrubbery didn't conceal the houses from the camera eye. This is one of the few—a new street with some fine houses—typical of White Plains' better sections.

Eager MILLIONS
DAY'S VOLUME MARKET

Walter V. Hogan, Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily Reporter,* knows good writing. Editor Hogan says, "From my contacts in the circulation end, I know the public likes Liberty. I read it myself because it's so well written. I like Clem McCarthy's sports articles and John Erskine's 'literary miniatures' especially."

Richard J. Peters (left) di
tributes Goodyear Tires
Westchester, Putnam a
Fairfield Counties. In his sto
room are more than 10,0
tires. "Liberty is an old ha
of mine," says Mr. Peters.
read it at home, and it goes
Florida with me every winte

Fred L. Brown (right) White Plains Buick, Chevrolet and Pontiac dealer, has been in the business 28 years. Says Mr. Brown, "I've had a chance to see for myself the power of advertising in good publications. I'm glad my cars are advertised in Liberty."

John F. Krepps (left) head
Westchester's big savings in
stitution. After the Hom
Savings Bank, his big interest
are hunting and fishing.
Liberty reader, he likes best it
political and foreign articles

Right, snapped getting out of his car, is James G. Jones, Vice-President of Jones & Tracy, White Plains Ford and Lincoln dealers. Mr. Jones says, "My favorite feature in Liberty is your short-short story—after the Ford page, of course."

Sidney Brussel, who heads th
big Brussel's Market, is n
swivel-chair merchandiser
You'll find him down at th
wholesalers' at the crack o
dawn, or out among the customers in his long market-
man's coat. "In my business,
a man doesn't get much time
to read. I like Liberty because
I can read a lot in a little time."

Strip-Tease Girl

A poignant, colorful chronicle of life today . . . . The self-told story of a woman's strange love and sacrifice

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I WENT out and took a bow. I went out with my gun in my hand and fired six shots in the air. I just danced around and fired. Then I started singing, reloaded the gun, and fired six more shots.

Half those maniacs down below turned to look at me. I could see them plainly, in spite of the searchlight.

I'm drawing a big house, I thought. Too bad it's all paper. But, as the fellow says, it's all for science. So what?

I wasn't wearing the autumn-leaf costume. There weren't any magnets on the roof to pull the leaves off. But I had something just as good—a costume I used to wear when I was doing four shows a day. A loose-fitting red dress, and a tight red jacket all covered with brilliants and twenty million dollars' worth of sequins underneath.

I had an audience, but they just stood there around the jail. They looked up, but they didn't come closer. I had to get them down to the footlights to do Sandy any good.

So I'd sung only two lines before I zipped the skirt off. You should have heard those hyenas holler!

Did they gather closer? I hope to tell you. They came a-running, falling over each other, shoving each other out of the way, fighting for good places. Baby, I was a riot!

I gave them a few more dance steps and a verse or two. And then I zipped off the jacket.

A few more guys drifted away from the jail. I threw the jacket down to them. It fell onto a tree. A fireman got it. He was right there with a ladder.

I had to laugh now. I couldn't see anything but bald heads in the first row.

"Look, Abbie," I cried. "Bald-head row! Ever see it fail?"

"Don't talk," she said. "Sing! You're the grandest thing God ever made, Wings Delaney. But sing!"

I kept on singing and dancing and zipping.

Every time I zipped off something I threw it down and watched where it went. There was always a scramble for it. There was always a laugh at the scrambling.

Lynching? They'd forgotten all about it. That is, most of them had forgotten. But there was still a little group near the steps where Horatius kept the bridge, and I didn't seem to be winning them over.

I wondered what Sandy thought. I wondered if he saw me.

He'll leave me, I thought. He'll never live down the disgrace. He'll never forgive me.

But I remembered he had said my dance was lovely.

What difference if it is lovely? I thought. It's back on the road for me. No more society. No more anything. I'm all washed up. And it serves me right.

And at the same time I didn't care.

"I'm paying," I said, not singing, just talking out loud. "I'm paying big. Well, I always knew I'd have to pay sometime. But I wish it didn't hurt so much."

"Sing!" Abbie shouted.

So, singing again, I seated myself on the parapet, and let my legs dangle, and did a few gymnastics. Then I took off a slipper and threw it, and hoped it would knock somebody silly. But it didn't.

A fat guy jumped up and caught it, and I saw him pouring booze into it from a flask a few moments later and drinking out of it. The mob thought it was funny.

I took off a garter and threw it, and then I peeled off one stocking and watched it float down to earth.

"Go on!" Abbie shouted. "You've got them rocking in their seats. You're a wow. But there's still some buzzards hanging around the jail doors."

You know, you won't believe this, maybe, but for the first time in my life I was actually ashamed of myself, stripping. I began to wonder how I'd ever done it before.

But I'd wanted to do it. I'd been proud of myself, of my name, of the money I earned, of the fan mail I received. Honest, I couldn't understand myself now, up there on the roof, stripping for that crowd.

I got off the parapet as quickly as I could. But I didn't quit. Sure, I wanted to. But the act wasn't finished. I had to show this lynch-hungry mob the body of Wings Delaney—no, rather the body of Mrs. Sandy Tolles. And I'd do it if it killed me.

I stood up and bared myself to the waist, giving them glimpses, tantalizing them, making them cry out for more. I used the skirt as a sort of cloak, a teaser. And, when I had them where I wanted them, I did an off-to-Buffalo into the wings.

I expected an encore. But nothing like the one I got. Say, you'd have thought the whole world was down there, roaring its billions of heads off.

"You got them," Abbie said. "Oh, if Ziggy were only alive now, and out there in front!"

I could hear Etta from the wings. I mean the dining room. She was screaming again. That put new life into me.

I went out and took a bow, and did another dance, still using the skirt as a screen, and sang another song. Then I threw the skirt to the wolves, zipped off my shorts, and ran as fast as I could out of their sight.

"Abbie, put something around me," I said.

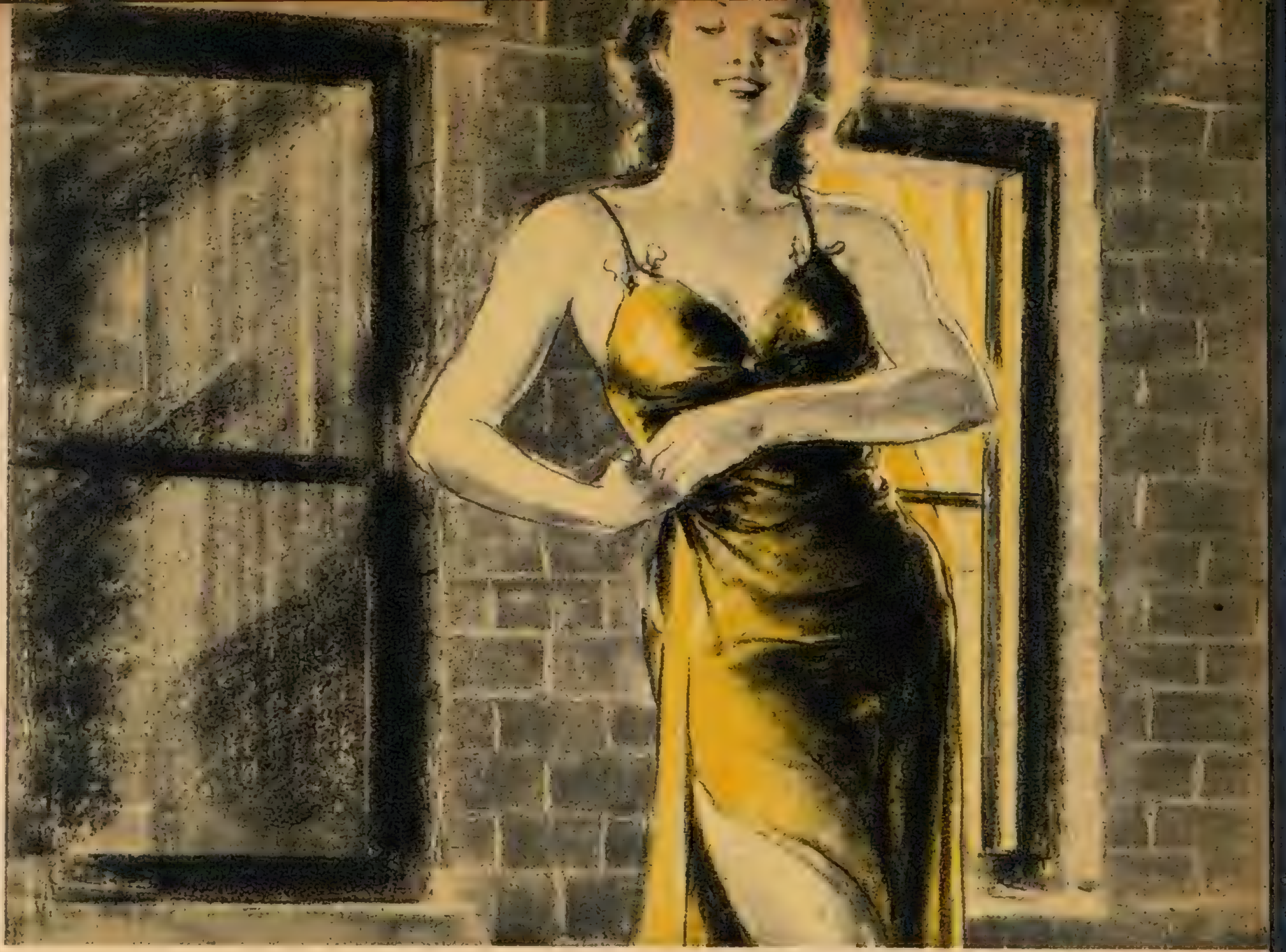
She wrapped me in a tablecloth.

"I can't go back," I said. I was crying. I couldn't help it. "I can't. I can't."

"You've got to," Abbie said, wiping the mascara off my cheeks. My tears had wet it and it was making streaks on my face. She made me up again quickly. "Just once more. Five minutes. Four. They just took Joe out the south door. They must have time to get away."

"Sure," I said. I put on my shorts and went out on the terrace again, wrapping the tablecloth about me.

I sang and danced again, and prayed a little, and tried



I had sung only two lines before I started to zip the skirt off. You should have heard those hyenas holler!

to brave it through. But I was getting more and more ashamed every minute.

I used the cloth as a sash and did a military dance. I draped it over my right shoulder, crosswise over my body, so that the end of it dangled at my left knee. I waved it, like a Greek dancer. And then I let it drop to the terrace floor.

I'd been out there a long time, but I didn't know how long. I didn't know whether Sandy had got away in the car or not. I didn't know anything. And I was afraid. Afraid? Baby, I had goose flesh all over me.

Then I got an idea.

I did my mother's old kootch dance for them, standing there naked—naked as far as they knew—with the whole city looking up at me and roaring applause.

And then suddenly the applause died out. It was as sudden as bang! bang!

And then I heard some one saying, "They got away. The sheriff's gone and took the nigger with him."

And then a terrible shrill voice screamed, "Jezebel! Jezebel! Fools! You fools! She tricked you!"

I just fell. I didn't feel anything. One second I was standing there, panting, half dead with shame and just plain tired. And the next second I was lying there and everything was all right. It was over. I thought I was dying. And I was glad.

Well, I thought, kid, you died in harness, no matter what they say about you. And that's a darn funny gag, because you haven't even got a harness to cover you.

I saw the man who fired at me, but not clearly. I saw the flash of the gun. I didn't hear the report. But I knew there was blood all over my left side, because when I touched myself there, my fingers came away red.

I managed to reach the tablecloth, to drape it over me. And in a corner I saw some writing. It was in Sandy's hand, and I remembered he'd been writing on the cloth when Etta came running in.

Funny, the moment I saw that writing, I felt comfortable. I felt that Sandy was there. I opened my eyes, and there he was, bending over me.

"Darling," he said.

I was in a room. Everything was white and clean. I guessed it was the hospital.

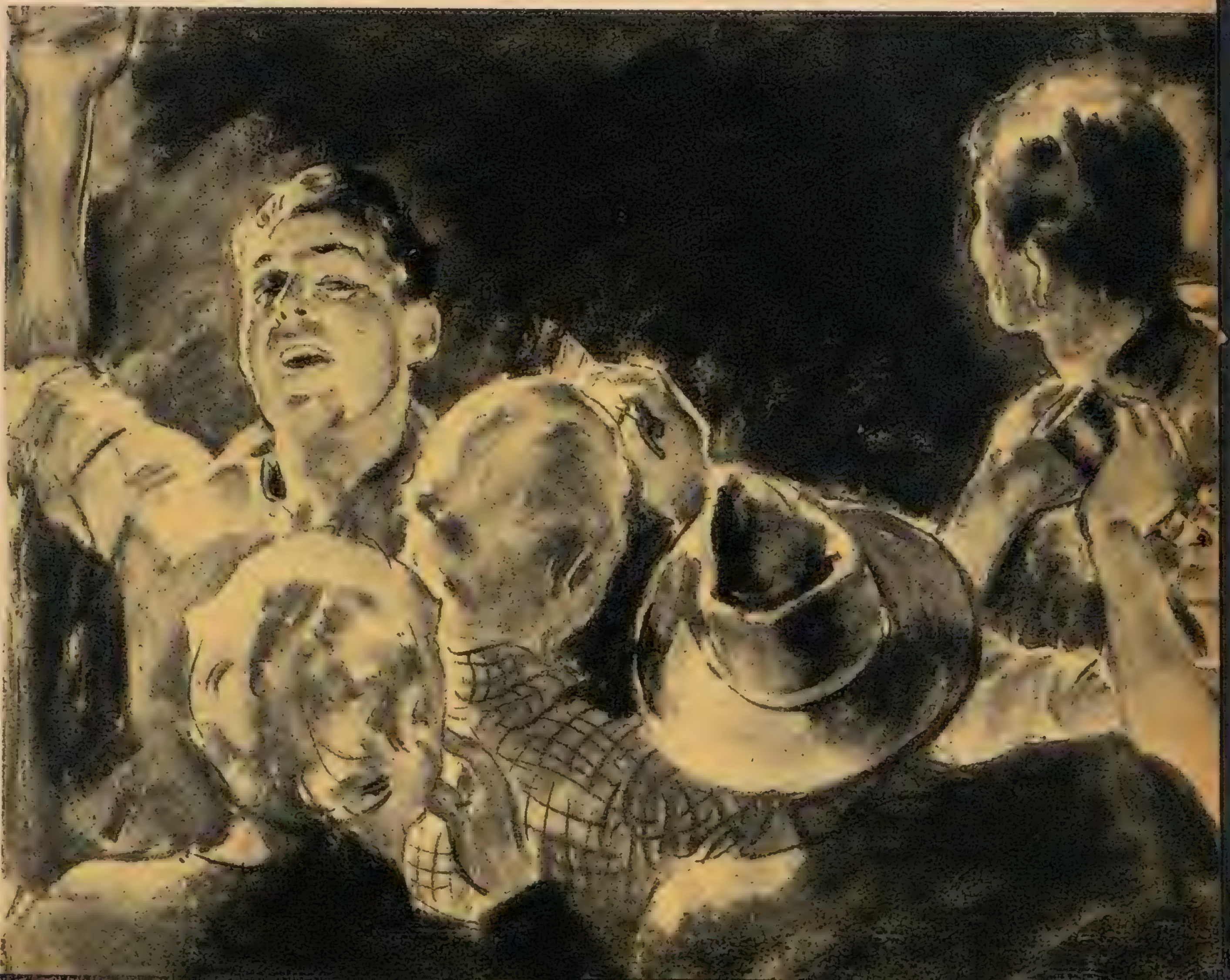
"I'm sorry for everything, Sandy," I whispered.

Sandy's face kind of blurred, if you know what I mean, and everything got sort of cockeyed. I guess I must have gone to sleep again right away. Or maybe it was the drugs they gave me. Drugs do funny things to people.

It was bright daylight when I came to; and there were a couple of men in my room. I didn't know either one of them at first. I just lay there, listening awhile.

Then I made out one of the voices. Sandy Tolles. I'd picked him out of a telephone book. I liked his name. He was a lawyer, a big shot. That was all I knew about him. I guess I was still a little dopey.

After awhile I got the other voice too. I couldn't remember the name, but I'd shot him in the hand. Or maybe I was all balled up. Perhaps he had shot me.



ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

I began to cry. They came tiptoeing over, and then I got everything all at once.

"I'm just no good," I said to the big shot. "I ruined you."

I didn't know how, but I knew I'd done it all right.

And then I looked at the other guy.

"And I busted your doorknob hand," I said.

And then I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep, because I was ashamed of something, and afraid to know what it was.

I HEARD the guy I shot go down on his knees and I squinted at him.

He was on his knees, and he was holding a stocking in his hand. A woman's stocking.

"I come to grovel at her feet," he said. "She's the noblest woman God ever made, I reckon. And I'm the orneriest hound-dog He ever let breathe. I ain't fit to touch this here stocking, but if you say it's all right—"

"It's all right," the big shot said. "Keep it, Luther. Keep it for a souvenir."

It didn't make sense to me. I didn't even begin to get it. I decided not to bother about it, though. I went back to sleep. I mean a real sleep.

When I woke up again, I wished I'd died. I knew then. I remembered everything.

How the papers must have played me up. Wings Delaney doing a strip-tease and a kootch dance on the roof of a swank hotel, putting on a show for the lynchers. And her husband a big shot. He'd never be governor now.

Sandy came twice a day, every day, to the hospital. He always came breathlessly down the corridor. I knew it the minute he got off the elevator. And the minute I heard him coming I got chilled all over.

I was always "asleep" when he came—or else I pretended to be too weak to talk to him. I couldn't even look at him. I was afraid of him. I knew what he'd say, the minute I was well enough to hear it. And I wasn't going to hear it. Not me.

I'd paid for what I got. I didn't want any receipt.

I was in the hospital a long time. I'd been shot pretty bad. The doctors told me that. But they said there was something else the matter, something that kept me from getting well like I ought to. They were hep to me, but I wasn't talking.

For a long time they hung out the "No Visitors" sign. I was glad of that. But one day they took it down. And that was the day Abbie came to see me.

I was glad to see her, so glad I turned on the tears. She kissed me on the cheek.

"You look grand," she said. "You're not half as sick as they say you are. You've been shamming. What's on your mind? Come clean."

"I'm all right," I said. "How's Etta?"

"Etta? Oh. Up and around again. It was a boy. A fine husky baby."

"And Joe?"

"Sassy as ever. And quite a hero with his friends. They caught the right man. Sandy tried him. The jury found him guilty. He was hanged last week. Nobody tried to lynch him either."

"I'm glad Joe's all right," I said.

Abbie looked worried.

"Honey, something's terribly wrong," she said. "What is it?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Maybe it's too soon for visitors," she said, getting up. "Too soon for you to see your friends."

Then I bawled in earnest.

"I haven't any friends," I said. "How could I have?"

Abbie was crying too.

"Poor child," she said, "poor child. I should have told you, but I couldn't, of course. I couldn't even get near your room. So that's it!"

"That's what?"

"They think you were shot while trying to save your husband. You were seen with him, down there at the jail door. You were seen to leave him. And the next thing anybody knew, here you were in the hospital."

I sat right up.

"Are you kidding me?" I said. "Don't. I can't take it. What's the lowdown, Abbie? Don't tell me God struck the whole town blind while I was up there on the roof. I can't swallow that."

"You didn't even suspect?" Abbie said. "Well, you should have. You should have known I wouldn't let Mrs. Sandy Tolles make a spectacle of herself. I made you up so even your mother wouldn't know you."

I guess that was the medicine I needed.

I lay there in bed for a long time after Abbie had gone. I couldn't get it—why everybody was so kind to me, so good to me—why everybody loved me and tried to protect me, even a man I'd shot.

Why should they? What was I but a tough, cold, vulgar, cheap, unfeeling little wretch?

I never loved anybody in my life, I thought, unless it was my mother. But that don't count. I've stood off everybody with a gun or a sneer. I've upstaged everybody. I've never done an unselfish thing. I even married Sandy Tolles because it was easier than not marrying him. I never loved him. Never!

And then I got something. I got it like a jolt of lightning. It knocked me out of bed and sent me staggering into the corridor and hollering for a nurse.

"Get my husband," I said. "Get him here right away. If you don't, I'll go for him myself."

Then I keeled over. And they put me back in bed.

It was the hardest thing I ever did, just lying there waiting for him.

"Did you get him?" I kept asking the nurses. "Is he coming? Where is he? When will he get here?"

I heard the elevator stop. I heard the door open. I heard Sandy coming swiftly down the corridor. And I set myself for what was coming.

I was a mess. I was jelly on a plate. But when he came in the door I was set.

"You sent for me," he said. "What is it?"

He was frightened. He was messier than I was. He was wild-eyed. He was crazy.

"I'm all right," I said. "Sit down. I want to have a talk with you. Now. It couldn't wait."

HE sat down.

"It was me up on the roof," I said.

He didn't know what I was talking about.

"Me," I said. "It was me that stripped up there, and did that kootch dance."

"Oh," he said. "I knew that."

"I wasn't sure," I said. "But I wanted you to know anyway."

"Wings!" he said. His voice was very soft. He put his hand on mine.

"No," I said. "Not yet. Wait. I'm not through. There's a lot more you don't know. When I married you I knew I was a louse. I knew I was a gold digger. So what? So I knew I'd have to pay for it some day. Well, I saw a chance to square everything.

"There you were, holding up the mob. There was Joe Loomis, back of you, in the jail. There was the mob, fixing to lynch both of you. And I had a chance, a real chance, to make good—to save you both. So I did. But Abbie painted me up so nobody knew me."

"There, there," he said. "You mustn't think of that any more."

"I'll think of it all I want," I said. "I thought my act would ruin us both. I didn't want to ruin you—but it couldn't be helped. But I did want to ruin myself. Because I had it coming to me."

He didn't understand that.

"I knew I'd have to leave you," I said. "But I figured I could always kid myself into believing I'd sacrificed myself for you—that I'd paid up. And how! Abbie spoiled that. And now I've got to leave you anyway—and I can't kid myself at all. The act went over in one way, but it was a flop. Lord, what an egg it laid!"

"Leave me?"

He got up out of his chair and leaned over me. He looked like a bewildered old man. With rheumatism. There was such pain in his eyes I felt sorry for him.

"Why should you leave me?" he said.

"It was a spiritual debt, if you know what I mean," I said. "I paid it in that coin. But I wasn't giving you interest. I wasn't going to stick around to hear you bawl me out. I had my suitcase at the hotel. It was packed. I'd have skipped town after the last encore. Only I got shot. So I paid some more—in physical suffering, if you get me. So please don't say anything, Sandy. I can't take it —not from you."

There was a sort of fog about him. Now it suddenly began to lift, and his eyes started shining right through it.

"Let's see if I understand this," he said. "You thought you owed me something. You thought you'd paid, in full. You saved my life, and Joe's life, too. That was more than paying up. Then, expecting I'd reprimand you, you were going to desert me. Is that it?"

I could only nod my head.

It was like he was trying me. You know, summing up. He was the district attorney and the judge and the jury too. I was just the defendant.

FIRST," he said, "we made a bargain. You didn't owe me anything. Second, what you did was the biggest thing any woman ever dared to do. Third, you could do a kootch dance and a strip on the top of the hotel every day—if the police would let you—and I'd still adore you. Fourth, you're the grandest and finest lady I ever knew."

Honest, I didn't believe him. I thought he was just making it up, making it easy for me, because I was sick. But he meant it. He meant it in his heart.

"Oh," I said.

He lifted my hand very gently and kissed it.

And I couldn't stand any more. I just up and out with it. Quick.

"And there's something else," I said. "I love you. It just came to me a little while ago. Like lightning. Like—"

And I never got any further than that.

Well, I got well right then and there. I went home the next day. And a month later we were on our honeymoon. And I mean a honeymoon. Say, life is swell, isn't it, when you meet it halfway—when you can give as well as take, and you don't owe any one anything?

Like I was saying to Sandy yesterday.

"You don't need to worry," I said. "I'll be all right. You know, I told you how my mother was a kootch dancer and had me in the wings. She didn't go through what Etta did.

"An hour or so later she was eating steak and onions and French-fries and a hunk of apple pie—and drinking champagne, the only bottle my father ever bought her."

Sandy didn't say anything, but I knew what he was thinking.

"And even if it smacks me down like it smacked Etta," I said, "what of it? I can take it all right—and like it."

And I can.

THE END

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE!
OH, DAD, IS IT TRUE THAT WE'RE ACTUALLY AT THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE?
YES, CHUBBINS. WE'RE AT THE ROOF OF THE CONTINENT. ON ONE SIDE WATER FLOWS TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AND ON THE OTHER TO THE ATLANTIC
LOOK QUICK, DAD! THAT ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP IS FALLING! HE'LL BE KILLED!
HA-HA! DONT WORRY ABOUT THAT BIGHORN. HE'S JUST JUMPING FROM LEDGE TO LEDGE. THOSE SHEEP ARE EVEN MORE AGILE THAN THE SWISS CHAMOIS
NOW, CHUBBINS WE'RE ALMOST TWO MILES ABOVE SEA-LEVEL. SEE THAT LIGHTNING? THERE'S A THUNDERSTORM IN THE VALLEY, BUT UP HERE ON 'FLATTOP' WE LOOK DOWN ON IT WHILE THE SUN SHINES!
HOWDY! I'M THE FIRE LOOKOUT. MIGHT I HAVE A PIPEFUL OF YOUR TOBACCO, MISTER? MINE JUST RAN OUT
THEN WE'VE COME IN THE NICK OF TIME! EVER SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT, WARDEN?
SMOKING IS ONE OF THE FEW COMFORTS I HAVE UP HERE ALONE ON THIS FIRE TOWER. SO I'M ONE FELLOW WHO APPRECIATES P.A.'S MILDNESS AND GOOD FULL TASTE
WELL, I GUESS MOST EVERY PIPE SMOKER, NO MATTER WHERE HE IS, APPRECIATES PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE PROCESS AND CRIMP CUT

WHICH KIND OF PIPE-SMOKER ARE *YOU*?

1
AS A NEW PIPE-SMOKER, I VALUE MILDNESS MOST IN A TOBACCO. NATURALLY I'M GRATEFUL TO PRINCE ALBERT!
2
I USED TO SMOKE MY PIPE ONLY OCCASIONALLY. NOW I ENJOY IT OFTEN, THANKS TO SMOOTH, COOL-SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT!
3
AS A REGULAR SMOKER I SWITCHED TO P.A. FOR ITS RICH TASTE AND FULL BODY—AND GOT EXTRA-MILD SMOKING BESIDES!

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
SO MILD!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.

—AND SWELL FOR "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES!

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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FIT GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

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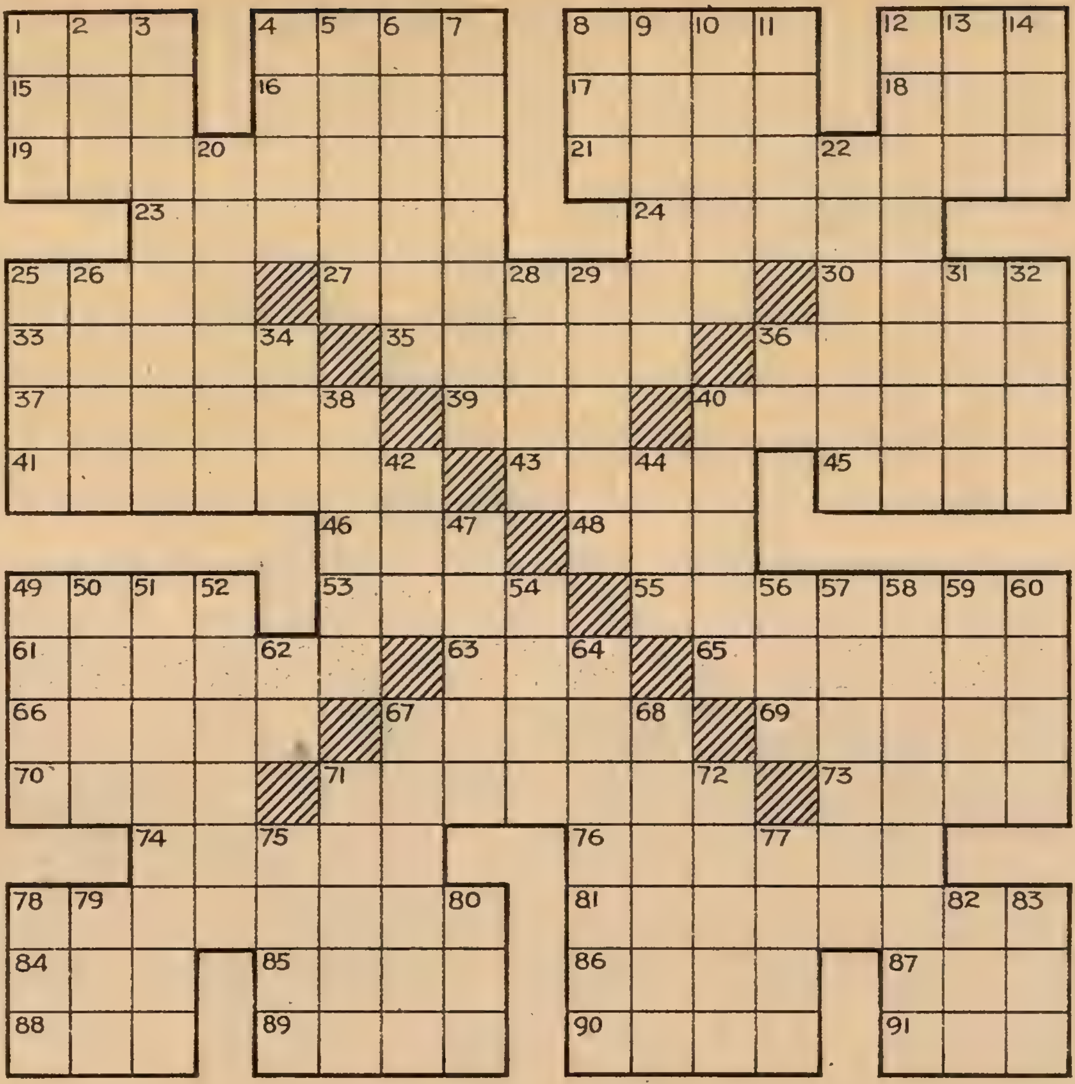
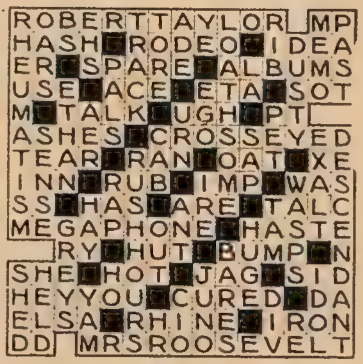




ROBERTTAYLOR MP
HASH■RODEO■IDEA
ER■SPARE■ALBUMS
USE■ACE■ETA■SOT
M■TALK■UGH■PT
ASHES■CROSSEYED
TEAR■RAN■OAT■XE
INN■RUB■IMP■WAS
SS■HAS■ARE■TALC
MEGAPHONE■HASTE
RY■HUT■BUMP■N
SHE■HOT■JAG■SID
HEYYOU■CURED■DA
ELSA■RHINE■IRON
DD MRSROOSEVELT

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Small bed
4 Opens (poetic)
8 Thin wooden strip
12 Stake
15 Part of to be
16 Crippled
17 Nimbus
18 Mohammed's son-in-law
19 Moderator
21 Fragrant
23 County in Nebraska
24 Lifeless
25 Mechanical repetition
27 Transgressing
30 Biblical name
33 A mountain nymph
35 Stop
36 An end
37 Resolves a sentence into its elements
39 A long narrow inlet
40 Rigorous
41 Element
43 Endure
45 Collection of Scandinavian myths
46 Measures of area
48 Note of a dove
49 Convey in speech
53 County in California
55 Pertaining to borax
61 Liquid part of fat (pl.)
63 Measure of length
65 Procession
66 Digs with the snout
67 Crawl
69 Rods
70 Combining form: seven
71 Asiatic country
73 Extinct bird (pl.)
74 Passageway
76 That which is past due for payment
78 Menace
81 Organism that lives on another
84 Measure of length
85 Created
86 Town in England
87 Devour
88 An affirmative
89 Language of Scotch Highlanders
90 Stitches
91 Mineral spring

VERTICAL

1 Domestic animal
2 Crude metal
3 Enticers to evil
4 Genus of olive trees
5 Separates
6 Medicine for inducing vomiting
7 More placid
8 Tibetan sheep
9 Pertaining to a gull
10 On the line of
11 Large volume
12 Fastened
13 A high priest
14 Nervous twitching
20 Gratify
22 Reach a given point
25 Heavy cord
26 Anglo-Saxon money of account (pl.)
28 Fastening device
29 Father of Esau
31 Feathered animal
32 On the ocean
34 Lair
36 An element: symbol
38 Examines critically
40 Descend from dignity
42 Period
44 Weep convulsively
47 A whale
49 Rocky pinnacles
50 Medicinal herb
51 Catlike animal (pl.)
52 Young cat (variant)
54 On the sheltered side
56 Strike smartly
57 Pleasant odors
58 Units of heat
59 Mental image
60 Assessment
62 Initials of a Canadian province
64 American Indians
67 Doctrines
68 Buccaneer
71 Place of worship
72 Missile weapon
75 Identical
77 Brings forth young
78 Essay
79 Garden tool
80 Born
82 Strike lightly
83 Greek letter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

KOLINSKY CALLING

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

DUSK only added luster to the glossy hues of the fur flaunting its enticement in the window. Its brown warmth was reflected in the wistful eyes peering in at it. It would be just about her size, that coat. And what a bargain at eight hundred dollars! A small tremor shook her, not from the cold, for she was a ruddy, full-blooded little creature, but from yearning for the unattainable.

"Too bad, isn't it!"

The voice at her shoulder was young and masculine and amused. The mirror back of the coat showed the speaker.

"What's too bad?"

"That any one should want anything so much and apparently not be able to have it. Shall we go in and look at it?"

"It would only be a temptation."

"Perhaps that's the idea."

"Oh!" She laughed. "Why girls go wrong. Is that it? Can you read minds in a mirror?"

"Eyes. Yours are quite tragic when you try to hypnotize that mink through that plate-glass window."

"It isn't mink. It's kolinsky."

"Come in and try it on."

She became severe. "How did this begin?"

"Why, I just saw you looking and thought you'd like to have the coat and that I'd like you to."

"As simple as that!" she mocked.

"We might go to dinner and discuss it. Any obstacles?"

"Would a husband be an obstacle?"

"That depends on where he is."

"Mine's *supposed* to be in Washington."

"Supposed? I see. For a long stay?"

"He forgot to mention. He left in a poisonous humor." She slanted a glance at him. "I wasn't too nice myself. But I had provocation."

"Did the fur coat have any part in the battle?"

She giggled. "You're too clever. I wouldn't for worlds have admitted to him that it had."

"Hmm. Misjudged husbands do return."

"Misjudged? *Oh!*"

"Sometimes they return inopportunely."

"Wouldn't Josh be surprised if he should come back to find his wife in the embrace of a kolinsky coat!"

"Anyway I shall go in and make inquiries."

"I shall stay here and make love to it."

"How do I know you mightn't walk out on me?"

"No. I won't do that."

When he returned she faced him, eyes dancing.

"Well? You've bought it, I suppose?"

"Why not?"

There was something of consternation in the questioning face. "You must have delusions of wealth."

"It just happens that I'm feeling temporarily rich. Put over a deal yesterday that's been hanging fire."

"Do tell me how you became a success in life, Mr. Jones. Men always call themselves Mr. Jones in these circumstances, don't they?"

"You seem up on the technique."

"Now, I don't think that's quite nice of you," she returned plaintively. "When I only want to learn a little something about how the kind of working girls who wear mink coats get them."

"The first step is dinner."

"And then they're plied with drink?"

"It's usual, I believe."

"I'm feeling perfectly reckless. Is that the proper frame of mind?"

"Depends on what you mean by 'proper.'"

"Let's pass that. I'm hungry."

"Taxi!" . . .

"It was a lovely dinner," she sighed, an hour later. "I'm so glad you put over that deal—Mr. Jones."

"So am I."

"See the girl across the room? She has a nice rich mink coat on. But I'd rather have kolinsky. Is there a different technique for that?"

"Much the same, I believe."

"THERE go Minkcoat and her boy friend now. Where do you suppose they're going?"

"To inspect etchings."

"Is that usual, too?"

"Oh, invariable. That's why so many apartments have etchings."

"Has yours?"

"Oh, yes. I'm very artistic."

"You know," said she confidentially, "I feel as if I'd known you for years."

"Now, isn't that funny!" he mocked. "I feel the same way about you. Maybe we met in another incarnation. My present one is only three blocks away. Walk or ride?"

"You do take a lot for granted. Well—walk. I need the air."

Outside the apartment she paused and looked up with twinkling eyes. "Ought I to feel like a scarlet woman?"

"Not yet."

They raced up the two flights of stairs hand in hand. He opened the door, turned on the lights, and she preceded him.

"This looks strangely familiar."

"It would."

SHE burlesqued an expression of outraged propriety.

"Why, *Mis*-ter Jones! How you misjudge me!"

"I sincerely hope not. Do you know what's inside that door over there?"

"What?"

"The makings of a highball."

"We-ell, if it's usual."

They drank. She wriggled away a little.

"Oh, don't. You're making me spill it." Then, with darkening suspicion, "You're much too expert at this sort of thing. I'll bet you've done it before. Plenty of times. Serpent!"

"Eve."

Her face presaged storm. "You have. It's just a series of moves in a game for you. Mine didn't need rehearsal. You gave me all the cues, like an old hand."

He made an airy gesture. "Special inspiration! Meaning you."

The storm burst. "And how many others? Josh Galloway, if I'd known you were that kind of creature I'd never have married you. Never, never, never!"

"I'm not. Just natural flair, darling. Give me credit."

That did not go too well, either. They stared at each other.

The stare threatened to become a glare.

The telephone rang. He went to it. A slow grin developed until it occupied a considerable part of his face. (She had never been able successfully to stand out against Josh's grin.)

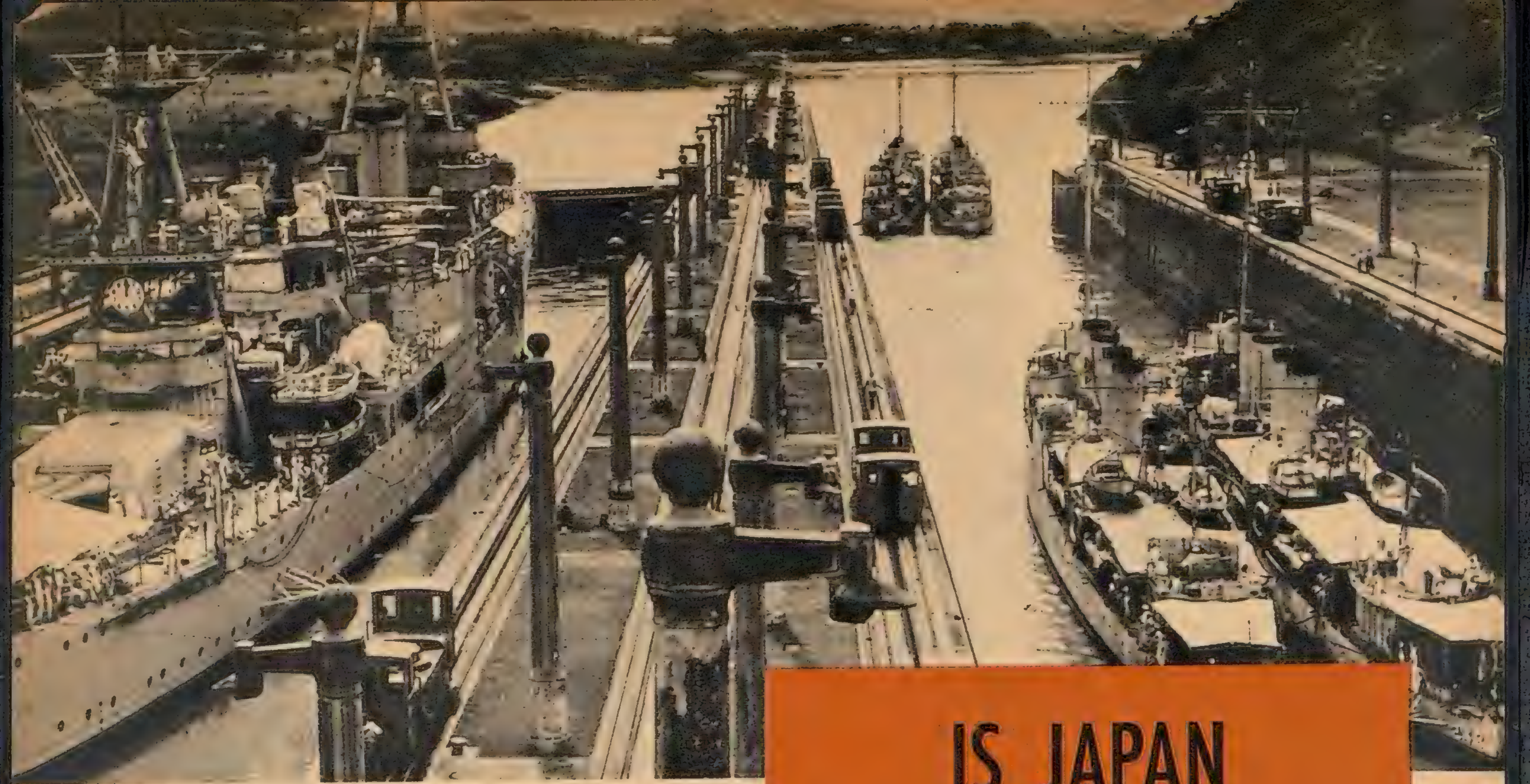
"Mr. Kolinsky calling. He's downstairs."

"It isn't! Not truly? You darling! Am I really going to have it?"

"Yes." He waved the telephone receiver. "What about it?"

She smiled. "Tell Mr. Kolinsky to come up."

THE END



Still our navy's one vital short cut: the Panama Canal.

IS JAPAN *Sabotaging* OUR NEW CANAL?

By Robert M. Field

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

"IF one Roosevelt could build the Panama Canal, why cannot another Roosevelt build the Nicaragua Canal?" This remark, reported by a former President of Nicaragua, may well embody one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's most cherished ambitions.

In 1916 we paid Nicaragua $3,000,000 for the privilege of building the canal. Before we can do so, it will be necessary to make another deal with Nicaragua and pay her more money. In the meantime no one else can build a canal, if we don't. The Navy endorsed the Nicaragua Canal. Congress is not averse. But it is believed in Washington that abandonment of the project may be one of the conditions laid down by Tokyo before it will discuss limitation of armaments with the United States. The almost complete cessation of any talk about the Nicaragua Canal, the recent ominous silence of Congress, lend color to this conjecture.

But the Japanese war lords are realists. They do not entirely rely on diplomacy. Those familiar with Nicaraguan affairs claim that Japan is conspiring with the present Dictator of Nicaragua, General Somoza, to sabotage the canal if possible and in any event to spread over the entire region a net of espionage.

About 1895 Japan tried to secure from Nicaragua a concession to build and dominate the canal. At that time sinister negotiations were going on between Nicaragua, Mexico, and Japan. The relations with Mexico and Japan have never been sufficiently scrutinized. They may be of grave importance in case of a war between the United States and Japan. The close relations existing between our neighbor republics and Japan did not escape European observation. That fact explains in part the proposal in the notorious Zimmermann note for an alliance between Mexico, Germany, and Japan, which was to restore to Mexico her "lost provinces"—Texas, California, etc. Fortunately, Japanese attempts to acquire the Nicaragua Canal more than four decades ago were frustrated by vigilant American interests. After that, until a short time ago, Japan ignored Nicaragua.

But in the last few years Nicaragua has received a great deal of attention from Tokyo. Within the present year Japan has sent an expert to show Nicaraguan planters how to prepare their cotton for export to her. The expert announced that Japan would buy the entire crop. The purchase price that was agreed upon nets a profit of nearly 100 per cent to Nicaraguan planters.

Not content with gobbling up all the cotton, the Japanese buy cotton seed, rubber, hides, scrap iron, deerskins, dyewoods, etc., in Nicaragua. Recently Kemichi Toniti, an emissary of the Japanese Ministry of Commerce and Industry, made a mysterious visit to Nicaragua. For the first time in history, Japan found it advisable to send a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, Saiichiro Koshida, to Managua, the capital of Nicaragua. His arrival, in spite of its significance, received no notice in the United States. In Nicaragua he was welcomed with public rejoicings and feasts lasting seven days.

Those familiar with events behind the scenes recall that three years ago Rodolfo Espinosa, Vice-President of Nicaragua, received a mysterious invitation to visit Japan. He asked the President, Dr. Juan B. Sacasa, to entrust him with an official mission. The President, stanchly American in sympathy, refused. The Vice-President made the trip nevertheless—and was received in private audience by the Emperor of Japan, who also pinned on his breast a high Japanese decoration.

Japanese visitors to Nicaragua increased in number. They bought land—especially near the contemplated canal. Then Japanese fishing boats appeared in large numbers, *5,000 miles from their base,* to fish—where? I have it on indisputable authority that one such fleet landed, not in the regular harbor, nor provided with proper landing papers and passports, but in a remote region important only in connection with the projected canal. This fleet's Japanese apologized when the then President of Nicaragua, who was friendly to the United States, protested. Suavely they explained that they had been driven to that particular shore by a storm. *But there had been no storm.*

Incidentally, not very long ago a Japanese "fishing boat" belonging to a similar fleet was found in Californian waters. In the boat were instruments and records which had nothing to do with fishing, unless it was fishing for naval secrets.

General Anastasio Somoza, Dictator of Nicaragua, who ejected the legally elected President after the United States withdrew its marines, is on exceedingly cordial terms with the Japanese. He also seems to be exceedingly well supplied with funds. Some people suspect that, while pretending friendliness to the United States, he is playing the game of Japan.

Neither Japan nor Nicaragua can in the long run prevent us from building the canal, but they can sabotage the work and delay it. Moreover, Japanese spies can familiarize themselves with every secret of the canal's construction. Japanese colonists, settling along the route, would be in a position to do severe damage in case of war.

By some curious oversight, the United States has made no agreement with Costa Rica, Honduras, and Salvador, although the proposed canal traverses their territory. It is not believed that it will be difficult to come to terms with these small Central American states, unless Japanese money begins to roll in as it does in Nicaragua. Our treaty with Nicaragua does not expire until the year 2015, and is renewable at our option. Between now and then many things may happen, including a world war. Our very existence may depend upon this canal.

The Panama Canal is a miracle of engineering, but it is extremely vulnerable to the elements and to enemy attacks. As long as it is our only short cut between the two oceans, our naval power can be cut in two by a slight earthquake, a mere shiver of the earth, or by an enemy bomb. The naval strategy of the United States is based upon quick access from the Atlantic to the Pacific. If such access becomes doubtful, it will be necessary for us to build another navy, equal in size to our present fleet, and hold it in the Pacific.

☆ A startling look at the evidence of intrigue in Nicaragua—and what it may mean to the U.S.A.

The Panama Canal is approximately fifty miles long; the Nicaragua Canal will be three times as long, but it is 400 miles nearer to San Francisco. It will save, therefore, 800 miles to any ship going and returning through its mighty locks. It is less likely to be affected by earthquakes. Moreover, it will be necessary to dig only seventeen miles; the rest of the Nicaragua Canal will go through natural waterways. The most important of these is Lake Nicaragua, large enough to afford anchorage to all the navies of the world, assembled. Its sweet water will wash the barnacles off ships from the salt seas. It will be easy, moreover, to provision our ships in this region, for the land is rich not only in fruit but in cattle, in which Panama is notoriously lacking.

Both Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House, and Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate, consider a canal through Nicaragua and Costa Rica essential to our national defense. They hold that the new waterway will facilitate our commercial relations with Latin America.

The Nicaragua Canal was first discussed in 1848. Nearly twenty years ago a commission reported that the Nicaragua route "had greater advantages and fewer difficulties" than any other. Uncle Sam listened, and fell asleep again. Now the total expense of building the canal will be $772,000,000. It will take all of eight to ten years to complete the job. Fifty million dollars will be required for defense and twenty-five million for the acquisition of rights, franchises, and lands. These last-mentioned figures are from the estimate of Lieutenant Colonel I. Sultan, who headed an expedition of two hundred American engineers to Nicaragua.

The canal will be approximately 172.8 miles in length. The route recommended by Lieutenant Colonel Sultan starts at Brito on the Pacific and follows the Rio Grande to the low divide between the basins of the Rio Grande and Las Lajas. From there it goes down the valley into Lake Nicaragua. Thence it leads to the region of the Conchuda Hills. After following the San Juan River, it proceeds through the valley of the Danta and the San Francisco River and the valley of the Limpio. The final stretch leads down the Valley of Deseado to the Caribbean Sea north of Greytown.

Lieutenant Colonel Sultan affirms that the Nicaragua Canal will provide a shorter route from port to port for about two thirds of the vessels which now go through the Panama Canal. A hostile power, he reasons, would find it difficult to capture or destroy both the canals. Aerial reinforcements from the United States could reach Nicaragua more quickly than Panama. The facilities of two canals will give flexibility and greatly add security to our naval operations. Sultan concedes that the defense of the two canals requires stronger forces and is exposed to certain inherent weaknesses when compared to defense of but one. However, the United States will be able to provide ample defensive forces at both canals without unduly jeopardizing its major military objective.

THE distances between the canal termini—290 miles by sea and air from Colón to Greytown on the Atlantic, and 750 miles by sea and 470 by air from Panama to Brito on the Pacific—are not actually great. The defensive air forces, therefore, will support each other, and so can the naval defensive forces. "The difficulty of defending two canals is not," Lieutenant Colonel Sultan insists, "double that of protecting one, nor are any obstacles insuperable."

President Taft, keenly interested in the project, negotiated a treaty with Nicaragua. Much to the surprise of the Nicaraguans, President Wilson—spurred by Colonel House—resumed and successfully concluded the negotiations. The Bryan-Chamorro Treaty of 1916 gave us a vested interest in the canal. Then the World War crashed upon us and the scheme was once more forgotten.

When an engineer became President it was revived. On his South American trip, undertaken before his inauguration, Hoover asked for a secret conference with President Adolfo Diaz of Nicaragua, and discussed the problem of the canal in detail. It was his intention to set the wheels for its construction in motion at once. But the depression swept this aside, along with other plans of his.

Meanwhile Nicaragua herself passed through much turmoil. When the American marines were withdrawn, all armed forces were united in a National Guard. At the suggestion of the American Minister, all Presidential candidates pledged themselves to keep the guard nonpolitical. However, General Somoza expelled the duly elected candidate of the Liberal Party, Sacasa. Then, holding the country under his thumb, he made himself President.

Behind the screen of Somoza's dictatorship the strange things that have been mentioned are going on. The currency of the country has dropped to a low level, but the President himself is said to be suffering no hardship. His army is well paid. Japanese influence and Japanese intrigue grow apace in Nicaragua. The pro-Japanese Somoza is said to have the backing of only ten per cent of the population; his regime rests mainly on the bayonets of the National Guard. Yet it is Somoza with whom the United States must negotiate a new treaty before the Nicaragua Canal can be actually built!

THE END

Master Villon BRINGS UP A

The poet-rogue turns from his past and embarks on a strange adventure

BY JOHN ERSKINE

EPITAPH

Here ends poor Villon's testament;
  Himself draws to an end as well.
Come to the burying, good friends,
  When you hear the tolling bell.
Wear your scarlet cloak today,
  He was love's martyr; he is dead.
  These were the parting words he said
When from this world he turned away.

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

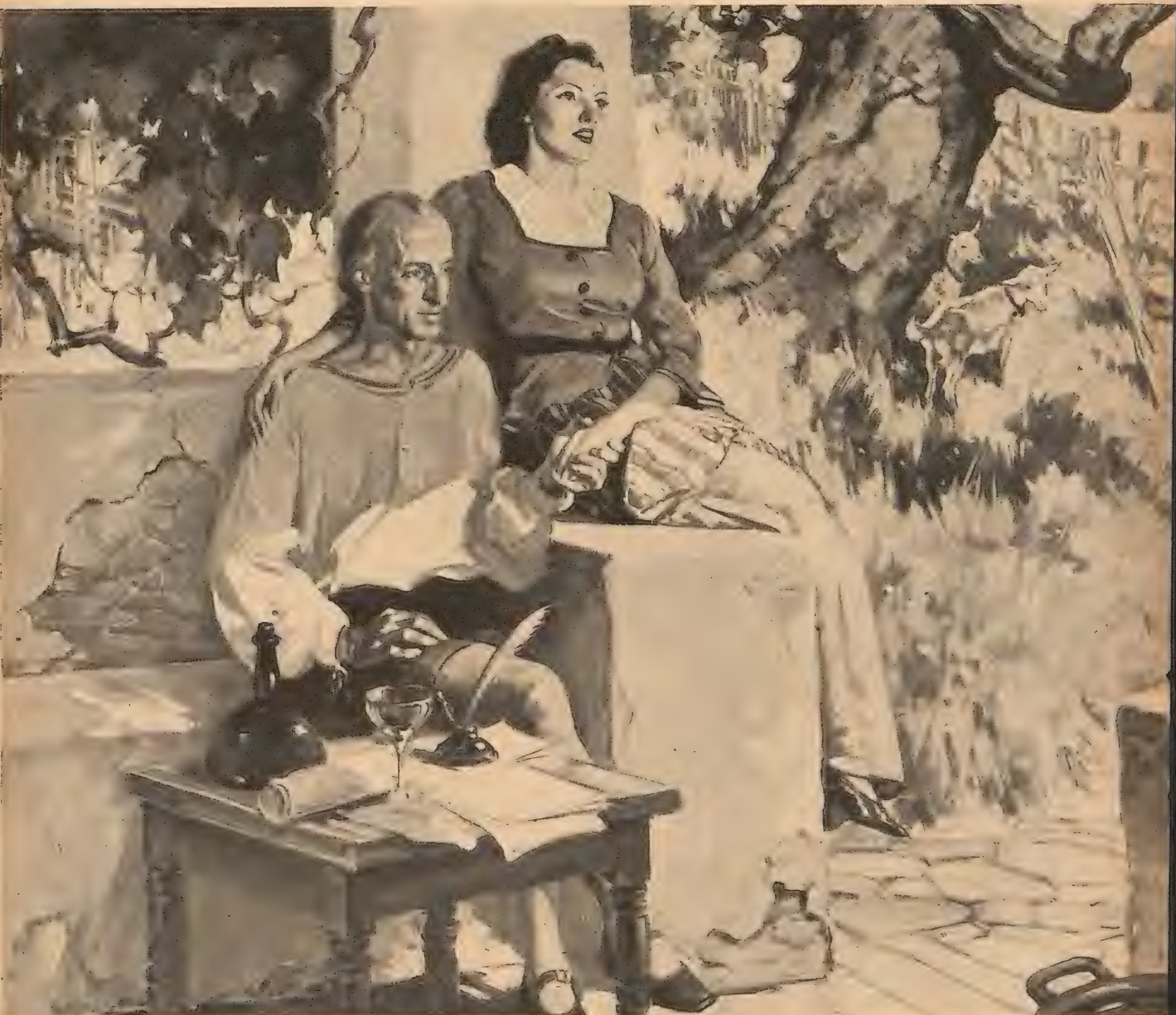
WHEN Master Villon knocked at his mother's door, at the third hour after noon, he was in a bad humor, the personal resentment of a man who has trudged for days on muddy roads in the rain. Now the sun was breaking through, but his clothes still clung to him like seaweed.

If Louise had not died, Paris might have seen him no more. But bereavement folded him back on himself in a wounded spasm of memory, and for the moment he was revisiting his early self, his student boyhood, when the heady flood of new experience invited to nothing worse than pranks, absolved in his mother's reprimand, which was a form of affection.

Now he heard the quick step across the floor. She had not changed, except that her face had a new zest.

"It's you! And soaked to the skin!"

She had him in the room and the door shut and the coat off him. Master Villon surveyed the familiar laundry tub, the pile of soiled clothes beside it, the rows of clean



ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

CHILD

things, fresh ironed, on the tables along the wall.

A basket lay at one side of the hearth, and in it an infant less than a year old.

"Here!" said his mother, bringing an old jacket. "Put that on and I'll hang your fine coat over a chair. God grant you didn't steal it!"

Master Villon, putting on the coat, studied the infant. Black eyes, a face promising length rather than breadth, a long nose that in time might be pointed. Master Villon was deeply moved.

"Did Catherine ask you to take it?"

"I begged the child, as a favor."

"That's where you did wrong," said Master Villon, affecting callousness. "It's nobody's affair but Catherine's."

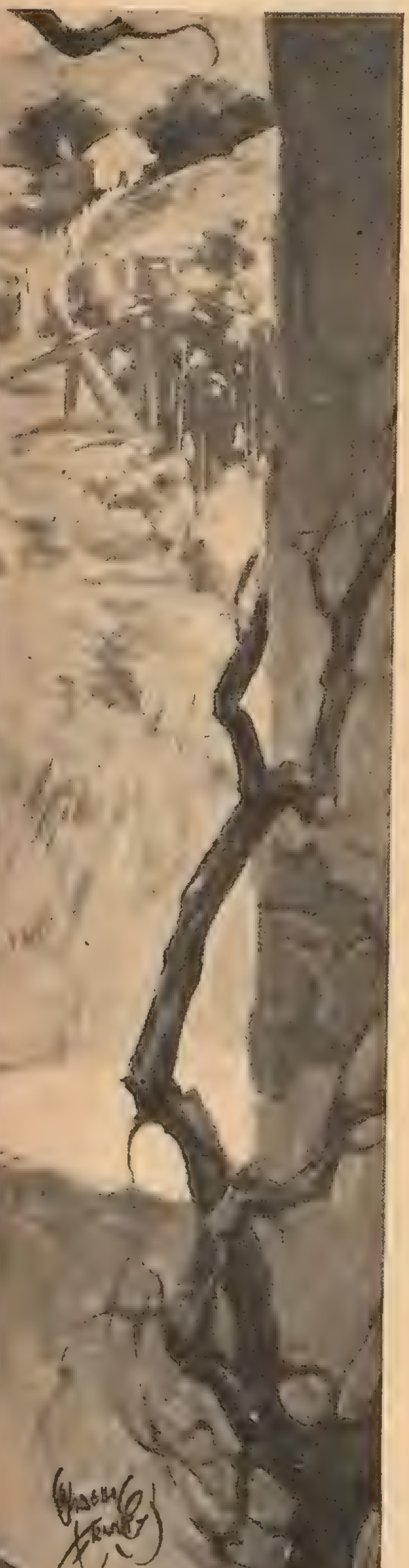
"She asked aid of your godfather—he sent her to the nuns."

Master François turned quickly. "What's his name?"

"His? Oh—it was Catherine, for its mother, but I've named it Joan."

"A girl," said Master Villon, in obvious disappointment.

"I couldn't see the makings of a nun," said his mother, "in any child of yours and Catherine's."



He tried to order his thoughts. "Are you in love with Gerard?"

The infant, fascinated by Master Villon's prolonged stare, broke into a happy smile. He turned away, embarrassed. "You haven't time to bring her up."

"Will you bring her up yourself, François?"

"I'll have nothing to do with her! She'll be like Catherine, in spite of kindness."

"I was afraid she might take after you."

Master Villon helped himself to a stool.

"For a year and more I've lived an honorable life in Saint-Maixent. I live in the apothecary's house, and teach his son, and—"

His mother laughed. "You teach his son, and I'll teach your daughter! No one told me that men are timid, vain, selfish, and cowardly. I'll tell her so every day."

HE fumbled in his pocket for his purse, now down to a few coins, one of which he laid on the table.

"You may have bills at the taverns and worse places; you've none here!" said his mother sharply. She walked to the table and swept the coin off.

"When I'm not looking," she said contemptuously, going back to the tub, "swallow your pride and pick it up!"

Master Villon got to his feet and seized his hat.

"I suppose you think I should look after it myself."

"Me?" said his mother, rubbing harder. "I have no thoughts."

"If you give Catherine a foot she'll take a yard."

"You know her best." She wrung out clothes. "Where's that new love of yours—the girl that was to make a man of you?"

He breathed deep. "I don't expect to see her again." At the change in his tone his mother looked up sharply.

"Did she love you?"

"I think she did."

"Well, she'll get over it. She's better off without you, unless God made you over entirely. I wouldn't have a man who left a child behind him, the way he would the peel of an apple!"

"I didn't desert the child!" He spoke savagely.

"I'm not talking of the past," said his mother. "You didn't know about the child before this, did you? You couldn't desert it till you knew about it, could you?"

"So you expect me to desert the child!"

"She'll not be deserted," said his mother. "She has me."

Master Villon looked at them both, then went out.

NO sooner was he on the street than he wished he had remained. He had things to say to his mother. Well, he wouldn't go back. Not now, at any rate.

Since a bit of the afternoon remained, he walked briskly to St. James Street, near which lay the student world in which his youth had blossomed.

How often had he brought to this very scene the smart of his mother's rebuke! He had lived always in the moment, he had spent his most frantic efforts in escaping consequences, and once they were safely avoided, he had indulged the illusion that they didn't exist. Now it would be difficult to believe his small daughter Joan didn't exist!

To go back to Saint-Maixent with an infant under his arm, an infant that looked like him—well, even if for the child's sake he spread the news that he was a widower, the gossips would remember he had lived at Saint-Maixent in notable cheerfulness for over a year.

He moved on up into Parchment Street. The shops were unchanged where in his day he had bought precious paper.

Halfway down the short street he was passing under the sign of the Chariot when a voice hailed him from an upper window. A youthful and somewhat flushed face was leaning out.

"Come on up, Long Nose! I swore I'd invite the first who passed. Don't you want food?"

Master Villon in his time had seen many another supper party gather with this informality. He paused. He was hungry. Two more faces leaned from the window, then were withdrawn with loud laughter.

Master Villon, well rid of them, walked on. But before he turned the corner he was called again, now from the street pavement. He turned and walked back, knowing that, unless student character had changed, they would not let him escape unpursued.

"That's better, Long Nose," said the one who had first called to him. "I am Robin Dogis, at your service. My friend here"—he put his arm around the neck on the right—"is Hutin Moustier. My other friend"—he put his other arm around the neck on the left—"is Roger Pichart."

Master Villon bowed as each name was disclosed.

"It isn't necessary," Dogis went on, "to know who you are, if you have a reason for hiding your name."

"François des Loges," said Master Villon, "and I shan't forget the charm of your invitation, but if you'll permit me—"

Dogis took one of his arms, Pichart the other, and they shoved him into the taproom of the Chariot. . . .

When they rose from the table, Master Villon, from old caution, had kept his head clear. The chance encounter with them, he told himself, served to reveal the measure of his growth. Their pleasures struck him as absurdly juvenile. He had been consorting with children.

Robin Dogis, at the moment of parting, grew sentimental. "We'll walk down St. James Street with you."

"Many thanks," said Master Villon, hoping to be rid of them, "but my way lies up the hill, and I wouldn't trouble you—"

Home life of

A CARRIER★

FATHER PICKED IT UP AT THE CLUB....
BROUGHT IT HOME TO MOTHER..
GAVE IT TO JUNIOR, TOO

BEWARE OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

THOSE who carry Athlete's Foot injure others as well as themselves, yet there are millions of people today who neglect that itching, burning condition of the skin between the toes.

Hence, wherever they tread barefoot they spread the insidious infection—in club locker-rooms, bathhouses, on the edges of swimming pools, even in their own bathrooms where their families fall prey to the digging, boring fungus.

Don't be a carrier! Examine the skin between your toes at once. Is it red, irritated? Does it itch? Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes, and may ward off painful soreness. For, as the infection progresses, moist white skin may appear, peeling in patches, with skin cracks, rawness and pain—unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

If your case gets really serious, consult a doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Buy a bottle today and insist on the genuine. It has been proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it. Absorbine Jr. is economical because so little brings relief. At your druggist's, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

★ People infected with Athlete's Foot are "Carriers." According to the U. S. Public Health Service, at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

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"It's easier walking up than down," said Dogis. "The front of the foot is a hinge or spring, whereas the heel is as stiff as a post."

They started to ascend the street. They stopped to gaze through the windows at a writing shop in a dingy cellar where Master Ferrebouc, official copyist for the Bishop of Paris, employed his apprentices at candle-lighted tables. The windows were open, and Pichart stuck his head in to encourage the workers.

"Make the letters larger, and use more ink," he admonished the scribe at the nearest table. "The bishop is not so young as he was."

All the toiling heads looked up. "Go home and let your mother wash your face," said he whose penmanship had been criticized.

"You are wise never to wash yours," Pichart came back. "The dirt gives you character."

And to point the observation he expectorated with range and accuracy right in the center of the half-finished manuscript.

In no time at all the apprentices were in the street, and the noise of conflict brought students in force from all parts of the quarter. Master Villon stayed long enough to see Master Ferrebouc himself take Robin Dogis by the collar and let him go again, Dogis having used his knife.

In front of the church of St. Benoit the Well-Turned the pavements were deserted. Master Villon sat on the curb and listened to the riot.

On this very spot he had sat one evening years ago with Isabel, the girl he had loved next after Ambroise, and Philippe Sermoise, his rival, had come at him with a knife. How the years slip away!

It was a full hour before Master Villon went back to his mother.

She was sitting by the embers of her fire, with a shawl about her shoulders.

"Have you had your supper?" she said, not looking around. The child was asleep.

"I dined with some friends," said he in a low tone, drawing a stool up to the fire. He had his chin in his hands, looking toward the hearth.

HE took from his purse one remaining gold coin. "Put that," he said, "with what I gave you this afternoon, and spend it on the child. I'll send more."

"He thinks he is hiring a nurse!"

At the loud words the child stirred in the basket. Master Villon turned to the angry woman.

"I only wanted to help!"

"I'll bring her up by myself and in my own way!" cried his mother. "I'll teach her free what it cost me much to learn. She'll be on her guard against boys and men—not against love—there's no help for that—but against those that take their pleasure where they find it without seeing it through to the end."

"If you're telling me I ought to marry Catherine—" began Master Villon.

"Our Lady forgive me for the thought, but I fear the Commandments are incomplete! They say that children should honor their parents, but not a word do they add of how fathers and mothers should treat a child."

"If I took her with me to Saint-Maixent," broke in Master Villon, much troubled, "wouldn't it be the end of the good name I've just built up? From the look of her they would know she is mine, and I told the whole town I am not married."

WHAT a sensitive thing a man is! He can kill, or leave a girl worse off than he found her, and his conscience is easy; but let him set his face toward virtue, and pity his flesh and blood if it gets in the way!"

The child began to cry, and Master Villon rose and paced the room. His mother lifted the infant with its blanket to her knee.

"I'll teach her to trust herself. When she gives away her heart, I'll tell her to look for nothing in return. She'll value her lover as I my racks to dry the laundry on—there when you need them and when you don't, but nothing for a soul to live with intimately!"

Master Villon put his hat firmly on his head, draped his old jacket over his arm, took from her the drowsy child.

His mother helped him to bundle it up. If he had noticed her eyes, there was a smile of triumph in them when he strode from the house with his child in his arms.

So fast he walked, he was far from her door when a voice hailed him.

"Not so much hurry, my fine fellow! What takes you abroad at this hour?"

He turned and faced two men, hiding in a corner shadow. When he stopped, they moved forward together. One was short. The other, bent in the shoulders, wore a fur-lined coat and a pointed hat pulled over his eyes. When they came closer he saw it was King Louis.

"Sire, I have in my pocket the safe-conduct you gave me. I am François Villon."

The King laughed quietly and turned to his short companion. "What did I tell you, Robert!"

Master Villon recognized the hangman of Orléans.

"Since the safe-conduct is out of date," said the King, "you went back to your old tricks. Is it not so? Undo that bundle! Get a light for your lantern, Robert."

The hangman struck his flint, and they examined the copy of himself that Master Villon was carrying.

"Mother of Heaven!" said the King. "Well, Robert, what about it?"

"Sire," said the hangman, "for this crime I don't know the punishment."

The King laughed again. "He carries it with him. François Villon, God has caught up with you."

They sank back into the darkness,

and Master Villon walked on, shifting his burden to the other arm.

. . . . .

When he reappeared in Saint-Maixent with Joan, the gossips, as he had expected, sharpened their tongues for a choice morsel, but he threw them a bone flavored with romance rather than scandal. He let them believe his marriage had been a secret only because his parents, of an old house, would never countenance his alliance with a poor girl, and he had come to set up a home in the south, where none would recognize him, and where wife and hoped-for offspring could be safe in obscurity, which every one knows is the condition of happiness for true lovers. But in his absence his bride had pined away, lasting just long enough to produce Joan.

To Henri Dubois, the apothecary, and Héloïse his wife, Master Villon told the truth. They were the only residents of Saint-Maixent, he said, enjoying that kind of intelligence which pierces to the essentials, and besides, he owed them frankness, since for a while longer he wished to occupy their spare room. He was not married; he had fallen into one of those errors which it is best to let God handle, especially when He chooses to equip it with an outward and visible sign. Anyway, it wasn't Joan's fault, and here she was.

THERE is nothing so disarming as a confession made in strict confidence, when the confidence is exclusive. Héloïse Dubois shook her head, to show that she had standards, but from that moment she was leagued with her husband and Master Villon to protect Joan against a carping world.

Gerard Dubois, the household prodigy, once more plodding under Master Villon's guidance toward the arts of reading and writing, looked upon Joan as an undeserved affliction, too young now for companionship; likely at no age to be of use to the world.

But it was impossible to snub or tease her. When she was playing on the floor with some blocks of wood, Gerard asked contemptuously what she was building.

"House."

"Call that a house?" said he, kicking the top of it off.

Promptly she knocked down the rest, laughing as though he had invented a new game. A man can do nothing with a girl like that. Gerard gave up.

He was lonely without her when her father took her away. Master Villon had prospered as notary and scribe, and the romantic mystery which hung over him and the child was far from a disadvantage. Many a curious citizen commanded his services in the hope of picking up some information. Having at last a thrifty handful of gold, he bought a cottage, on the edge of the town, set in a small garden with fruit branches and vines against the wall and a shade tree that one could sit under of an afternoon.

Here Gerard came regularly for a stubborn tussle with Latin, and Joan would read aloud to her father, and the boy, apparently engrossed in the classics, would marvel that she had acquired good looks now that she no longer shared the same house with him.

Master Villon in a deep quiet way was happy. There were moments when his thought went back to the Paris streets and the wild doings that had disturbed those pavements, and of course Joan called to mind Catherine. Joan resembled her mother, to his regret. She had gradually lost that striking suggestion of himself. Her eyes were large, her dark hair was thick and wavy, and her nose was not sharp-pointed. When his mood was depressed, he asked whose child had he accepted as his own. When he felt cheerful, he saw that she had his smile, and in her talk he recognized tricks of his own spirit.

Even with his memories and his doubts, he knew he had more happiness than those who are hungry for life may count on. The ecstasy was gone, but he had found a sort of keen peace, a rarer form of joy. He would sit under the tree, distilling from all that he could not forget those poems of his which Joan begged to read.

Sometimes in his garden he sat motionless, seeing a river bank and a girl coming toward him, a tall girl in a linen gown, swinging her sunhat by the ribbon. Those

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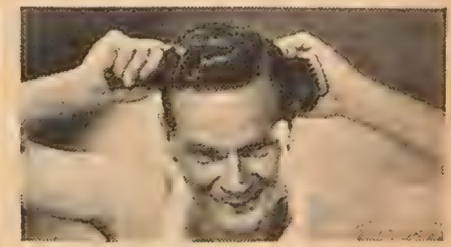

Use VITALIS

AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

days he wrote nothing. He had always thought that time in the country would be sluggish, if it moved at all, but at Saint-Maixent the years slipped by too fast. He knew he ought to do more for Joan than teach her to read and keep her ignorant of Paris.

At the right moment it would become his duty to tell her some of the things about herself and other human beings which she would have known had she been left to his mother's bringing up. Whenever he prepared to attack the problem he realized that she was much too young. Then suddenly she was a woman, in sight of her eighteenth birthday.

RECENTLY—for three years or more, when he measured his procrastination with an honest eye—Gerard had made himself as much a part of the house as the chairs they sat in.

Unless wise care were taken, Joan might fall in love with Gerard.

One afternoon, when Master Villon found her at the cottage door, she seemed to be deriving unusual pleasure from her thoughts.

"Ah," said he, "to come home and find you waiting! I shall always expect that greeting, Joan. You spoil me."

She gave him a kiss, told him he was late, which he wasn't, and she would have supper ready in a minute.

Do You Know What Really Happened to CASANOVA'S WOMEN?

●

JOHN ERSKINE

will tell you in a new series of delightful stories which start

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in the near future!

"Was Gerard here this afternoon?" he asked at table.

"He stopped in for just a moment. Did you know his father had taken his rheumatism to bed? Gerard says it happens every spring, when his mother wants to go shopping in Niort. Oh, I forgot to tell you—have you heard what the butcher did to that son-in-law of his? He—"

Master Villon let her talk on, to put a space between his questions.

"What time was Gerard here?"

"Gerard? Oh, late—just before you came home. Why, father?"

"Now that he's grown up, he talks more to you than to me," said Master Villon, smiling to show that was all he meant. "I miss my pupil."

She had gone to the door not to look for his home-coming but to bid Gerard good-by. Perhaps to give him a parting kiss, a green-love kiss, awkward, but at that stage more than satisfactory. After the boy had gone she had stood there dreaming, with that perilous light in her eyes!

After supper, when he was seated under his favorite tree and she on a bench beside him, he noticed that her lively talk had come to an end. Perhaps she was listening to the night sounds from tree and field.

"There's our friend the owl."

She glanced at him quickly. "What did you say, father?"

"The old owl, my dear. His first hoot this evening."

Master Villon drew a long breath.

"It's an exceptionally fine evening, Joan. The weather in this part of France," he continued, maneuvering for position, "is at all seasons gracious; but where I used to live, in the north, we had fogs and sharp changes—cold one day, hot the next."

"How very unpleasant, father!"

He tried again: "Weather affects the character of us all, I think. The seasons too. People who in winter are notably reliable often become nervous in the spring. Don't you?"

"Never, father! I'm the same all the time."

"In my youth," said Master Villon rather weakly, "I was aware of the spring."

For a moment neither spoke, then Joan looked at him.

"Father—are you troubled about something? Is there anything you wish to tell me?"

He cleared his throat. "Where I used to live," he said, "there were many unfortunate girls who hadn't been well brought up. It was the fault of their parents."

She laughed. "Am I like them? I'd never call myself unfortunate!"

"Their habits are vicious," said he, "yet often they are attractive to look at, and for a while they think themselves happy. They learn the truth in their later years, after thirty or so."

He paused so long, thinking of Isabel and Catherine and one or two others, that Joan asked for a more detailed account of what unfortunate girls learn at thirty, on the edge of old age.

"They find out what men think of them."

"Father, didn't they know that all along?"

"My child, it's easy to trust men while you're young. Their promises ring true, particularly in the spring. These unlucky girls begin with the only man in the world, and after he has left them they find another only man, and then another. At the end they find nothing but old age. Sometimes they have a child, though they are not married."

He was surprised, even shocked, that his sentiments were in close accord with the lectures of his own father, the chaplain of St. Benoit. Was he, too, growing timid, or had he misjudged the chaplain? Could you live courageously for yourself, yet through affection tell your child to be cautious?

"Father, perhaps when the men promise, they intend to be faithful, but they change, or the girl does. Of course you shouldn't trust a man. No girl really does. But you can love, and trust yourself."

At this ripe sense, so nearly in his own vein, Master Villon fell speechless. Evidently Joan was as yet heart-free, and for that he was thankful; but where had she gathered her wisdom?

"Few women, or men either," he went on more firmly, "know the peculiar nature of love. Love is a god—as I used to read when I was at the university—a being some of us are born to worship. But the lover is no god, though he will seem so. For that reason those who persist in the worship of love are sure to be martyrs."

"Father, how ridiculous! Suppose they both loved—really did?"

He shook his head. "It would be too beautiful for this world. One of them would die."

Joan held her tongue, with the tolerance of the healthy for the sick.

"There's another side of it, daughter. Too many young men, like the boys you know in Saint-Maixent, are not lovers at all but woman-hunters, looking always for a new victim. Among themselves they talk over the chase afterward, comparing the ease with which this girl and that fell prey to their skill. I wouldn't speak of such matters, but you probably haven't had occasion to know this danger—"

"Why, father, you weren't listening when I told you about the butcher's son-in-law! The butcher found him in the lane with that girl who keeps house for the carpenter!"

MASTER VILLON was, to his annoyance, thrown off-balance by the illustration, particularly since she told it with a laugh in her voice. He wished he could be sure the merry tone sprang from extreme innocence.

He tried to order his thoughts and make one more attempt with Joan. The evening calm settled again.

"Are you in love with Gerard? I was thinking—I've been troubled by the idea more than once—he might whistle for you some day, and you might lose your wits and believe it was the divine signal and run to him."

Joan seemed amused. "He's a nice boy—but a boy."

"Surely a boy," said Master Villon, "but how nice is another matter. If you answered his whistle, you would find out. Tell me. Has he decided what he will work at?"

She smiled frankly. "He won't choose any work if he can help it. His father, he says, has done enough work for two."

"When he says that, what do you answer?"

"I tell him he's lazy. He is."

Master Villon chose his ground carefully. “A boy shouldn’t be judged entirely by his behavior in school, and heaven knows I was a queer schoolmaster, but he seemed to me unreliable.”

Joan nodded her agreement. “I never count on him. I know he’ll keep his word if he can.”

“If he finds it convenient,” said Master Villon.

Joan accepted the correction. “He does lean to whatever’s comfortable.”

“Then let me ask why you consider him a nice boy?”

Joan brushed her hair off her forehead and sat up straight on the bench. “He has done nothing important and perhaps he never will. But what I like about Gerard is his daring, his enjoyment of every moment, his gay spirits.”

MASTER VILLON had his voice under control. “I suppose you never saw it in any one else.”

“Only in him,” said she. “The other boys are as timid as old men.”

She must have heard his gasp of astonishment.

“Timid is the wrong word, father, and I didn’t mean to criticize you. You’re not really old. But don’t you think a young man is better off if he isn’t so anxious never to make a mistake? You can’t be very attractive, can you, if you always count the cost, always draw back from a risk, always protect your skin?”

“But after that inventory of his charms, would you say he’d make a safe husband?”

She shook her head. “He’s the last thing I’d call safe! Exciting—but never safe.”

“And you want excitement?”

“Father, you keep asking about my wants—who told you I was discontented? When the right moment comes I’ll fall in love, I suppose. Which one of the boys in this town should I marry?”

He couldn’t pick out a notable candidate. “The right man will come along—be patient.”

“You came along, how many years ago? No one has settled in Saint-Maixent since that day. And you were already married.”

He had no answer, so inquired:

“Isn’t it your bedtime, daughter?”

“So early, father? This beautiful evening!”

But she rose to kiss him good night.

“Rest well, daughter!”

She delayed a moment. “Is there such a thing, father, as forgetting what love is like? If people are married they must have been in love, but some of them stare at you when they hear the word, and some speak only of danger and shame.”

“I, for instance?”

“I wondered why you were so bitter. Weren’t you and mother happy? You never speak of her.”

Was he happy with Catherine! His buried wrath came to life.

“You ask to know about your mother?”

“Tell me!”

He couldn’t. The earnest young face looking up at him, with all laughter gone, revealed dreams that he had implanted. He couldn’t kill them now.

“It’s hard to speak of her, child. But if you imagine her as beautiful and good—and—what your mother should be, you can’t go wrong.”

She kissed him, more affectionately than before.

“About love I said nothing bitter,” he went on. “When I was young I was poor. Without love I should have had nothing but hunger, the mud of the streets, a cold wind on my body. But even a beggar, if the spell of love is on him, lives in a golden world, and he will sing for gratitude.”

“Enchantment,” said Joan.

“Enchantment,” echoed her father.

“And you think it is nothing but that? Did you wake up and see the mud and feel the cold?”

Master Villon smiled. “Who’s bitter about love now? I’m trying to show that I haven’t forgotten. I did wake up, but that was my error, and I always was honest enough to confess my weakness, and fall in love again. No mortal can come nearer to the perfect life.”

“Are you in love now?”

When he answered he was smiling. “In spite of my years I am in love now—with you.”

As she opened her lips to ask another question, the old owl sounded once more, with surprising insistence. She bethought her of the hour.

“I’ll get no sleep at all! Good night, father!”

He waved his hand after her as she hurried into the house. She would be, some day, a remarkable woman, himself over again for zest in experience.

He must take Joan to Paris! Why hadn’t he seen that sooner? You couldn’t keep anything from that girl. If Paris was there, better show it to her yourself.

Again the owl’s hoot pierced the night.

In a moment he would take him to his bed, but it was a temptation to linger in the midst of this blessed security.

HIS mind, for some reason, was not satisfied with the owl. Its call now was what even a city ear would expect, but that sharp noise that had sent Joan to her room—out of what kind of throat had it come? He walked quickly to the house door.

“Joan!” he called. “Joan!”

She did not answer. He ran upstairs to her room.

There was no sign that she had been there that evening. She was gone.

Master Villon stood under the low roof. As though the blade of truth had cut to the heart, he knew beyond doubt that she was his child.

His resentment died, as he felt a glow of pride that she had courage and would endure no fetters, not even of affection.

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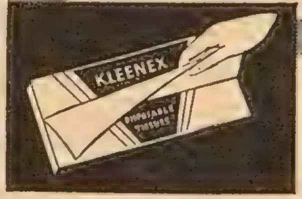

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DEATH *in the* DARK

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

THE state policeman's face was flat-cheeked, sharply angled, rigid, as though carved from wood.

" I—" Morgan began. " I'm—" He held his breath and waited. In one clear second of understanding he knew the man was about to shoot.

Morgan pointed to the hole before him. The other thrust a foot against the overturned heap of brush. It rolled down upon the pit and hid it.

" Get going," the man said in that flat, dire voice, and nodded downhill. He let Morgan pass, and followed him, gun still ready. They went along without further speech.

Another figure swam into the nightmare. The hunter with whom Morgan had talked a half hour earlier appeared on the path before them. His eyes were gleeful; his face was wrinkled with a gloating smile.

" It's him," he begged. " It's him, ain't it? Like I told you. It's Arthur! "

He brought no clarifying sanity with him, but Morgan felt safer for his presence. Behind, the trooper growled:

" Not Arthur. It's the other one."

The hunter walked before them, gabbling over his shoulder about the reward. Morgan scarcely heeded his speech or his captor's answers. Questions began to prick his mind, stirring it. Where was England? Who was this sergeant? Why was he so certain of Morgan's guilt? Had the brush pile and the ghastly thing it hid been only a trap?

They went on downhill. Morgan saw the lichened roof of the sugarhouse through the trees. A man stepped out of a thicket and stood in the path, waiting for them. It was Dr. Keegan who watched their approach. It was Keegan who looked him in the face with serious eyes, nodded, and asked the trooper:

" You got him, I see—er, sergeant. Any trouble? "

" None."

He nodded and licked his lips as the man in sergeant's uniform spoke. The doctor might be at a bedside, for all the emotion he showed. He even carried, Morgan now marked, a satchel.

The sergeant nagged at his captive's memory. The bronze circles on his collar tabs showed he belonged to F Troop. That was why the prisoner did not recognize him. Yet he was not quite a stranger. Morgan had seen the man before.

Morgan protested: " There's been some—some ghastly mix-up, I tell you. I'm a friend of Harry England. You know him. He's sergeant in your own troop. I was to meet him up yonder on the hill. He'll tell you—"

He bogged down. His earnestness seemed to touch only the hunter, who looked at his stricken face, nodded, and said:

" Mebbe he's right, gents. That's what he told me, anyways. Asked if I'd seen Sergeant England up on the hill."

" Now listen," the sergeant told him. " Who are you? Where do you live? "

" Gabe Hand," the hunter replied. " Over t'other side of Maybrook. Yellow house on the swamp road."

The sergeant nodded.

" I know. You go home. There'll be a cut in the reward, maybe all of it, coming to you when we catch Arthur. If you keep still till we get him. If you spill a word to any one, not a nickel! "

Hand nodded so hard his cap went askew. Then doubt dulled the glitter in his eyes.

" Sure," he promised. " I'll say nothing. But s'pose some one else shoots off his face—this Sergeant England, or some one."

" I belong to Troop F," the sergeant nodded. " You heard this lug say it. There isn't any Sergeant England in that troop—or the department. England, you sap, is Arthur."

Hand's face went blank.

" Well, gee! " he said. " Well, by gosh! "

He waved his hand and went shambling up the hill. Keegan and Morgan's captor listened carefully to his progress. Morgan's heart beat strongly; the sickly fear of the unknown had gone. He looked again, with eyes he strove to keep cowed and vague, at the sergeant's uniform.

On the cuff of the right sleeve, just above the hand that still gripped the gun, he found what he had seen before. It comforted him to stare at the small stain that was his sole ally—at the brown smear that might be the whole mystery's key, if Morgan could find the wit to use it. He knew what had caused that mark. It had been gore from an ill-used nose—England's nose, England's blood, England's uniform.

These two had jumped poor Harry England while he dug down toward the brush pile's ghastly secret. They had stunned him and they held him somewhere while Keegan's accomplice masqueraded in his uniform. Or

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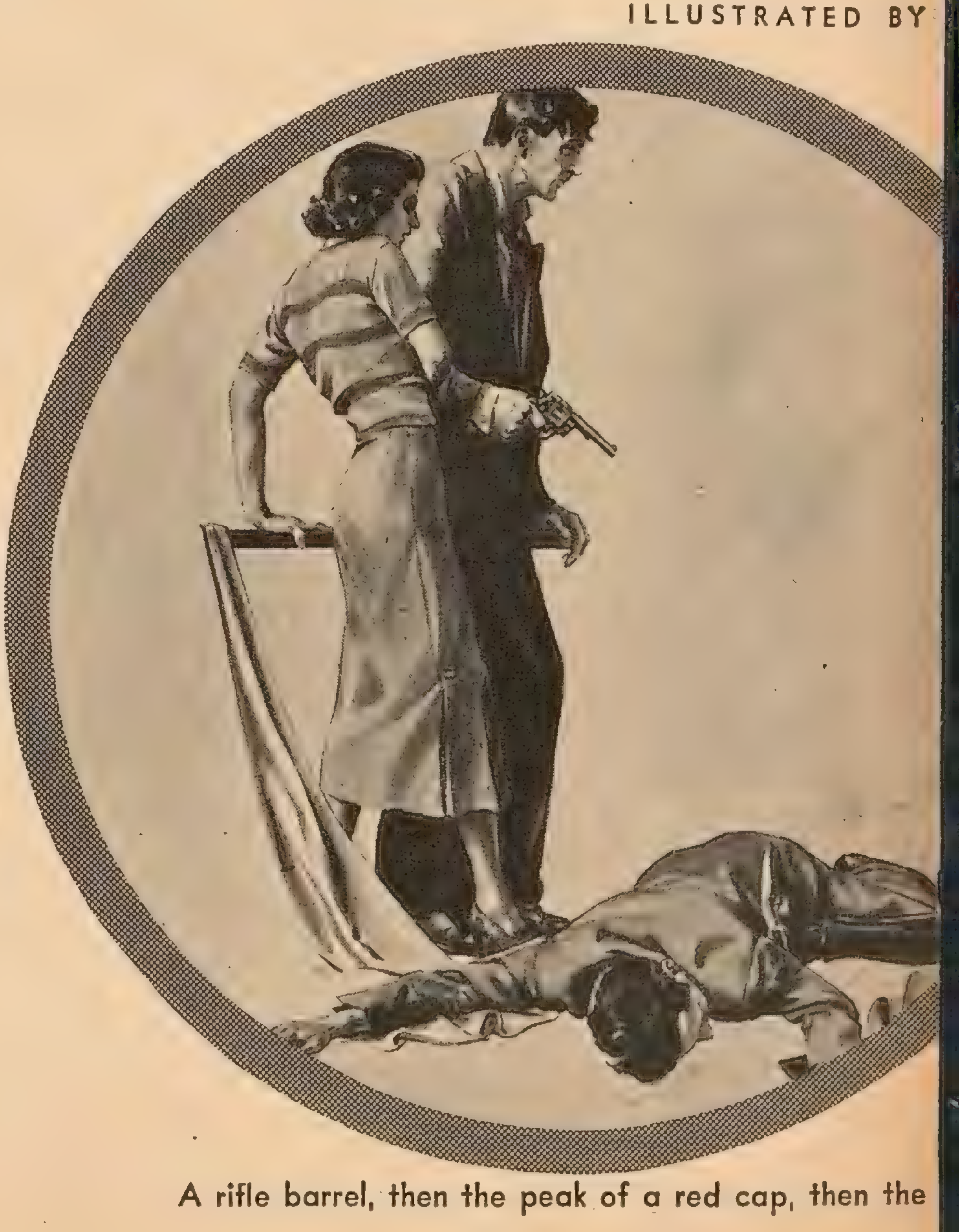


A rifle barrel, then the peak of a red cap, then the

Love triumphs, mystery clears—Now comes the story's smashing climax

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES

they had killed him and hidden the body. Morgan tried to measure the chance that England still lived. His captor was glaring at him. Morgan's eyes slid away and he cowered. The man stepped nearer and thrust him forward.

" March! Down the path and toward the Keegan house. And no monkey business, or you'll stop something you didn't start."

Morgan moved on. The masquerader followed. Keegan picked up the bag and fell in behind. They marched downhill, a little stiff procession. But Morgan had seen, for a split second, the mock trooper's profile, and something in his mind had flared and burned there now, warming him.

He knew the man at last. The troublesome feeling that he should place him, yet could not, had been swept away. The half disguise of gray uniform and slouch hat served no longer. It was Flash Arthur—thief, escaped convict, murderer—who walked at his heels!

And Dr. Keegan, the smooth practitioner, the triumphant wooer, padded along behind the jailbird and killer. The bag he bore? Morgan had it now. It was clear and plain. Within that bag was Arthur's loot—the Larkspur jewels. They had been hidden here, after all. But where?

The sugarhouse was above them, squatting humbly on its mound. Morgan remembered the tools he had found there the night before. That was where the jewels had been hidden, under the packed earth of the floor.

He looked up at the cabin. He wondered if England lay within. Behind him a voice said, " Get on! "

They were marching him to the house, to kill him more safely there. Morgan wondered at his lack of fear. Struggle was useless with a gun at his back. Only Keegan's great caution had kept him alive thus far. Meanwhile the sober rhythm of the march steadied him. He slipped back again into piecing the puzzle.

Keegan had hidden and protected Arthur. One of them had gone to the sugarhouse, the night before, with the pick and shovel. Morgan's strife with England had driven the man away. When the house had been emptied that noon, the doctor and Arthur together had dug up the loot.

Morgan's stomach was cold and his knees and ankles quaked at each step. Keegan said in a hushed voice:

" Look out! "

Morgan turned his head and saw Cynthia Drummond standing by the corner of the garage.

Relief rose in him, and fell again, leaving him more frightened than before. He had been sure the girl had gone back to town. Yet there she stood, and the danger that compassed him now wrapped her too.

Morgan heard Arthur cursing steadily beneath his breath. He glanced over his shoulder at the bleak face, the slitted eyes, the scarlike mouth.

Panic numbed Morgan. For a moment he did not even understand what the girl cried out:

" Tony, Tony! Wally's gone. He isn't in his room—or anywhere! "

Her voice was piercing. Her face was bleak with fear. Morgan heard Keegan draw in breath. Then he said quite calmly:

" It's quite all right, my dear. Of course he's gone. In an ambulance."

" Oh," she said. " Oh! " And clung to the top rail of the weed-grown cowyard. She did not seem to see the gray-uniformed figure, gun in hand, or even Morgan. The aftermath of fright shook her again.

" But—but the bandages. They're all over his room."

ARTHUR, standing stiff and alert, mumbled something that the doctor did not heed. Keegan told the girl, still in that quiet voice:

" Naturally, Cynthia. I changed the dressings before we took him to the hospital."

Cynthia rested her head upon the rail for an instant and gave a broken laugh.

" Whew! I was scared. You might have left a note or something."

" I didn't think," Keegan said, " that you'd be back—before I was."

Arthur's eyes had strayed for an instant. Morgan stirred. They snapped back. The trigger finger tightened. Neither moved again.

Cynthia looked from Keegan to the man in uniform and his prisoner. It was clear she saw them now for the first time. She asked, in slow disbelief:

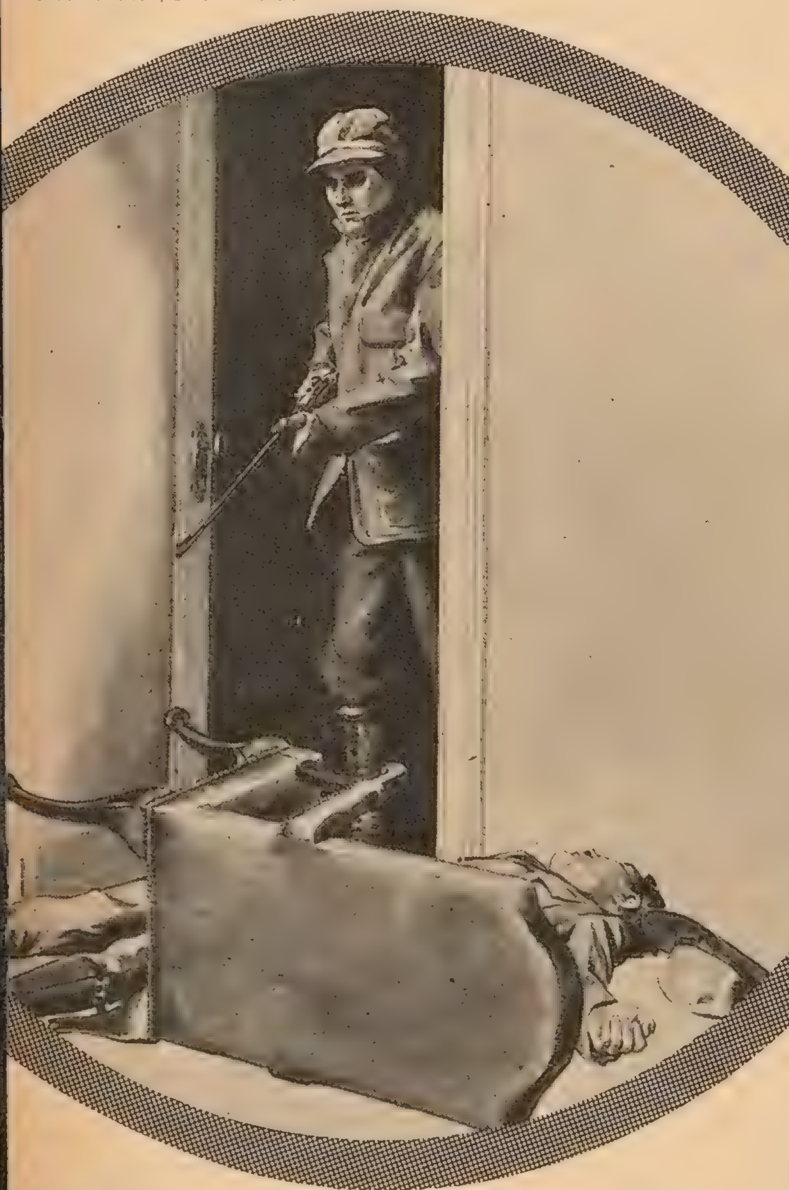
" Tony, what's happened? It can't—"

Her voice ran down. Keegan muttered to Arthur:

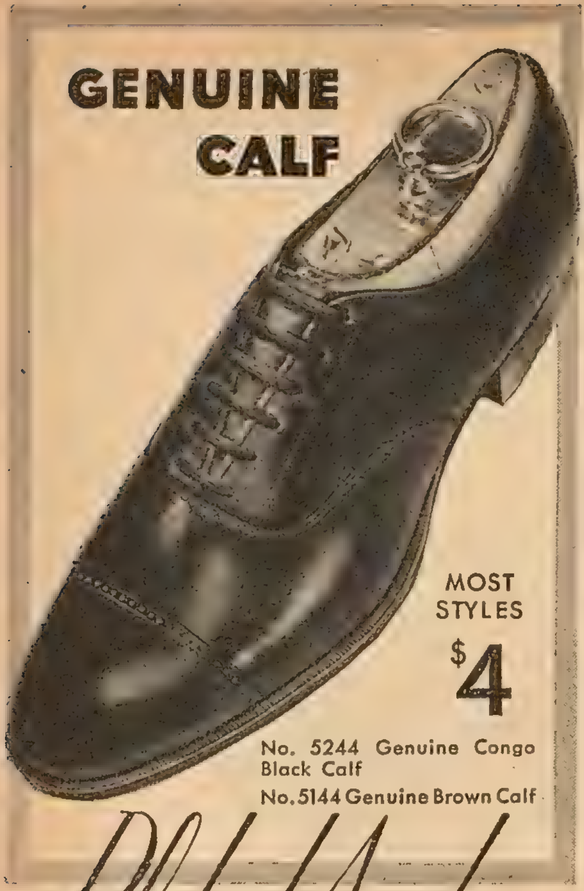
" I'll handle this." He smiled at Cynthia and shrugged. " Suppose we go into the house. I'll tell you there."

She did not seem to hear him. Her eyes were dark and large in a white, still face. Her fright smote Morgan.

SEWELL BOOTH



ace of Gabe Hand were thrust around the jamb.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He found himself once more bogged down in nightmare. His own plight had enveloped her. She was in danger, and he could do nothing.

Struggle here would surely end in his death, and afterward what means would Arthur take to close her mouth? Keegan had a plan. Keegan, Morgan felt, would save her, if he could. Arthur's pistol prodded his captive's ribs again.

"Can't you hear?" the man asked. "Get going!"

The girl and Keegan led the way across the back yard. He spoke rapidly in her ear with, ever and again, a backward glance.

Thought of Cynthia drew Morgan from the edge of panic. He had a double task now. First, to shield her; second, to save himself if he could.

As they entered the living room, Keegan said to Cynthia, with the sting of scorn in each word:

"My earlier suspicion, my dear, apparently was justified. We found this man, with pick and shovel, up on the maple knoll. A hole had been dug in the sugarhouse floor. This was what had been hidden there. It's the jewelry Arthur buried."

He lifted the earth-stained satchel and thumped it on the table. He fumbled with the catches. The girl looked at Morgan. He saw wretchedness in her eyes. She tried to speak. At last she said:

"I don't believe it."

She begged Morgan for support. He did not dare speak, for fear he would say too much. Keegan shook his head and turned the open bag upside down upon the table.

"See for yourself," he said, lifted it and smiled.

THE uncased Larkspur jewels lay in a heap before them. Behind him Morgan heard Arthur's hard breathing. Cynthia stared at the wealth, heaped like rubbish upon the table, and stepped back, as though frightened, toward the fireplace mantel. The fire irons clattered as she bumped against them.

Keegan relatched the bag and said:

"I must drive them to barracks. May we borrow your car? Mine hasn't been brought back."

She looked from him to Morgan. The doctor went on quickly:

"It's important, Cynthia. And another thing is even more so. No one must know that this man has been arrested. You must not tell even your father till Arthur is caught. The police will have him by tomorrow. Promise me you will say no word to any one until I come back—tomorrow afternoon at the latest."

"Yes," Cynthia said reluctantly, "I promise."

"Then," Arthur said at the door, "let's go."

Keegan glanced at him, and Morgan saw self-approval in the doctor's clever eyes. Keegan took up the bag and said quickly to Cynthia:

"I'll leave your car in Atlas. I'll have some one bring your father home. Simply tell him that this man Morgan has vanished — nothing more."

Morgan met her eyes.

"I'll be back," he bragged. "I'll have the chevrons off this lug's arms and bring them to you. If he weren't dumber than most sergeants, he'd know I didn't do it. I'm—"

Keegan opened the door and stepped back. He paused between Morgan and Arthur. His eyes shone.

"You'd better," he warned, "be thinking up a story to tell Captain Dover. Come on!"

"Coming," Morgan answered—and hit him.

Fist smashed on jawbone. The shock of the blow ran up Morgan's arm, sang in his brain. Keegan's head flew back. Keegan's body followed. It crashed into Arthur, who staggered. Morgan leaped in.

ALREADY the doctor was falling. Arthur, by instinct, had held him for an instant. Now he had let go. He tore free the gun hand caught in Keegan's armpit. Over the physician's shoulder his face was a clear mark. Morgan let drive.

Arthur grunted. He lurched forward. Keegan's body tripped him. He fell, but he caught Morgan about the knees. The house shook at the crash. Arthur beat Morgan's skull with both hands. Both hands! Where, then, was the gun?

Arthur's wild hammering ceased. His arms and legs locked around Morgan's body and held him tight. The gun! Where was the gun? A voice in Morgan jabbered this frantically, endlessly.

Cloth rasped his cheek as he turned his head. He saw a table looming above them, and beneath it, where the shock of Keegan's collision had flung it, the revolver shone coldly on the carpet.

Morgan's wild battle glee had burned away into a sterner fury. His course was straight. He had a single job. He must kill Arthur before the reviving Keegan got the gun. Morgan thrashed and wrenched, gasping; but the pressure of arms and legs stayed, and, as though Arthur had read his thought, the man grunted:

"Tony, the gun."

Morgan still could see the weapon. He heard Cynthia cry "No!" in a feeble voice, and he knew that Keegan crept toward it.

The knowledge woke panic. There was a double thump and a hiss of driven breath as Arthur's shoulders and skull hit the floor.

Into the small fogged circle of Morgan's vision, centered by the bright revolver, came palms and hands and arms that moved like the tread of some ungainly, incredible bird. Keegan crawled toward the weapon. One hand groped beneath the table.

Morgan lifted Arthur's head and banged it down. The floor boomed like a smitten drum. The scissors grip about his legs gave way. Arthur's face lost its set, savage grin. Morgan saw, as he beat the skull upon the boards, how pain, then fear, twisted the features and faded out, leaving them dull. Harsh glee lifted Morgan beyond fear. He waited, while he raised and brought down that lolling head, once more, for Keegan's shot. The thump, this time, had a dull echo. He turned to face the gun. Keegan's hand was on it. His fingers were around the butt. Neither they, nor the outstretched arm, nor the man who lay, face down, stirred.

Still unbelieving, Morgan rolled from Arthur's body and got to his knees. He had to hold fast to the table, for fury spent had left him cold and weak. Keegan lay still. Cynthia stood above him with the fire tongs in her hand.

Morgan clung to the table's edge and tried to speak. The girl shuddered and looked at him like one just wakened. Then she dropped her weapon, crossed the room, and, leaning her arms on the mantel, laid her head upon them. Her shoulders quivered.

Understanding trickled slowly into Morgan's empty mind. As though he feared that sudden movement, even speech, might shatter this dream, he went and stood near her. He touched her arm.

"I—" he began timidly, and could say no more. She lifted a face, dry-eyed, twitching. Her voice was a crackling whisper:

"Go! It's your chance now. I've—"

He could not believe she was in his arms. He never knew how it came about. Yet her lithe young body strained against his, and her arms were hungry, and he felt her tears on his own cheek.

"I can't let you go," she muttered, in small bits of speech. "I need you. I know there is reason—reason for what you've done. And even—even if there isn't—I mustn't lose you—now."

SHE cried on his shoulder as simply as a small child. He did not understand her. He did not try.

She clung to him and lifted her face. Her mouth was remedy for all the world's woes. She faltered, at last, close to his ear:

"May I—go with you? Nothing else matters. It's so—very important."

"Go?" he repeated. "Where, beloved?"

Cynthia thrust herself away and looked up at his dazed face. She shook her head, afraid to hope, and pointed at the earth-stained bag beside the door, at the men who sprawled on the floor. She could not speak, but her vague gesture brought Morgan understanding.

"You think that—" he began stupidly. Keegan stirred and caught breath. Morgan bent over the doctor and drew the revolver from his hand. He unlocked the cylinder, spun it and snapped it back. For a long instant he did not try to break by words this miraculous moment life would not bring again. Then he looked at Cynthia and straightway was humble.

He held the pistol toward her by its muzzle. She hesitated, then took it.

"Will you watch—our friends?" he asked gently. "I must telephone. You're—a very swell person."

Morgan phoned barracks, then he walked around the stunned physician to reach Cynthia. He took her free hand in both of his. It was cold.

"I'll explain it all," he promised. "Even if it takes the rest of our lives. We've that time together now, haven't we, Cynthia?"

"Yes," she said, and lifted her face. Then she caught her breath and turned. Some one had opened a door in the hall.

MORGAN listened an instant and took the pistol from her.

"It's quite all right," he whispered. "Nothing can hurt us now."

He called: "Who's there?"

"Me," a voice answered, and feet clumped nearer. A rifle barrel, then the peak of a red cap, then the face of Gabe Hand were thrust around the jamb. The deer hunter looked hard at Morgan and apologetically at Cynthia.

"Kitchen door," he explained, "was open, so I come on in. I—whoa!"

He took a backward step and looked from Arthur and Keegan to Morgan.

"Both of 'em, b'gosh! Are they dead? Sergeant England'd be dead, too, if it hadn't been for me."

Morgan's head jerked up. He had scant breath to ask:

"England? You found him? Where is he?"

Hand nodded and in his own time answered the questions:

"Knowed him ever since he was a trooper first an' helped me ketch the no-good who was stealin' my chickens. This feller in his uniform was too smart, tellin' me there wasn't no such person. Didn't fool me none, but"—he gulped over the confession—"he scared me a mite. He was real ready with that gun.

"So I went on up the hill. I'd seen them two first by the sugarhouse. I says to myself, 'Somethin' crooked's goin' on, an' if this young feller is right an' the sergeant is missin', that's where they got him, or his corpse, hid."

. . . . .

Keegan stirred and mumbled. Cynthia caught Morgan's arm. Hand backed a step toward the door, and then went on, his rifle trained from the hip upon the now silent doctor:

"So I go uphill and watch till they march you off. Then I sneak back to the sugarhouse. It's empty. Nobody answers when I call; but over in the corner the sugar wood ain't stacked quite right. It looks a bigger heap. And when I get close to it I see a kinda trickle runnin' at its bottom. It's blood. Then," Hand added proudly, after a pause, "I s'pected somethin' was wrong. 'Twas, too. Sergeant England was hid under the wood, tied an' gagged an'—"

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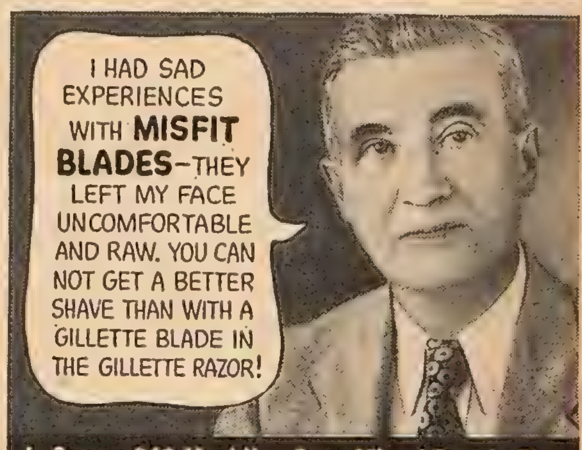

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They heard a car race up the drive. It stopped with a screech of brakes and a snarl of gravel. The front door banged open. Sergeant Duff stared at Morgan, and over his shoulder peered Kelly's freckled face.

"Where's"—excitement and doubt made Duff's voice thick—"where's Arthur?"

"There," Morgan answered, and pointed.

The sergeant mumbled something, looked at Cynthia, added "Excuse me" aloud, and squatted beside the body. Kelly turned Keegan over on his back. The doctor gurgled. His eyelids flickered. Duff glared at Morgan.

"Where's England?"

"Out in the garodge," squalled Gabe Hand. "Brought him that far, an' he sort of wilted. An' that ought to give me a slice of the reward because—"

Morgan pushed him aside. Duff bade Kelly, "Watch it," and followed.

A man in wrinkled civilian clothes sat on the lowest step of the garage stairs. He waved weakly to Duff, but he grinned up at Morgan:

"Been seasick again, but I'm over it now. Jack, I was afraid they'd got you."

"I—we got them," Morgan answered gruffly, and bent to slip an arm about his shoulders.

"And a very good job for an amateur cop," England told Duff. "Easy. Not quite yet. Let me pull—what's left of me together first. The next time I try to do B. of I. work in uniform—"

He hiccuped and shook his head.

"The one Arthur's got on now?" Duff asked. "How come, Harry?"

"We swapped—sort of," England answered with a wry grin. "Here's one for you to answer, Duff. I'm in Arthur's clothes. How come there's a label in the coat that reads 'Wallace Strake'?"

The question shook Morgan's thoughts into a new, clear pattern. He heard himself blurt:

"It's Strake up there under the brush pile. It's been Arthur that Keegan has been hiding upstairs, in bed, bandaged!"

Duff grunted. England nodded and said to him gravely:

"You know, this egg might make a cop, with time and care. If you two will help now, grampaw thinks he maybe can totter to the house."

They saw, as they helped England along the hall, another patrol car and two motorcycles at the door. The living room seemed filled with gray-uniformed men. The rumble of low speech stopped as the three entered.

ARTHUR lay on the sofa, one limp arm trailing overside. Kelly and another trooper looked up from the open satchel they had set upon the table. A third man, who talked to a doctor over the telephone, twisted about to see. Two more lounged near the chair where Keegan now slumped.

Duff took charge.

"It's one for the book," he told the company. "Arthur comes here. Keegan disguises him with bandages, kills his patient, and puts Arthur in his place."

Keegan looked up. He said:

"A lie!"

Duff grinned.

"I suppose you don't know a thing about it, eh? Never saw that mug till this minute?"

Keegan looked straight ahead and said, to no one:

"Arthur's my brother. Wallace Strake was dead when Arthur came here."

A stir rose in the room like wind through leaves. The trooper who had finished his telephone talk with some physician rose from his chair. England glanced up at Morgan and then repeated thoughtfully:

"Your brother? Flash Arthur—Artie Keegan! I'm warning you that what you say may be used against you. And you're the liar, doctor. Arthur Keegan died in South America."

"That," said Keegan, still looking and speaking into empty space, "was my belief until he came here, an escaped convict. It was not a—wholly pleasant surprise. I did not kill Strake. He died from injuries in a car accident."

England turned his crimson-bandaged head and muttered to the F Troop corporal, who pulled a chair to the table and began to write. At length the sergeant asked:

"But, after Strake died, you hid the body?"

"In the closet, yes. And put Arthur, bandaged as Strake had been, in his place."

"But it was Arthur, not you, who took the body out that night and buried it beneath the brush pile? And it was Arthur, not you, who killed Baxter?"

Keegan had let go of both hope and fear. Utter defeat had made him immune. He was a machine giving automatic answers at the impulse of questions. Now he said:

"We dressed Strake's body in Arthur's clothes. We carried it out together. The dog gave us some trouble. I imagine he waked Baxter. Arthur met Baxter in the hall when we came back, and—stabbed him."

Morgan caught his breath. The dead voice cleared the whole picture—Baxter's encounter with the bandaged and fearful thing; his wife's glimpse of the blank white face—"all glimmery-like"—that floated upstairs in the gloom; Arthur's complete safety, masked and in the dead man's place. He found himself asking:

"The dog Hamlet had belonged to your brother?"

"Yes. Arthur bought him years ago. I killed Hamlet"—there was faint irony in the voice—"because he smelt Arthur's clothing and—bothered the place where we had buried Strake."

MORGAN'S mind ran further. It had been Arthur who had gone uphill the night before, to hide the hole Hamlet had dug beside the brush and the bloodstain that marked the place of the Great Dane's death. He had left the tools in the sugarhouse to retrieve, on his return, the treasure buried there.

England asked: "Did you hide Arthur because he was your brother or because he told you he had that bag"—he nodded at it—"hidden near here and promised you a share?"

Color crept up into Keegan's slack face.

And that, Morgan thought, with an odd, empty feeling, made the last doubt plain. The doctor had been bankrupt or worse. He and his fugitive brother had formed this complex plot that appeared so simple now. Morgan patted England's shoulder. "I'll be back," he promised, and left.

He tiptoed through hall, dining room, pantry, and kitchen. Cynthia was not there. He stole upstairs and rapped on her door.

She was standing by the window when he entered, and the afternoon sunlight cast a glory about her. She faced him with a small uncertain smile. He blurted:

"I had to find you."

Her breath came fast. Her voice was husky.

"I couldn't stand it. It's wrong to be sorry for him, I know—but he looked so dazed and—and trapped. Is it certain that he's—guilty?"

He knew she spoke of Keegan, and felt a trace of the old jealousy sting him. He stepped toward her, and saw her eyes flame. Then he checked himself.

"While we live," he begged solemnly, "let's never have any more misunderstanding. Answer me, my dear: Did he ever—mean anything to you?"

Her winged eyebrows stirred.

"Do you really think he did?" she asked.

"I did only today. I was not eavesdropping on purpose, Cynthia. I heard only what he said."

Her eyes fell and then met his again.

"If—if you'd heard my answer, you wouldn't have been such a—a goof."

Her hands closed tightly on his. Her eyes were half closed as she lifted her face. Some one knocked on the door.

"Damn," said Morgan. He went and opened it.

Sergeant Duff grinned at his scowl. "Sorry," said he. "Captain's downstairs. He wants to see you."

"You tell Captain Dover—" Morgan began, gulped, and began again. "No, don't tell him that. Just say I'll be down in a minute—or a few minutes. And—and shut the door after you."

"No hurry," Duff said as he obeyed. "Take your own time—corporal!"

THE END

WHEN GHOSTS ARE GAY

In antic mood, the movies give you a pair of spirit cutups—Miss Arthur plays a Sennettish Cinderella

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ TOPPER

THE PLAYERS: Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, Arthur Lake, Hedda Hopper, Virginia Sale, Theodore Von Eltz, J. Farrell MacDonald, Elaine Shepard, Doodles Weaver, Si Jenks. Screen play by Jack Jevne, Eric Hatch, and Eddie Moran from the novel by Thorne Smith. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 97 minutes.

THIS is in the mad, fantastically humorous mood of Thorne Smith. Here you see a rich young couple, gay wasters both, killed in an automobile accident. Then you watch their restless spirits try to find themselves over there, incidentally to lead a dull, nervous, prosaic banker friend to some sort of new happiness. Before they get through with Mr. Topper he has made all the front pages of the nation's tabloids—and his bored wife is in love with him again.

You never have seen two spirits wander through a comedy before, vanishing and reappearing as the occasion requires, putting hotel detectives in their places, administering well placed but invisible kicks to baffled bellhops, raising havoc with a garish hotel lobby, generally turning a lot of staid earthly lives upside down.

Maybe this Thorne Smith version of the hereafter is a little too flip for you. But Constance Bennett and Cary Grant make as personable a duo of wraiths as ever materialized to open a bottle of champagne. And Roland Young is delightful as their good deed. If you ever see anything funnier than the numb, alcoholic Mr. Topper staggering, supported by invisible hands, through a crowded, startled hotel lobby, please wire your Beverly Hills.

VITAL STATISTICS: Thorne Smith left off writing ads to do a series of fantastic-whimsl-laden novels designed to unrepress the tired commuter. Became a best seller overnight. Died young and suddenly a year or so ago, at his writing and financial tops. . . . Eric Hatch, who helped adapt Topper, plays a banker bit in the Bankers' Special scene. . . . Connie Bennett attends only polo games; plays splendid tennis at better country clubs. Her dinner table always has at least one maharajah and one prince, always is set with fourteen pieces of silverware per plate, and all the wines are served. Is fond of children, her gardenia garden, her several thousand bottles of perfumes, the Social Register, which she uses the way you and I do the phone book. Has little interest in national affairs, much in vital statistics and headline gossip. Has been thrice married. Can sing. Got a mere $20,000 for mugging this—small goobers to her who has earned $30,000 a week. . . . Alan Mowbray commuted to the Wanger studios during this to play with the other Bennett, Joanie, in Vogues. Well fed, happy, prosperous, smoothly married to actress Lorayne Carpenter, Mowbray is an ebullient set raconteur. Was an aviating leftenant in the R. A. F.; came to this country in '23; has played in so many movies he's lost count. . . . Billie Burke is a Washington, D. C.er. Was named Etherbert at birth, but took on Billie, her circus-clown father's name. Sent to England to store up knowledge, she acquired that English accent which has never left her and which is at once her charm and annoyance. First stage job was imitating the English great. Later she became an international star, wowing 'em on every continent with her delicate virginal beauty. Death ended her twenty years of married life to Flo Ziegfeld. Has a dotter Patricia. She likes to daily dozen, swim, and tennis. . . . Hedda Hopper's doing a gossip colyum on the air. . . . Cary Grant, who is Percival Leach, goes in for swimming, bag punching, handball, tennis, sun bathing, sailing, baching it. . . . Roland Young has staged since 1908. Screen debutted as Watson, opposite John Barrymore, in Sherlock Holmes. . . . Theodore Von Eltz, who plays a hotel clerk, used to be a John Gilbert threat; J. Farrell MacDonald has been a forceful of cops; has yet to play one who didn't have a heart of gold or whimsl. . . . They call Eugene Pallette's a rain-barrel voice, as distinct from Andy Devine's gravel throat. It's unforced, perfectly natural. Pallette used to have a matinee idol's figure and an angel's voice; has since become 235 pounds of croak and comedy. . . . Hal Roach is a four-goal polo player.

Wall Street Titan Edward Arnold and stenographer Jean Arthur in the amusing comedy Easy Living.

★ ★ ★ EASY LIVING

THE PLAYERS: Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, Ray Milland, Luis Alberni, Franklin Pangborn, Mary Nash, Marsha Hunt, Lee Bowman, Barlowe Borland, William Demarest, Andrew Tombes, William B. Davidson, Esther Dale, Nora Cecil, Harlan Briggs, Robert Murphy. Screen play by Preston Sturges from a story by Vera Caspary. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 88 minutes.

ANOTHER fantastic comedy in the I Met Him in Paris mood and tempo. It is Cinderella as Mack Sennett might have imagined her. A lovely $58,000 sable coat is hurled from a rooftop by the angry king of Wall Street, Junius Brutus Ball, irate over his wife's spending, and lands on the shoulders of stenographer Mary Smith atop a Fifth Avenue bus en route to work.

That coat is an Aladdin's lamp to Mary. True, it costs her a job with The Youth's Constant Companion when she appears in her expensive coat, but crafty and ambitious hotel- and shop-keepers learn that the sable came from Titan Ball—and are happy to suspect the worst. To curry favor with J. B., they force hotel suites, gifts, tips on the market upon the amazed Miss Smith. And Mary innocently turns the market upside down in a hilarious manner.

All this is related in a mood of swift, excited, whimsical slapstick. But don't be afraid of the word slapstick. This comedy is amusing; at moments it is hilarious. Jean Arthur never has been better than as the featherbrained stenographer suddenly endowed with the Midas touch; and Edward Arnold is excellent as the bad-tempered Colossus of the Street. You will like Ray Milland as the cast-off son of the Titan working as busboy in an automat, and you will be amused by Luis Alberni as the proprietor of a gorgeous but empty hotel.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story came to Preston Sturges in the crystal ball of a water carafe one night at the Hollywood Brown Derby. Consisted only of how one Mary Cinderella Smith, while riding on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, had a real sable coat fall in her lap out of the sky. Sturges threw in the steel-market crash, a banking-house collapse, a hotel man with an intellect like a chicken coop in a high wind, some magic

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(To be continued in an early issue)

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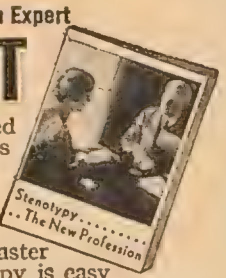

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economic panacea uttered by Mary Smith in Sequence G, a boy who turned out to be Prince Charming disguised as an incompetent busboy, a V-16 to carry Mary into the final fade-out. Then, without putting a line on paper, Sturges told his story to every producer he met till swanky Arthur (Myrna Loy) Hornblow liked it, gave him $35,000 for it. . . . Mitch Leisen was an architect; met De Mille at a Hollywood party; got to be his costume designer, about which he knew nothing. De Mille thought he had capable hands. Interior-decorates on the side; aviates; still does his own sets; yots. Is something of a wit, a bit actor in each of his pics. Is eternally at gag war with his protégée Carole Lombard. Is a stickler for actors doing something all the time. Thinks dullness is the director's cardinal sin. . . . Music director Boris Morros is the Barnum of the music world; coaxed Stokowski, Kurt Weill, Antheil, and Werner Janssen into the movies. . . . Jean Arthur never goes to Hollywood parties; is seldom seen in public; is terrified of strangers; has no close friends. Admits she reads and reads, likes long hikes through the lonelier hills, surf-swims before breakker daily, is always picking up stray cats and bringing them home till the house hain't fit to live in. Her home studio's Columbia; she gets starred more celestially everywhere else. . . . Edward Arnold's content with his lot; lets his affairs look after themselves; has a prodigious belief in his luck. Is Hollywood's principal bon vivant, making a ritual of a meal and a cigar. . . . Ray Milland spoils everything for the rest of the boys by simply walking into the room at a party. The gals all go for him; the boys have to go off and start a crap game. Ray is one of the few gentlemen riders who've negotiated the Grand National steeplechase course in England. Is of Ireland, is married to Muriel Webber, nonpro.

★ ★ ★ THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

THE PLAYERS: Edward Arnold, Cary Grant, Frances Farmer, Jack Oakie, Donald Meek, Thelma Leeds, Clarence Kolb, Billy Gilbert, George Irving, Frank M. Thomas, Russell Hicks, Oscar Apfel, Dudley Clements, Lionel Belmore, Robert McClung, Robert Dudley, Dewey Robinson, Stanley Fields, Gavin Gordon, Joyce Compton, Virginia Carroll. Screen play by Dudley Nichols, John Twist, and Joel Sayre, based on stories by Bouck White and Matthew Josephson. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 110 minutes.

YOUR Beverly Hills confesses to disappointment in this picturization of the fantastic career of Jim Fisk, Vermont peddler who came to fantastic heights of fortune in the mad after-Civil War days. Fisk dealt in cotton during the war, fought Cornelius Vanderbilt for control of the Erie Railroad, went down to disaster when he attempted to corner all the gold in America.

The film paints Fisk as an elemental robber baron with an all-consuming penchant for gold, for lovely ladies (in a perfectly nice Will Hays way, of course), and for ornate militia uniforms. And through all his adventures he has the aid of the handsome Nick Boyd and the fat and amusing Luke Hawkins. When you realize that Cary Grant is Boyd and that the highly promising Frances Farmer is Josie, you realize why Jim Fisk, otherwise Edward Arnold, never gets the girl.

But he is consoled by the amusing, faithful Luke, who is the rotund Jack Oakie.

Neither the film nor Mr. Arnold really gets under the skin of the strange Vermont adventurer who overreached himself in his battle for money and power. Still, the film does catch some of the pioneer elemental flavor of the provincial America that had emerged from a bloody intersectional struggle.

VITAL STATISTICS: Much whitewash was applied to slightly soiled bully-boy, lustful character of Jim Fisk before screening him. Also his whiskers were cut. Fisk got started by manipulating Civil War contracts; became Jay Gould's stooge; carried financial buccaneering to extremes; was allied with the Tweed Ring; bribed whole legislatures, bought judges, beat up railroad employees who dared ask for higher wages. Very much the lady's man, Jim Fisk's romance with Josie Mansfield, a plump un-Farmerlike wench, consisted in his leaving his wife and family for her. . . . Serious Dudley Nichols is Hollywood's leading liberal and means it. Repeatedly an Academy dingus winner for his expert writing, he has yet to accept one of the bronze gadgets. Looks on the whole thing as shoddy and un-Shakespearean. . . . Fifty of Hollywood's hardiest stunt men literally took it on the chin in that water battle scene. Protected by padded armored suits, many emerged from their dousing by the Messrs. Arnold, Oakie, and Grant with black eyes and bloody noses, administered by the water. . . . Frances Farmer keeps being unaffected by impending stardom, coming after but five pictures. Extra-happily married to actor Leif Erikson, they dash about in a six-year-old station wagon, live constant honeymoon. . . . Edward Arnold has yet to play anything but millionaires since he shot to stardom in Diamond Jim Brady. Has a comfortable fortune. . . . Jack Oakie, the Sage of Sedalia, is taking on weight, thanks to marriage, large excesses in the bank. Combats it with a stationary bike with horse saddle. Is building a mansion of oakie overlooking Santa Monica Bay. . . . Dudley Clements used to be a program boy in a Brooklyn theater while grabbing off one of those supermental Brooklyn public school eds. . . . Jack Luden's the son of the cough drops; was considered a screen prodigy back when Buddy Rogers was a young juvenile, but sloped off. Has been doing Westerns recently. . . . Megger Rowland Lee is second and final director on film, first one having shot several thousand feet and fallen by the wayside. Lee scrapped all shot stuff. Directed all riot scenes from war memories. Urges his actors to have fun. . . . Picture took over six months to shoot.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth.

★★★½—They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars.

★★★—King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light.

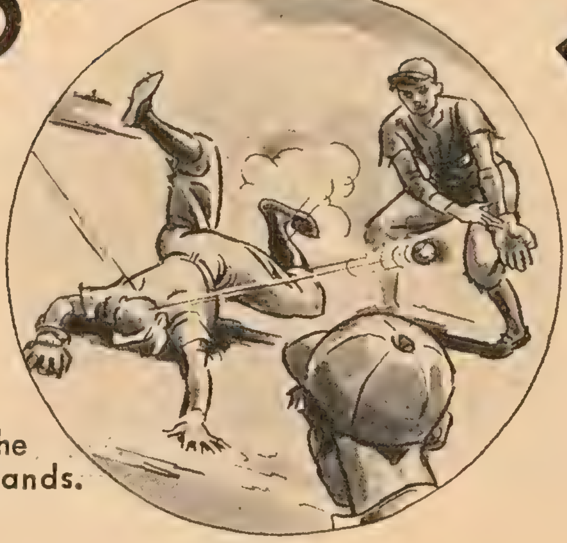
TO THE LADIES

by

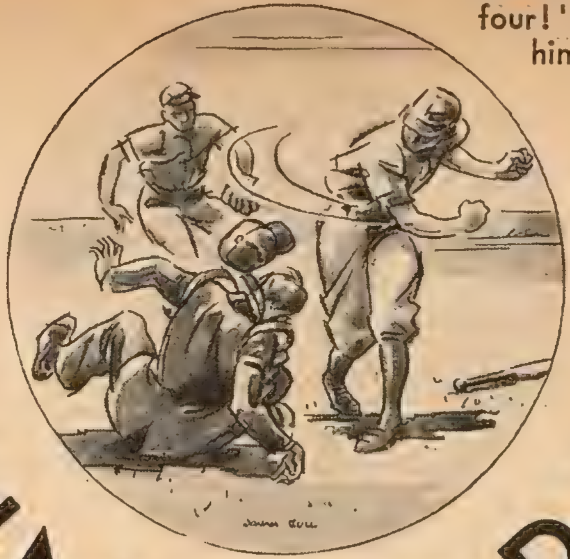
Princess Alexandra Kropotkin,

unavoidably omitted from this issue, will appear as usual next week.

BASEBALL BRAINSTORMS



The ball rebounded into the shortstop's hands.



"I called, 'Strike four!' knocked him cold."

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Truth, on the diamond, is stranger than fiction—Consider this breezy catalog of off-the-record oddities

BY C. T. DONNELLY

IF you want the batting average of Joe Dokes for '02, or the fielding mark of Jim Jones for '22, look in the record books. You will get the statistics, but you are going to miss the color and humor of our great national game. Circus catches, bonehead base running, goofy fielding plays don't show up in the books, nor do the off-the-field jokes.

The record doesn't show that during the 1932 World Series, Babe Ruth, after being heckled all afternoon by the Chicago fans, stepped out of the batter's box, pointed to the right center-field bleachers, and then blasted the next pitch right into that section. Nor does it show that during the 1917 series Heinie Zimmerman, the Giant third baseman, held the ball so long he chased Eddie Collins across home plate with the winning run.

The records don't show that Lou Gehrig was cheated out of his first home-run crown in 1931. Lou and Babe Ruth were coming down the home stretch hitting homer for homer, when, in Washington, Gehrig caught a fast one and lined it against the center-field bleachers. Lyn Lary, who was on first at the time, started the circuit of the bases, but when he came to third he deliberately turned and ran to the dugout.

In the meantime Gehrig had circled the bases, and was called out for passing a runner on the base lines!

Lary explained later that he thought he had seen the ball bounce off the fence to be caught, and as there were two outs at the time, he figured the side retired. Ruth and Gehrig finished the season with forty-six home runs each, Lou being "numskulled" out of the title.

The dictionary shows the word "record" to mean—"the authorized register of achievement." But that doesn't hold good in the case of Aaron Ward, the Yankee second baseman of a few seasons ago. Little Miller Huggins was the New York manager at the time. With the score 3 to 2 against them, going into the last half of the ninth inning, the first two Yankee batters reached base safely.

With a man on first and second and none out, Ward came out to bat. Huggins gave him instructions to lay down a sacrifice bunt, to advance the runners to scoring position.

Redheaded Aaron stepped to the plate, tried one bunt; foul. Tried another; another foul. Being automatically out if he bunted foul again, Ward slipped his hands down the bat and on the next pitch took his full swing. The horsehide sailed on and on and cleared the fence by four feet. Miller Huggins said later that it was the longest sacrifice bunt he had ever seen.

Today the Yankee box score shows DiMaggio, Lazzeri, and Crosetti; but the first real "Eyetalian" hero the New York bleacherites had to "*viva*" was good old lumbering Ping Bodie. Ping pulled some classics in his day, but the one where he really used his head happened against the Boston Red Sox.

Another game with a single-run difference in the score. This time, however, it had been a free hitting contest and the board showed 11 to 10 in favor of the home team. About everything in the line of daffy plays, fluke hits, and silly base running had taken place that afternoon.

With one out and a man on first and third, the batter hit a teasing Texas Leaguer right over second base. Ping started galloping in after the ball. A shoestring catch was possible, so the runners held their bases. But instead of making the catch, Bodie, in reaching for the ball, lost his balance and dived headlong.

The ball struck him full in the head and rebounded directly into the hands of the shortstop. He caught the ball, touched second, forcing the runner who had been on first, and then threw home to retire the other runner, who had made a dash for the plate when he saw Bodie fall.

When it comes to this type of baseball the Brooklyn National League Base Ball Club, Inc., usually gets all the credit, but it wasn't until he had left the Dodgers, that Babe Herman pulled his outfield gem.

It was one of those dark and gloomy days that Pittsburgh is noted for, and Babe was playing a deep right-field defense for Chicago. With the crack of the bat Herman was off after an easy fly. But the smoky skies must have fooled Babe, for he wound up getting the ball mixed up with a pigeon flying overhead. He chased the bird through its loops and glides until it disappeared out of sight. Needless to say the Pirate runner scored standing up.

Ex-Dodger Duster Mails is another who pulled one that has gone down in baseball history. Mails was a fire-ball pitcher and loved to "fog" them down the alley. Through the first eight innings he had given only three hits, holding the opposition scoreless. While he was accomplishing this his teammates had managed to push over one lone run.

The first man up in the ninth singled. The next walked.

Duster then turned on his speed and struck out the next two. But something went wrong and he walked the next batter, filling the bases.

Up came the hitter. The bases were full, with two out. Mails worked like a Trojan. The count came to three balls and two strikes. Duster then slowly walked over to the base line between third and home, doffed his cap, and loudly announced to the grandstands:

" And now, ladies and gentlemen, either I do or I don't."

Bill MacCormick, who played shortstop for the New York Giants back in the barehand days, tells of the time when an umpire who had taken a dislike to him called three straight strikes, and not one had come within a foot of the plate.

" When he called, ' Strike three! ' I turned and called, ' Strike four! ' and let him have one on the button which knocked him cold. He didn't even put me out of the game! "

A punch in the nose was the cause of a no-hit no-run game just a few years ago. Babe Ruth again enters the picture, but this time as a pitcher for the Boston Red Sox. Even in those days the great Babe loved his base hits. This particular day Ruth retired the first three batters to face him. Babe shuffled up to the plate when it came his first turn to bat. The count got to 3 and 2. The next pitch, according to Babe, missed the plate by a foot, but nevertheless the umpire's arm flew up as he called, " Str-ike thr-ee! " Ruth turned in his tracks, pulled back, and smacked the umpire full on the nose.

In less time than it takes to tell, Ruth was headed for the clubhouse, out of the game. Ernie Shore, another Boston pitcher, went in to pitch and finished the game without giving a single hit or run.

All the daffiness doesn't take place on the playing field. Sometimes it's on the trains, in the hotel lobby, and sometimes even in the lonely bull pen. In the days when Connie Mack struggled through the season with stars like Foxx, Simmons, Cochrane, Miller, and Boley, Lefty Gomez was an up-and-coming Yankee.

This day New York was fighting tooth and nail to hold their place just behind the Athletics in the pennant race. The game was such an important one that Lefty had been chosen to do any relief pitching necessary. Along about the sixth inning the starting Yankee pitcher began to weaken. Out in the pen Gomez had just ordered a hot dog. Another clean hit for the A's and the signal was wig-wagged for Lefty to get ready.

GOMEZ started to warm up, and as he did the sandwich man delivered his hot dog. Another hit and Le Señor was waved in to the mound. He asked his bull-pen mate who came to bat next, and when he was informed Cochrane was up, Simmons next, and then Foxx, he took one bite out of his sandwich, placed it gently on the bench, and said:

" Don't touch that. I'll be right back."

It was John J. McGraw, the Giant manager, who first pulled the famous hammock stunt on a rookie. One spring, while the New York team was training at San Antonio, Texas, a big raw-boned country boy came to McGraw and said he was a pitcher. Muggsy said: " Yeah? Let me see you throw a few."

The lad strolled out to the mound and threw a dozen or more fast balls just as hard as any midseason veteran would do. McGraw waved him in and told him he would take him along with the team that night on a sleeper jump. As the team piled into the Pullman that night, the rookie inquired of McGraw what to do with the hammock.

" Why, that's for your arm," explained the manager. " Just lay your arm in it when you go to sleep. It may seem awkward, but it's just right to keep your muscles in trim."

The rookie obeyed orders, and the next morning his arm was so stiff he couldn't raise it to comb his hair, much less throw a baseball.

Where McGraw had his fun with the rookies Connie Mack had his troubles with Rube Waddell. Rube loved to eat.

One day he was to pitch against the Boston Red Sox. The Boston players thought up a grand idea. They knew of Rube's weakness for food. If they could only get him stuffed so that he would be logy all afternoon! A player was sent to a near-by restaurant to have a turkey prepared. Another was delegated to meet Rube in the hotel lobby and get him into an argument about food.

The plan succeeded so well that within twenty minutes Waddell walked into the restaurant willing to bet one and all he could consume the whole bird. He did just that, plus ten or twelve glasses of beer and seven or eight bottles of soda pop.

He won the bet. The Boston players paid the check, and that afternoon they again paid for their trick, for Waddell shut them out 2 to 0.

STORIES about baseball never end. Each season brings up new yarns, some comic, some tragic. But one which really pulls the heartstrings concerns old Doc Otis Crandall, the former Giant pitcher.

Year in and year out Crandall kept pecking away at the no-hit no-run record. Time and again he was within an inning or two of making the grade and then something would happen. It was his life's ambition to pitch one such game during his baseball career. He never made it while up in the major leagues.

Then, for awhile, he was kept on with the New York team as a pinch hitter. He succeeded as many times in the pinch as any man before or after him.

Came the day when younger blood replaced him. He found himself headed back to the minors. Like many other veterans, he figured that the warm sunshine of California would be helpful to his arm. He still had ambitions to pitch that no-hit no-run game. He found a Pacific Coast League team which needed his skill and brains. He was to be only a relief pitcher.

As the Coast League schedule was drawing to a close, his team found themselves short of starting pitchers. It was decided to let ol' Doc start a game. Who do you suppose was on the opposing team? No one but his own younger brother!

Doc had the opposition in the palm of his hand and went sailing through the first eight innings setting the batters down in one, two, three order. Not a hit, not a run. It looked like the day of days. Came the ninth. He retired the first two batters. He looked up, and facing him was his brother. One more out and his life's ambition was achieved. But on the second pitch young Crandall singled sharply to left and the record was gone.

Doc walked over to first base, shook a tired finger at his brother, and said:

" Just for that you got to cut out wearin' my neckties."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—Albert I of Belgium (1875-1934).

2—From the sun, its light reflected by the moon.

3—From Jake Kilrain, July 8, 1889; the battle lasted seventy-five rounds.

4—Annihilate, bayous, electrolysis.

5—Christopher Marlowe (1564-93).

6—Thirty-two.

7—C. C. Colton.

8—Men (30 per cent more restless than women).

9—The prairie dog.

10—Carson City, Santa Fe, Helena.

11—St. Pierre and Great and Little Miquelon.

12—Issachar, Genesis 49:14—"Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens."

13—Cadillac was the French soldier who founded Detroit; Pontiac was an Indian chief who aided Montcalm and besieged Detroit.

14—Cabin Class and Tourist Class.

15—Prince Charles of Sweden.

16—Dan Beard, who is eighty-seven years old.

17—A kudu is an African antelope.

18—No; according to Dr. Fernan-Nunez of Marquette University, they are responsible for an increase in malaria.

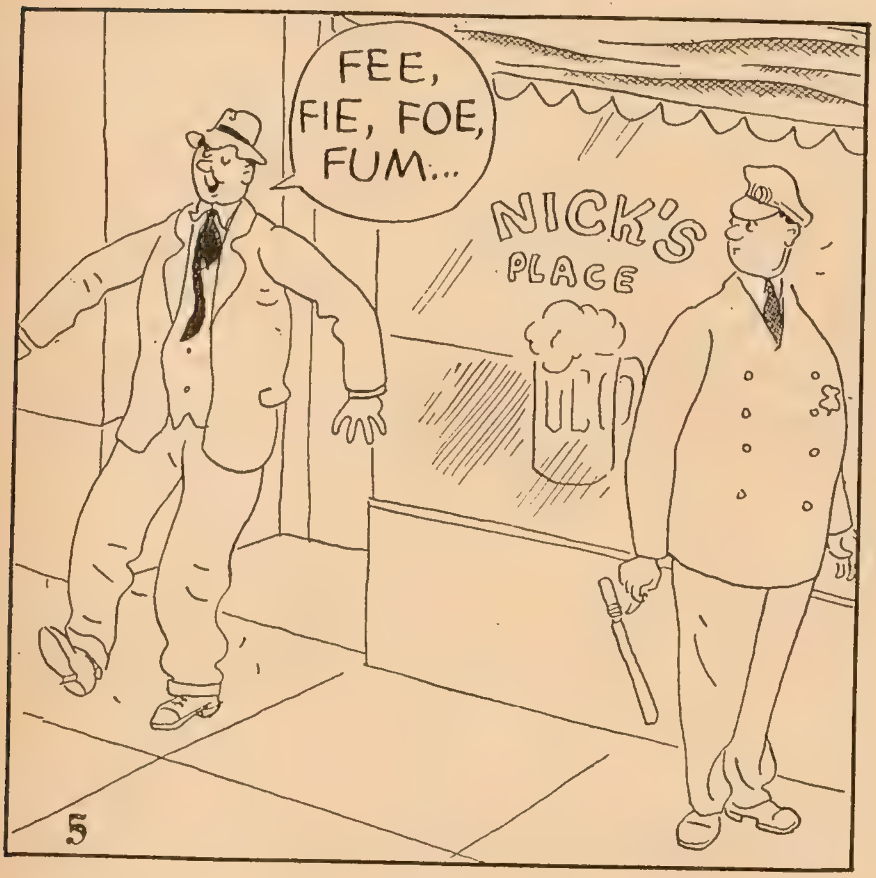
19—Because the logs are thus provided with cheap transportation.

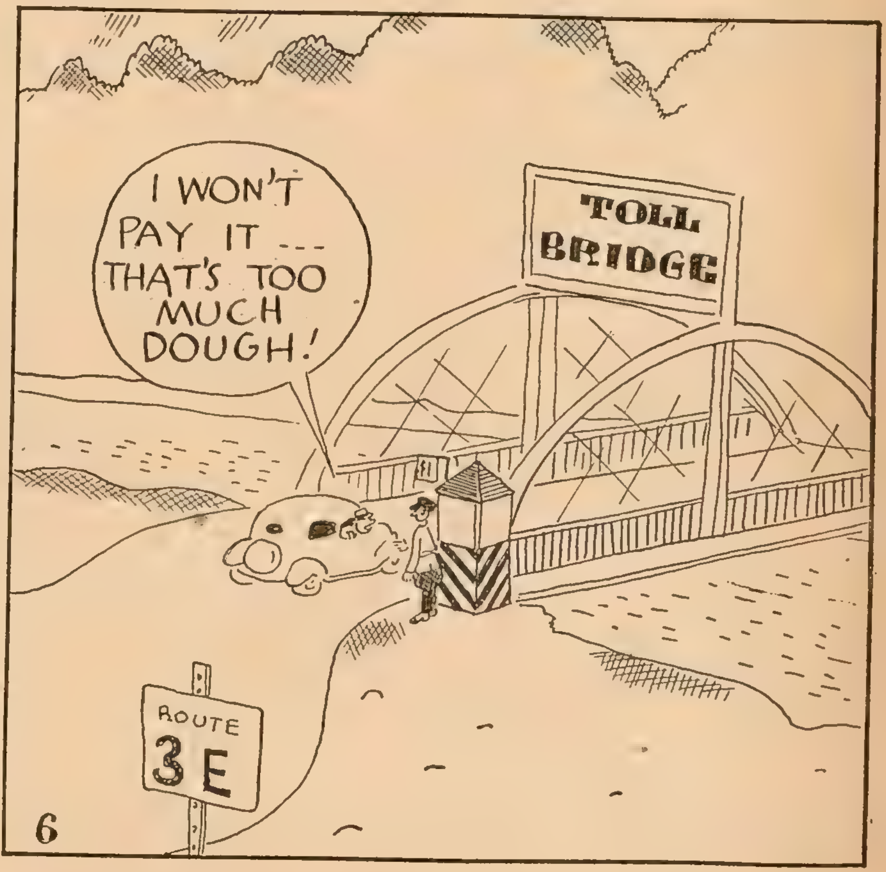
20— Nathaniel Hawthorne

GAME OF CITIES

ENTER NOW FOR $1,000 *IN CASH PRIZES*

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT!




I WON'T PAY IT --- THAT'S TOO MUCH DOUGH!
TOLL BRIDGE
ROUTE 3E
6

NAME OF CITY..

NAME OF CITY..

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
FIFTY PRIZES, Each $5	250

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twelve pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Why I Read Liberty."
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 17, 1937, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

IF you have not played this game before and can decode the name of a prominent American city from either of the drawings on this page, your chance to enter and win one of Liberty's substantial cash prizes is excellent. Of course if you have already started an entry, you know how to proceed. However, if you missed the first two weeks of the game, you can start now by first reading the rules so that you are familiar with the conditions of the competition. Then find the names represented by this week's drawings. When you are convinced that your solutions are correct, file them away pending the completion of your set of twelve as the contest closes.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

FOR the convenience of any reader who is starting this week and who has mislaid the two preceding issues of Liberty, reprints of the contest material therein have been prepared. You can obtain them upon written request to the contest address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. With these reprints you can bring your entry even with the field.

WATCH FOR DRAWINGS 7 AND 8 NEXT WEEK!

Vox Pop

Should Rob Go to College or Get Married?

New Cambria, Kan.—I was very much interested in A Boy, a Girl, and a Problem (July 10 Liberty), just as I am interested in every problem that confronts our young people. I hope Rob, the boy, makes a wise decision, influenced, perhaps, but not dominated by his parents' advice. I believe he will.

I believe Rob has had wise training. He has, I hope, been made to make his own decisions for several years, with, of course, his parents' wise and loving counsel. And I would let him do so in this, one of the greatest decisions of his life.

However, if I were Rob's parents, I would try to influence him to go to college for at least one year. He and Elizabeth are both young enough so that one more year of waiting will make little difference. And a year in college will do much to develop Rob.

Not that I place too great value on college training. In my opinion, it is not the knowledge gleaned from books that is of greatest value to our children. Too many of the subjects required for a degree from our colleges are really useless to a large per cent of those taking them—are, therefore, a waste of time and effort and a useless drain on their resources. But the contacts they make with people of education, refinement, poise, and often great vision, the lessons learned in sportsmanship, self-control, kindliness and consideration of others, are invaluable assets which will serve them all through life.

So, I would try to influence Rob to go to college. This is the advice I am giving to my own son, who is also concerned about the future.—*Mrs. Anon.*

Miami, Fla.—In answer to A Boy, a Girl, and a Problem, I want to say that I think these parents have been blind to the change that is coming over the world. And the parasite is going to meet this change very poorly.

The habit of making parasites of our children has crept up on us insidiously until we have robbed the bulwark of the nation of its strength.

In the new era, now in its birth throes, a youngster will be mature at fifteen, a responsible being on his (or her) own. Fundamental education will at that age be completed and the child no longer a parasite. He will be expected to earn his own living. Higher education will be free, its only cost being sincere study.

This new age is just around the corner. Why waste a boy's time in the present crumbling educational system—that system which has held back the development of the human being from six to ten years?

Almost any time now the economic situation is going to get worse—just as a deep wound appears most gaping just before it heals. When this stage comes in our economic healing, Bob is going to need all his ingenuity, all his wits, all his practical workaday knowledge. A college education won't mean a thing, but the companionship and cooperation of a good woman will mean everything.—*A Boy's Mother.*

WHO'S THE CHAMPION, ANYWAY?

Nampa, Ida.—Will some bright and sympathetic Vox Popper please solve me this puzzle?

A colored boy from Alabam' licked the champion. A German boy licked the colored boy from Alabam' who licked the champion. Still the German boy who licked the colored boy who licked the champion ain't the champion.

Will some one please tell me who *is* the champion?—*C. H. Boyer.*

WHAT, NO MASSACHUSETTS BIRD?

Newton Center, Mass.—Say, why are all you Vox Poppers getting so serious? Time was, not so very long ago, when I'd roll on the floor, you were so funny!

What's happened to the ha-ha boys and the hee-hee gals? Come on, snap out of it! I'll start you with a grin. Listen:

Up here in sober old Massachusetts we have no estate bird. Now, all of the states have one except Connecticut and us. Massachusetts hasn't a state bird because when we chose the veery (a thrush) our noble legislature voted it down.

Why?

Well, the bird was not loyal enough to us—it spent the winters down in Florida.

Can you tie that?—*Cabot Kelly.*

USE IT, BY ALL MEANS

Seattle, Wash.—I am on a committee the purpose of which is the eradication of syphilis from Seattle.

There appeared in June 5 Liberty, under the title I Am a Murderer, a most interesting and instructive one-page article along this line, and I am writing you for permission to reprint it, or, still better, reproduce the page in a leaflet we plan to get out in connection with the campaign, of course giving Liberty credit for same.—*C. V. Crumley.*

EMERALD ANNIE RESPONSIBLE FOR BURNED BEANS

Los Angeles, Calif.—Do you want to be named in an alienation-of-affections suit? Well, you will sure get it if you print many more stories like Emerald Annie.

My husband is the type who likes his dinner handed to him as he walks in the door when he comes home from work. And when he came in one night and saw me leisurely lying on the couch reading a magazine, with the beans on the stove burning, maybe you think there wasn't something to pay!

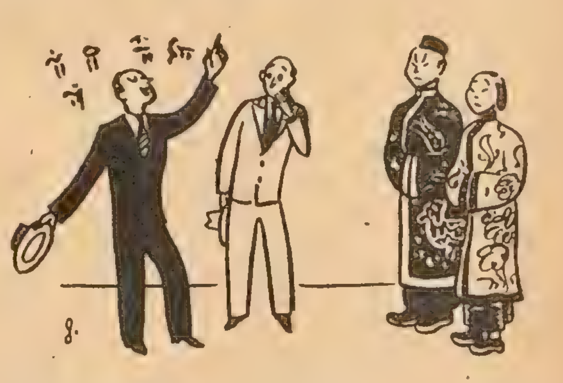
Late that afternoon I unfortunately came across Part One of Alias Emerald Annie, and I couldn't have broken away from it if my life had depended on it. I'm telling you, it almost broke up my happy home.—*Martie R. Ball.*

WHEN I TRIED TO BE POLITE IN CHINESE

Memphis, Tenn.—A Chinese Who Speaks Cantonese and Three Other Dialects (July 3 Vox Pop) explains that in Chinese words of similar sounds are distinguished by inflection, thus bringing to mind an experience I had a few years ago in China.

A friend who has resided a good many years there invited me to accompany him to pay a call in the home of a prominent young Chinese couple. When I explained that I had little knowledge of the language, he informed me that this couple both spoke English. However, it would be considerate should I learn a few appropriate words of their language with which to bid them adieu.

The words he taught me to say to the hostess at our departure were these: "Fair one, upon whom the gods of your honored forefathers have most graciously bestowed beauty and loveliness, may their graciousness be further exemplified through your presenting many fine sons to your loving husband in the years ahead."



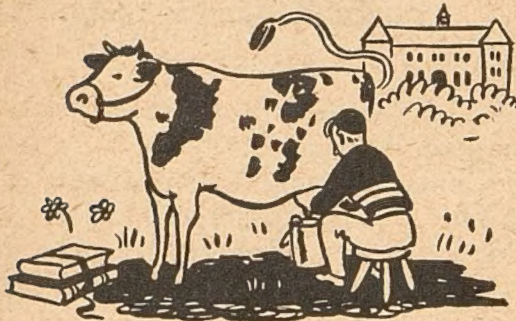
My friend, on arising to depart, spoke something in Chinese which must have been most agreeable to our host and hostess, judging from their bowing, smiling response. Not to be outdone, I bowed and spoke my own little piece. But, to my great surprise and embarrassment, the couple stood as silent and unemotional as two stone pillars.

My friend informed me that what I actually had said was, "Old cow, may you always find green grass and pure water in the meadows grazed by your forefathers." My inflection had let me down!—*Ernest E. Akins.*

COW GOES TO COLLEGE

JACKSONVILLE, ARK.—To Stephen Ash (June 19 Vox Pop): There is a youth in my state who wanted to go to college. He wanted to go very badly, but he had no money. He didn't whine that civilization must give him his chance. He made it. He took his cow along to college and paid his way with her.

There are lots of girls and boys here in my get-up-and-get-'em state like him who do not whine when met with disappointment.—*Mrs. C. L. Taplin.*



GEORGE BRUCE AND AMATEUR RADIO

PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.—George Bruce may know something of flying and writing detective stories, but the story, Three Men—and a Boat! (July 10 Liberty) shows that he knows very little if anything about amateur radio.

The first blunder is on the amateur WW1F3, which contains too many figures to look reasonable. Second, during a flood of the magnitude depicted in the story no decent broadcasting company would want to gum up the amateur frequencies by a rebroadcast of an amateur station that would cause interference for other amateurs who were handling life-and-death traffic.

The last and worst blunder is where the supposed amateur accepts pecuniary gains for his services. That makes the amateur liable to a heavy fine and several years in the clink.

I like to read Liberty and think it has some very fine stories in it, but why don't the proofreaders do a little checking up on these stories before they wish them off on the public?

This is from a ham who was on twenty-four hours a day during the January flood.—*W8BRE.*

SIX PRIZE-WINNING STATES

BURLINGTON, N. C.—Since this nation has gone hog-wild over contests, sweepstake tickets, and betting, allow me to give a sure-fire tip—a winning bet eight times out of ten. Whew! Sounds screwy, eh?

Well, here goes. Bet your money that in any important contest the major prizes will be awarded within one or more of the following six states: Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, California, Michigan.

Remember, eight times out of ten. The odds will look good to the other guy—forty-two states against your six.

If you don't think I am right, just keep check on the situation.—*Joe Kose.*

WE MOVE IN HIGH CIRCLES

DETROIT, MICH.—So many, many publications have made their appearance in the last year that it became necessary for me to cut down on my list, taking only the publications essential to the conduct of my business. However, I have again started to take Liberty—mainly because several of my clients, among them the biggest financial houses and banks in Detroit, have been asking me if I saw such-and-such an article in Liberty, and informed me that they had commenced to take the publication after listening to your news cast as conducted by Joe Gentile in Detroit.

Mr. Gentile has long been known as a fair, able, and well balanced commentator and observer; but the combination of your magazine and Mr. Gentile is creating wide and favorable comment among the influential people of Detroit.—*J. L. S. Scrymgeour.*

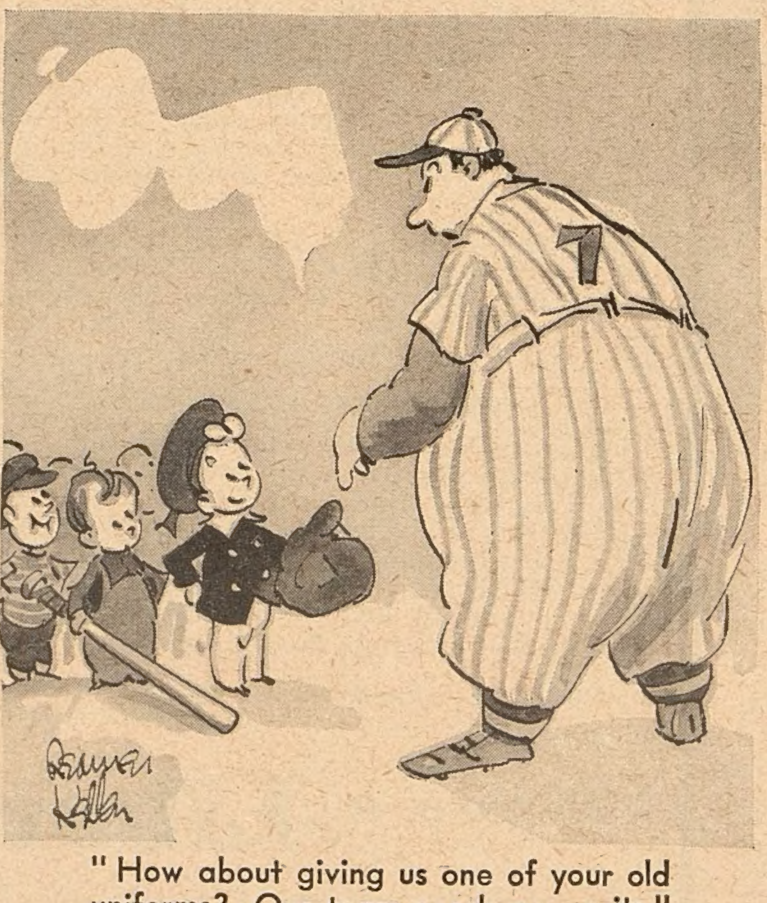
RIBS AND RIBBING

ABSAROKEE, MONT.—Could you give us the answer, in Liberty or by post card, whether men have one or more ribs than women? We would appreciate it a lot.—*J. K. S.*

[Many singular requests come to us in the course of the day's work, but this one tops them all, especially when you know it was addressed to Charles Darwin in our care!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"HARDTACK"

By Reamer Keller



"How about giving us one of your old uniforms? Our team needs new suits."

STUNG-G-G!

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—
I tried to read the Vox Pop page,
But could not stand the test;
So down a shady dell I strolled,
To find repose and rest;
I sat me down upon a stump,
Beneath a hornets' nest!
—*E. C. Baird.*

A TIP FOR INVENTORS

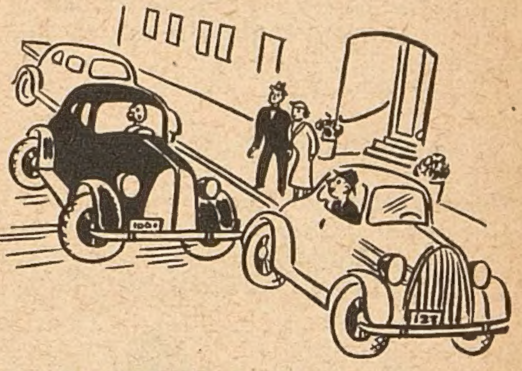
JAMAICA, N. Y.—A famous American said, "What the country needs is—" Well, there are plenty of good five-cent cigars *now.*

But we do need many more important things—

I just noticed a lady trying to park a motorcar in a small space.

Well, we surely need cars that can run sideways.

Inventors please note.—*George Durst.*



WHAT ARE U. S. N. MEN LIKE?

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Ship ahoy! I have never Vox-Popped before, but am ready to do all kinds of popping if some one doesn't give us a good story about the average man in the United States Navy today, who is married and is as decent and home-loving as any one, and trying to raise a couple of future citizens on fifty, sixty, or seventy dollars a month. A man who has youngsters with noses pressed flat to the window watching for daddy to come home after a six-weeks or six-months cruise, whichever the case may be, and a wifie thrilled to have a new house dress for the occasion.

Come on, some one, and let the folks know what we are like.—*G. K.*

BASEBALL FEVER

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO—Why not fill Liberty's sports department with baseball stories more regularly? A very sizable percentage of your customers have a serious case of baseball fever throughout the major-league season, and articles on the diamond come too few and far between to satisfy us.

By adding more stories on America's national game, Liberty's entertaining sports cycle will be complete.—*John Glaros.*

[Hold on, Mr. Glaros! We've given you eleven baseball articles since the first of the year, plus another in this issue—and more to come! And just look at Hardtack on the left.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

Two-Minute Stories

☆

A DIPLOMAT IN THE MAKING

DRAMA, away from the stage, is not necessarily dramatic. Rather, it can be the more dramatic through its very repression—the things unsaid or undone; as, for instance, in the case of Lieutenant H. de R. McKerr-Kerton of the Gordon Highlanders.

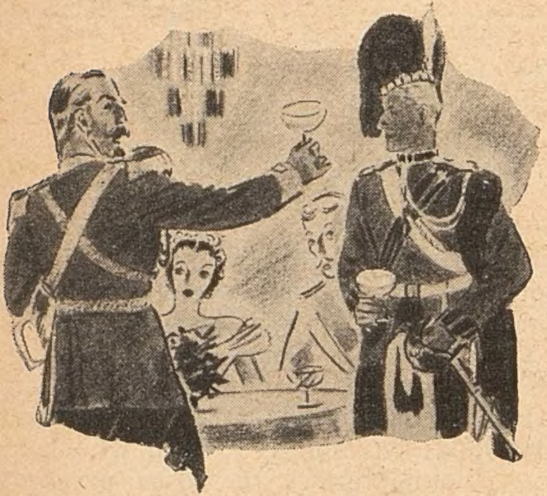
At that time, with England fighting a most unpopular war in South Africa against the Boers, the world at large was violently anti-British. This feeling ran highest in Russia—Czarist Russia in those days—and when the young soldier was sent to Moscow as military attaché, Colonel Thorneycroft, chief of Military Intelligence, had grave misgivings.

"You're going to Russia," he told him, "because you speak the language and—well—might be able to pick up a valuable tip or two. On the other hand, you're a notorious hothead, and the international situation is tense. A small spark can send the whole works sky-high."

"Want me to mind my p's and q's, sir?"

"Right. Just now, as a nation, we're swallowing insults right and left. It's up to you to do likewise."

A week after his arrival, the officer was invited to a large party. A supper dance.



Dozens of little tables; hundreds of people—the cream of Moscow society, the diplomatic corps.

Toward midnight, McKerr-Kerton, who was in uniform, crossed the room, kilts swinging, to ask a young girl for a dance.

He passed a table presided over by one of the Grand Dukes, cousin to the Czar and a general in the Russian army.

The Grand Duke held out a detaining hand. His voice—there being just then complete silence—boomed out loud and arrogant:

"Lieutenant, I invite you to drink to the brave Boers!"

He held out a champagne glass—and the silence, shuddering, gray, continued. What would the other do? Would he drink to his country's enemies? Or would he empty the glass in the Grand Duke's face?

He did neither.

"Your Imperial Highness," he replied, "I drink to *all* brave men!"

And he drank the champagne, bowed, went on his way.—*Achmed Abdullah.*

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

CONTENTS

Editorial Ancestors Don't Make or Break You . . Bernarr Macfadden 3

Short Stories A Purely Platonic Honeymoon . . . . . . Nancy Kelsey 24
Kolinsky Calling—Liberty's Short Short . Samuel Hopkins Adams 37
Master Villon Brings Up a Child . . . . John Erskine 40

Serials We Can Take Care of Our Own—Part I . . . . . Elmer Davis 4
Poor Bloody Observers—Part I . . . . Arch Whitehouse 18
Strip-Tease Girl—Conclusion 32
Death in the Dark—Conclusion . . . . . Frederic F. Van de Water 46

Articles I Meet Edward and Wallie . . . . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 9
We *Can* Prevent Crime: The American Program
Attorney General Homer S. Cummings 11
More Power!—Tyrone III Carries On . . . . . . Frederick L. Collins 15
Is Japan Sabotaging Our New Canal? . . . . Robert M. Field 38
Baseball Brainstorms . . . . C. T. Donnelly 53

Features Good Books by Oliver Swift, 14; Twenty Questions, 22; Crossword Puzzle, 36; When Ghosts Are Gay—Movies—by Beverly Hills, 51; $1,000 Game of Cities Contest, 55; Vox Pop, 56; Two-Minute Story by Achmed Abdullah, 58.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

WHY HITLER CAN'T SLEEP

Fear and dread are known to be hounding Der Führer. He is known to pass wakeful nights; he now rarely appears in public. He will risk travel only by airplane.

Why is it? Mere nerves? Or is he, with good reason, seeing a ghost and dreading vengeance?

Some amazing facts about Germany's dictator will be disclosed for the first time in a gripping article in Liberty next Wednesday.

ADOLF HITLER

WHY MEDICINE APPROVES BIRTH CONTROL and WHY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OPPOSES IT

The American Medical Association has recognized birth control as having a place in medical practice. Advocates hail this as a victory; opponents maintain that their objections are still valid.

High authorities on each side will give you succinct and vital reasons for their attitudes in Liberty next week: Dr. Eric Matsner championing the medical stand; Father Ignatius W. Cox, S. J., explaining the Catholic attitude.

THE GLASS BRACELET

Theft—a startling disappearance—finally murder! All three shatter the peace of the passengers aboard the luxury liner Star of Alaska.

Why did the sinister man with the limp want the cheap glass bracelet from Yokohama?

What made beautiful Connie Montrose act so strangely?

Watch Jeff Corning, handsome and debonair, untangle this thrilling Llewellyn Hughes serial of romance, mystery, and dark intrigue on the blue Mediterranean. The first installment begins next Wednesday!

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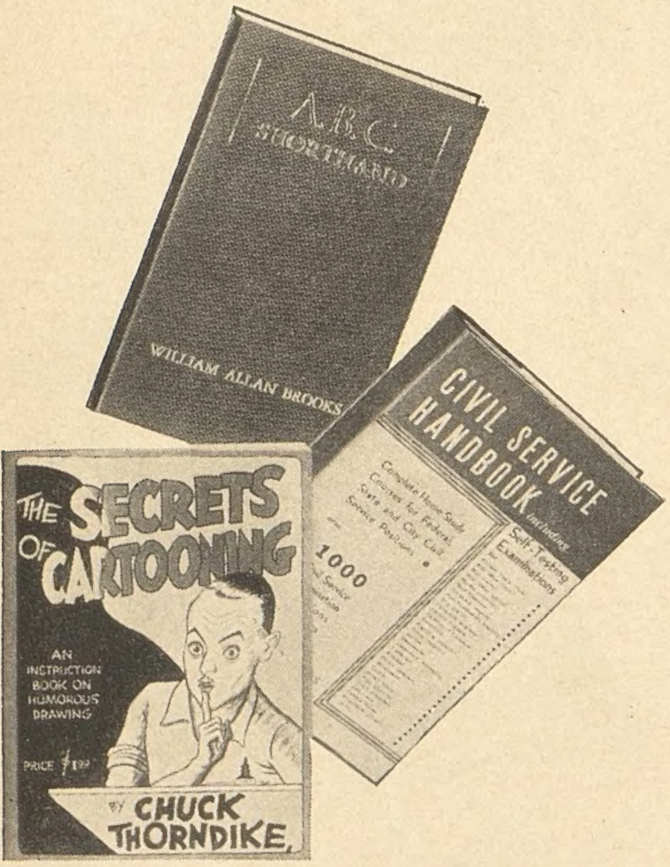

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